LETTERS FROM SPAIN

AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER.

SECOND SERIES.

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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TO THE READER.

These Letters, sent home to the United States during recent journeys in several countries of the European continent, are laid before the public just as they were written on the spot, without additions, and with no material corrections. Of their imperfections none can be more sensible than the author; their merit, if they have any, consists in their being a record of observations committed to paper while the impression they made was yet clear and distinct.

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LETTERS FROM SPAIN

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LETTER I.

THE FLORAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS—DELAROCHE'S PAINTINGS.

PARIS, *June* 11, 1857.

THERE are some things which can only be done in Paris, or at least can only be done by Frenchmen, and one of these has furnished for the last fortnight a most attractive spectacle for the people of this place and those who visit it. The French not only delight in scenic effect, but produce it with a dexterity, despatch and success which find no parallel elsewhere.

A few weeks ago the interior of the *Palais de l'Industrie*, the Crystal Palace of France, built among the trees of the Champs Elysées, was a bare and empty space, with a floor of dust and gravel, and rafters streaming with cobwebs. The order for an exhibition of flowers was given, and in three or four weeks the dusty waste was transformed into a fresh and beautiful garden. I went to see it the other day—a hot day for the season. We passed from the entrance to the garden

through an alley embowered with evergreens, young pines and firs, planted for the occasion, filling the cool air with resinous odors. On each side of the alley were benches, inviting the visitor who might be wearied with his walk, to rest awhile. Thence we passed into the vast area beyond the columns which support the galleries, and here the floor was covered with a bright green turf, closely shaven, formed into hillocks and gentle slopes, surrounding beds of shrubs and other plants in full bloom, and intersected by winding walks. Here were thickets of rhododendrons of different varieties; here was a group of our own mountain laurel, as beautiful as any seen in our forests; here were showy companies of azaleas of all tinges of color, from bright scarlet to pure white; here were beds of roses and wildernesses of geraniums, pampered into innumerable diversities, perfuming the air. All had their roots in the soil; and a friendly soil it seemed, for though the exhibition had already lasted a fortnight, there was nothing faded or withered; every blossom and leaf was as fresh as it could have been in its native bed. The tropical flowers themselves seemed not to miss, under this immense canopy of glass, their own genial climate. A young date-palm stood on one of the hillocks, with plants of its own latitudes clustering and blooming around it.

In the midst of the area a little fountain threw up its waters, which formed themselves into what had the appearance of a winding brook. A rustic bridge bestrode the little stream, which, to say the truth, was not quite so transparent as one of our country brooks, for it was the turbid water of

the Seine; but it was glassy enough on the surface to make a mirror for some magnificent water-plants whose roots were steeped by it. Two black swans from New Holland, as we crossed the bridge, were standing on the brink of the water, each supported by one broad foot, the other coiled up under the body, and the head tucked under one wing. As we approached, they suddenly pulled out their heads from under their wings, put the uplifted foot to the ground, uttered a clanging cry, and taking to the water sailed off among the groups of calla and iris that fringed the bank.

The exhibition was visited by a crowd of people, and groups of smartly-dressed Parisian ladies were hovering about the flowers like butterflies. Among the roses exhibited were some fine new varieties, which it is the fashion of the day to name after eminent military commanders. A large blush-rose bears the name of Lord Raglan, and a larger, with flaming blood-red petals, the name of General Jacqueminot. I believe this is regarded as a very desirable addition to the stock of roses.

As I was about leaving the place, I observed a gentleman looking at me with a very attentive scrutiny, as if he thought he might have seen me before. A second glance sufficed me to recognize him; it was Mons. Vattemare, author of the system of International Exchanges, looking as fresh as any of the flowers in their beds around him. He hurried me off to a place under one of the galleries, where he had a little niche, in which were suspended in rows ears of maize of different varieties, from the State of New York, and on the table

lay the two quarto volumes of the Natural History of the same State, which treat of its botany. The ears of Indian corn, I was not displeased to see, made a much better appearance than the samples from Algeria, which were suspended on a wall immediately opposite. As we were talking about them, two Orientals, with glittering black eyes and jet black beards, wearing the high, shaggy Persian cap—one of them with features so regular and finely formed that they might have served as a pattern for an ideal bust—came up, and addressing Mons. Vattemare in French, asked him for some of the ears of maize to take to their own country. "I will give you them, and a great many other things beside," he answered, delighted to find the opportunity of pushing his system of international exchanges in a new quarter. In the midst of the dialogue which followed, and which was carried on with great spirit and earnestness on the part of Mons. Vattemare, I took my leave.

The same day I went to an exhibition of the works of Paul Delaroche, whose reputation as a painter is as great in the United States as here. Shortly before his death he expressed a desire to paint a picture the subject of which should be of universal interest, in order to give the proceeds to unfortunate artists and workmen in the studios of artists. His friends have thought that the best method of fulfilling a design which the artist himself was only prevented from fulfilling by death, would be to assemble all his pictures in one gallery and give the profits of this exhibition to the charitable fund of the Association of Artists, Painters, Sculptors, &c., of which

Delaroche was President. His works have accordingly been brought together from various collections, private and public, in this country, in England and elsewhere. They illustrate, curiously, the gloomy character of his genius. You look about the walls, and you are in the midst of deathbeds, executions, assassinations. The least interesting of these pictures is the death of Queen Elizabeth. The gigantic old woman, sprawling on her couch upon the floor, her harsh features livid with mortal disease, is a horrid object; nor is there any thing in the rest of the picture to make amends for the disagreeable impression produced by this principal figure. The series of portraits of Napoleon forms of itself a tragedy, and a most impressive one. The first of these is "Napoleon crossing the Alps," with which the American public is familiar. As he is making his way through the mountain snows, you see that he is revolving his great plans of conquest. You read in the eye of the young adventurer untameable resolution and absolute confidence in his own fortunes. In the next picture, "Napoleon in his Closet," you have him in the noon of life, his ambitious desires gratified, and the continent of Europe at his feet. His eye is lighted up with a proud satisfaction, as he contemplates the strength and security of the power he has founded by his single arm. In the third painting, "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," you see the great egotist after his fall, older, grosser in person, arrived at the palace from a hasty flight, his boots spattered with mud, his riding coat not laid by; one arm hanging over the back of the chair, as if never to be re-

moved, and his eyes staring into futurity with the fixed, sullen gaze of despair. In all these portraits the artist has shown a power which, it seems to me, should place him in a high rank among painters, even if he had done nothing else.

LETTER II.

THE PAUPER COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

HEIDELBERG, *July* 14, 1857.

I have made, with my family, the tour of Belgium and Holland, and coming down from Friesland by one of the Hanoverian railways to the Rhine, am resting for a few days in Heidelberg. We are the more disposed to suspend our somewhat rapid journey here, on account of the heat of the weather, which is very great, one hot day succeeding another, with no interruption from showers, the sky being as intensely dazzling as our own.

While in the northern part of Holland, I made a visit to the pauper colonies of Fredericksoord and Willemsoord, in the province of Overyssel. Here are tracts of sandy soil covered with heath and shrubs, which, from the time when they were first formed from the bottom of the sea, till now, have been abandoned to utter barrenness. The great calamity of Holland is pauperism, and somewhat more than thirty years ago a benevolent society was formed for the purpose of settling the poor, who had become a public charge, upon the waste lands of the kingdom, with a view of reducing them to cultivation. They purchased a tract of land,

mostly uncultivated, in the province of Overyssel, where they made a beginning with some of the poor of Amsterdam, who had been thrown upon the public charity. The colony thus established has now increased to a considerable community, yet it has made, I suppose, as much impression upon the vast mass of pauperism in Holland, as the Colonization Society has made upon the mass of slavery in the United States.

We took a carriage at the ancient village of Steenwyck, and proceeded over a road so sandy that we were obliged to travel very slowly, and rendered almost impassable in some places by an attempt to macadamize it. We passed several comfortable looking tenements of the peasantry, with little flower gardens in front of them, and at length the coachman said, "We are in the colony."

I could not see that the habitations of the paupers seemed any less comfortable than those of the district through which we had just passed. They were neat brick buildings, spacious enough to contain, besides the rooms for the family, a stable for the cow, a place for the pig, and a room for the fuel. Near each was a little garden surrounded by a well-pleached hawthorn hedge, and outside of the hedge a ditch; for the Hollander, from mere habit, always surrounds his domain with a ditch, whether there is any occasion for it or not. Back of the gardens were fields of rye and barley and other crops, and beyond, in places, was a forest of shrubs and dwarf trees, looking like the scrub-oak plains on the worst parts of Long Island; and, in places, extensive wastes, the

like of which is not seen in our country, covered with dark heath of a purple tinge, and stretching out of sight.

The Director was not at home, and we were accompanied over the village by one of the bookkeepers, who was ready to communicate what he knew, but who spoke French, the only language we understood in common, very imperfectly, and in a low tone of voice. He took us into several of the dwellings. The first we entered was that of a widow from Groningen, who had two or three children able to work at the loom. It was a miracle of neatness. The woman had established in the outer room her summer kitchen, in which were the pig-pen and stable, and had made it as clean as the nicest parlor in our own country. We looked into the winter room—it was as nice as a new sideboard just from the cabinetmaker's. She had a comfortable bed in a little closet, after the Dutch fashion. In a room above were the beds of the children, in a kind of boxes on each side. Notwithstanding these appearances of comfort, the woman took our courier aside, and complained bitterly of the hardness of her lot. She affirmed that she was half starved, and begged him to intercede with the Director in her behalf. When the matter was afterwards mentioned to the bookkeeper he said that there was no end to the complaints of these people, and that the more they got the more they asked for. We went into another house, in which was a good-looking family of both sexes, well clad, and living in a manner which had every appearance of thrift. The rooms glittered with the display of crockery and polished metal utensils, and were hung with cheap engravings.

We were taken to the manufactory of the village, a room full of looms, where coarse cotton cloth is woven by the children between twelve and eighteen years of age, for the Dutch soldiery in the East Indies. The looms were clashing merrily—the girls, in particular, jerked the shuttles backward and forward with incredible swiftness. "These children," said the bookkeeper, "earn a great deal for their families: in fact, those who come to our colony must either work or starve; if they are obstinately idle, they get nothing to eat."

We were shown the school-house—a building with two spacious rooms, in which the children were taught according to the liberal system of public education established in Holland. The school had been suspended for a while, as the building was undergoing repairs. Religious teachers are provided for the colony—a Protestant, a Catholic, and a Jewish Rabbi. The colonists receive copper and iron tokens for their labor, and this forms the money of the colony. With these they purchase the necessaries for which they have occasion, from the magazines of the colony, where every thing is sold but intoxicating liquors, the sale of which is forbidden.

I could obtain no exact information of the profit or loss of this enterprise. "These people," said the bookkeeper, "cost the society a great deal. They come from the cities unaccustomed to the work we require of them, and often with families of very young children, who are of too tender an age to work. They must be subsisted, and their subsistence is a heavy charge."

There are now about four hundred families in the colony,

numbering two thousand six hundred persons. To prevent the excessive growth of the community, and to confine the operations of the institution to their original object, all the young, on reaching the age of twenty, are obliged to leave it, as well as all the young who marry. As the older members drop off, their places are supplied by paupers from the towns. In the mean time thousands of acres have been reclaimed from their primeval wild state, and turned into productive fields.

LETTER III.

THE SWISS INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION—THE NEW FEDERAL PALACE—ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART.

BERN, SWITZERLAND, *August* 1, 1857.

The Swiss are among the most ingenious of the European nations; they possess in a high degree the constructive faculty; you have only to look at their houses to be convinced of this. It seems to me that they are the best carpenters in the world. The Swiss peasantry are lodged, I believe, in more spacious dwellings than any other peasantry in Europe —dwellings as admirably suited to their climate as they are picturesque. Under their overshadowing roofs, which form a shelter from their hot suns in summer, they hang the outer wall with balconies and galleries, which form passages above the deep snows of their winters. The ends of the beams and rafters and the braces are shaped into ornamental projections, so that what would otherwise be the deformity, becomes the grace of the building. The Swiss were long ago the best bridge-builders in Europe, of which the bridge at Schaffhausen, destroyed by the French in the latter part of the last century, constructed entirely of timber, with a span of 365 feet, yet without any support except at the two ends,

was a remarkable example. In the long winters of the Alpine regions, the peasants employ themselves in carving, with their penknives, figures and images and objects of various kinds out of wood, with all the patience and nicety of Chinese artisans, and a hundred times the elegance. On the high-roads in the valleys of the Bernese Oberland, the traveller will have the children of the herdsmen trotting beside him, offering him for a single franc the miniature of a Swiss cottage, carved with all the delicacy of frost work.

It is clear that if all this dexterity and patience were directed to the great branches of manufacture, the Swiss must excel. It is so, in fact. I have just come from looking at an exhibition of Swiss industry now open in this beautiful city. An intelligent American gentleman went through it with me, who was as much surprised as myself, both at the variety of the manufactures and their excellence. The spectacle was to me the more interesting because the manufactures of Switzerland prosper without any of those helps which, in the opinion of some, are indispensable—without prohibitory or protective duties, or, indeed, high duties of any kind. They prosper, too, in a country surrounded by powerful governments which yet adhere to the protective system, and on which the Swiss have never thought it for their advantage to retaliate.

It must be admitted that the Swiss have some important natural advantages for manufacturing pursuits. Their mountains abound with ores of the useful metals; enormous forests are at hand to supply the furnaces in which these ores are

smelted, and the torrents which rush down the mountain sides wield the hammers by which the metals are beaten into plates and bars. A calculating Yankee would be shocked to see the proportion of water-power in this country running to waste. Mills might be built on the Swiss streams to manufacture for the world, without much disfiguring the grand aspect of Swiss scenery. In going up any of their mountains, you hear the bells of the herds for a vast distance around you. A million of neat cattle are fed in the pastures, with a million and a quarter of sheep and goats, and the woods which supply fuel for the forges and founderies furnish bark for tanning the skins of these animals. In the forest cantons the driver of your carriage will point out, from time to time, in some gorge of the mountains, where the stream comes down through the forest, a large building in which glass is made. The manufacturer in Switzerland has had the advantage from the first, that he has no tax to pay on the crude material which he employs.

I was not, therefore, unprepared to see in the exhibition at Bern a creditable display of objects wrought of iron and other useful metals. Here were fire engines, locomotives for the railways, which the people of the Confederation are industriously building in all parts of their country; engines for the steamers on the lakes, and machines for calico-printing—all of admirable workmanship; here were stoves for kitchen and parlor, of cast or sheet iron, which certainly in finish, if not in other respects, were beyond what we produce in our country; here were busts and statuettes in cast-iron, well

designed, of a smoothness of surface equal to porcelain, and great precision of outline. Geneva had sent muskets, rifles and fowling-pieces, beautifully wrought, and there were samples of cutlery from the workshops of Thurgau, Argau, Bern and Glarus, which might almost bear comparison with the cutlery of Great Britain. The Swiss make their own pins in the mills at Schaffhausen. Of their watches I need say nothing, since in that branch of industry they work with greater nicety and cheapness than the people of any other country, and even furnish a large proportion of the mechanism of what are called English watches. Five cantons of Switzerland employ in watchmaking thirty-six thousand persons.

Beside the iron stoves, there were porcelain ones—white porcelain—of elegant forms, a much pleasanter and more cleanly piece of furniture than the iron ones we have at home. I cannot say much for the samples of table porcelain in the exhibition; they were of the homeliest kind, and had no pretensions to elegance. Of the plainer kinds of glass there was a respectable share, and of elegant plate glass a few samples. Switzerland furnishes the bottles for her own wines and mineral waters. The tanners of the country have by no means an idle time of it, if I might judge from the quantity of the leather, including morocco and patent leather, and the exquisitely tanned skins of the chamois goat, with which the walls of one of the lower rooms were hung.

What most surprised me in the exhibition was the perfection which the silk manufacture had attained. The silk

cloths of Zurich, both light and heavy, were of excellent quality, though they wanted the beauty of the French tissues, but the ribbons of Basle and Zurich vie with those of France in texture, lustre, beauty of design and brilliancy of color. Several ribbon-looms were in the exhibition—light, ingenious machines—in one of which a landscape, and in another a bouquet of flowers of different colors and shapes, were woven. The housewives, I suppose, would expect me to mention the beautiful sewing-silks of Aargau.

There are woollen mills in Zurich and elsewhere, but the quality of the goods produced is not fine; the Swiss sheep, I believe, are rather coarse-woolled. The hair of the goat is wrought into elegant and showy tissues—plaids generally, and of brilliant colors. The cotton cloths are strong and serviceable; the printed cottons are of two kinds—the calicoes and the muslins; the calicoes ugly, and the muslins delicate and beautiful. Fields of flax often meet the eye in Switzerland, and acres of linen at this season are seen bleaching by the streams. There were many good samples of linen in the exhibition.

One of the most remarkable departments of Swiss industry is embroidery, and of this there were many superb samples. In one of these, the maidens of Appenzell had embroidered their Jungfrau on an immense curtain of white muslin. Another from the canton of St. Gallen had flowers in high relief, the petals raised from the muslin and turning back against it, as in a carving. In other samples were fountains and forests; others were of architectural design,

intermingled with graceful human figures. There are in Appenzell and St. Gallen six thousand persons who live by this sort of needlework.

Of course there were many samples of carving in wood, but these were excelled by the carvings in ivory—an art which seems to have sprung naturally from the national skill in wood-carving, Among these I noticed a little group of trees, wrought with such delicacy that it seemed as if the foliage must tremble and turn with the wind.

In the north they slay animals for their fur; but the Swiss finds a substitute for fur in the skins of the birds which haunt his lakes. There were numerous samples of muffs, tippets and cuffs formed of this material; some of them of a silvery whiteness, others nearly black, all of them extremely light, smooth and glistening. The names of the birds which had been made to yield this singular contribution to the national fair were annexed to the articles—they were mostly water-fowl of the grebe family, and the kinds related to it. These were the *mergus merganser*, the *anas ferina*, and others which I do not remember.

Among the frolics of Swiss ingenuity I noticed a group of stuffed skins, the wild quadrupeds and native birds of Switzerland, so skilfully adjusted that one could scarcely believe that they were not alive. On the shelves of what seemed a mountain-peak, were owls of different kinds, and other birds, feeding their wide-mouthed young; eagles tearing a pigeon in pieces, foxes lurking behind the crags, a chamois climbing a rock, and another apparently listening on the

summit for the approach of his enemies from below. An other was a water-fall pouring over a rock, formed of some composition in such a manner as to avoid that patched appearance which generally belongs to rock-work, and half draped with wild herbage.

I fear I have tired the readers of this letter, as I have done myself, with this recital; but I hope that I have given them some idea of the variety, the pertinacity and the success of Swiss ingenuity.

The manufactures were exhibited in the barracks near the northern gate of the city, but there was another department of the exhibition, that of the Fine Arts, which was held in the new Palace of the Confederation. The palace, not yet finished, is a sumptuous building, in the Byzantine style, worthy to be the place of assembly for the representatives of a republic like Switzerland. The quarries around Bern yield a light-brown sand-stone, which, when first taken from its bed, is as easily chipped as chalk, and of this the palace is built. It surrounds three sides of a quadrangle, with a massive balcony in the front of the building resting on richly-carved brackets, and on the other side, within the quadrangle, a vaulted ante-room resting on columns, through which is the principal entrance. From the balcony, and the terrace on which the palace stands, you have a view of the green valley of the Aar immediately below you, and beyond the hills which bound the valley rise the snowy summits of the Bernese Oberland.

I found less to interest me in the annual exhibition of

Swiss works of art than I had hoped. A Swiss friend, who accompanied me, directed my attention to a large historical picture, by Volmar of Bern, representing the battle of Morgarten, in 1315. It is painted with a good deal of knowledge, but it looked to me as if the artist had conceived and studied each figure separately, and then put them all together in a group as he best might. The light is lurid and like moonshine. There were several historical pictures of a smaller size, by Vogel of Zurich, full of commonplace faces and draperies like leather. The landscapes were better. There were a few exceedingly spirited drawings of Swiss scenery in water colors. Calame of Geneva has an excellent picture in the collection, called "The Torrent." Grisel of Neufchatel, Isenzing of St. Gallen, Jenni of Solothurn, Kaiser of Staz, Koller of Zurich, Meyer of Luzern, and Zimmermann of Geneva, had all clever landscapes in the gallery—representations of Swiss scenery, the contemplation of which ought to make a man a landscape painter if any thing can. But this is a mere "muster-roll of names," and I have no time for more particular remark.

LETTER IV.

A WATERING-PLACE IN THE PYRENEES.

BAGNÈRES DE LUCHON, HAUTES PYRENÉES,
September 8, 1857.

Much as my countrymen travel, there are few of them, I think, who come to the warm springs or baths of Luchon—the Bagnères de Luchon, as they are called here—and few are aware what a charming spot it is, what a delightful summer climate it has, and how picturesque is the surrounding country. It is Switzerland with a more even temperature, a longer summer, a serener sky, and mountains which less capriciously veil themselves in fogs at the moment you wish to get a sight at them. The black rocks with which they are ribbed crumble into a darker and apparently a richer soil, which lends the verdure of their sides a deeper tinge. Here, at Luchon, I see fields of maize and millet half-way up the mountain sides, and patches of buckwheat, now in bloom, whitening almost their very crests.

At Geneva I fell in with an English gentleman, who has been botanizing industriously on the continent for seven years, and had not seen his native country in all that time. We told him we were going to Bagnères de Bigorre. "Go ra-

ther to Bagnères de Luchon," he answered. "You will there be in the heart of the Pyrenees, while at Bigorre you would be only among their lower declivities. Luchon is the finest spot in all the Pyrenees. The accommodations are good; they do not fleece you there as they do here in Switzerland; the English have not got there yet. Besides, you will have about you such a magnificent mountain Flora." We took his advice, and set out for Bagnères de Luchon. But first I must say a word of Geneva.

It was hard to believe it the same place which I saw eight years since. The popular party which now rules Geneva have pulled down the old walls and forts, within which it seems to have been fancied that the city might sustain a siege; these have been converted into public promenades and building lots. Geneva is now an open city, like all our own towns, and is spreading itself into the country. Where Lake Leman begins to contract itself into the Rhone, and the blue waters rush towards their outlet, large spaces on each side, lately covered with water, have been filled up with the rubbish of the forts, and massive quays and breakwaters extending into the lake, have been built to form a secure harbor for the shipping. Long rows of stately buildings, of a cheerful aspect, with broad streets between, have been erected by the water side. Enterprising men have been attracted from other parts of Switzerland and from foreign countries, by the field here opened to their activity, and with them come swarms of strange workpeople. Catholic priests, in their big cocked hats and long black gowns clinging to their legs, are now a frequent sight

in this city of Calvin; and the Catholics, now at length admitted to full citizenship, are building an elegant church on the west bank of the Rhine. One need not wonder that those who liked the old order of things should lament that the Geneva of to-day is no longer the Geneva of their youth.

In our way to Luchon we stopped for a short time at Lyons, which I found almost as much changed in four years as Geneva in eight. It seems to have caught the rage of demolition and reconstruction from Paris. A broad street, like one of the Boulevards of the metropolis, running from the *Place de Bellecour* to the hills, has been opened through the heart of the city, by beating down the mass of old houses, separated from each other by narrow and gloomy passages, and constructing others of a more cheerful architecture in their place. They call the new street the *Rue Imperiale*, to mark its epoch. In a paved square opened in the middle of this street, I saw a group of workmen engaged in putting up the statues of a fountain, and not far off a crowd of them busy in erecting a bank of elaborate Italian architecture. Near the northern extremity of the street another company were occupied restoring and enlarging the Hotel de Ville.

We passed a day and a half at Nîmes, in the comfortable and spacious Hotel du Luxembourg—Nîmes, at this season, quiet, dull and silent as the vast interior of its own grand Roman amphitheatre. Its principal commerce at the moment seemed to consist in disposing of the enormous quantities of fine melons which I saw heaped on the pavement in its streets. Nîmes is a city for a winter residence; the August

sun glared upon us so fiercely that we were withered by the heat. I found the turf under the bowers of evergreens, in the garden above its famous fountain, scorched to snuff with the summer fervors. I remembered its freshness and the sweet December sunshine that rested upon it nearly four years since, and almost wished it were December again. Yet, even amidst this quiet, some new buildings were going up at Nîmes : several elegant houses and a church of a remarkably graceful Gothic model, the light and airy shafts and arches carved out of the cream-colored stone, so easily wrought, with which they build in this country. There was some activity of a different kind—they were fitting up the amphitheatre for a bull-fight the next Sunday, but the keeper of the building compassionately assured us that it was a very different thing from a Spanish bull-fight, and that there was no danger in it either to the bull or to the human combatants.

From Nîmes to Toulouse, with the exception of Montpelier, the environs of which seemed pleasant, and where the air of the sea breathed upon us with a refreshing coolness, our journey was through an arid and almost shadeless country. Frontignan, famed for its grapes, as the delicious varieties which bear its name with us testify, was no exception ; nor Cette, which sends its white wines to our market ; nor dirty Narbonne, where we got a luxurious dinner and passed a night with the fleas. As we approached Toulouse the aspect of the country softened, but there was the same dreary and melancholy lack of verdure, the same absence of groves, shade-trees and grassy turf, for which no appearance of fruitfulness

can compensate—and yet the country is abundantly fertile. The city of the Troubadours detained us only long enough to look at its curious old churches, and to drive through some of its handsome promenades, and we took the diligence the next morning for this place, passing over the broad plains of the Garonne and through several very dirty French villages—for the further south you go in France the more dirt you find—till at length we came to where the Garonne comes plunging and roaring from the mountains. It was like the effect of enchantment to pass, as we did, from a dust-colored landscape into a valley of luxuriant verdure, from a flat level to grand mountain scenery, from silent streams to sounding torrents, from a sultry atmosphere to airs cooled by the eternal snows of the glaciers.

The baths of Luchon, supplied by hot sulphur springs which gush from a mountain side, have been frequented for the last two hundred years. For generation after generation has the ingenuity of man been exerted to render the place attractive, to multiply its accommodations, and make the most of its natural beauties. Shady walks into which the noon sun cannot penetrate, with seats of stone, squares planted with pleasant trees—one of these is entirely planted with American trees, the catalpa and the tulip-tree—paths beside the roaring torrents, paths climbing the mountain sides, paths into the thick forests, terraces from which you look down into the valleys and far away among the mountain peaks—these you have all around you; and then there are excellent carriage roads which take you to picturesque

old turrets, and along the windings of beautiful valleys, and beyond these, bridle roads which lead to cascades, to solitary highland lakes and to lofty summits of mountains. There are guides whose occupation it is to accompany travellers to the most remarkable points of this region, and the calling is often hereditary—the father training his sons to it from early boyhood. They are a hardy race of men, healthy by their occupation, obliging and serviceable from habit; they hunt wolves, bears and the wild goat in the mountains, when the season of the baths is over; and there is no place in the Pyrenees to which they will not agree to conduct you. They frequently take travellers to the top of the Maladetta, the highest peak of the Pyrenees, covered with perpetual snow, and only first ascended, about twelve years since, by M. De Franqueville. The other day three of them dragged an Englishman to the top of the *Pic de la Pique*, or *Pic de la Picade*, a slippery-looking pinnacle of rock, not far from the Maladetta, with sides almost perpendicular, which had never before been scaled.

If any of the readers of these letters should visit Luchon, I can cheerfully, without disparagement to any of his brethren, recommend one of these guides, Bertrand Estrujo, who is certainly a favorable specimen of his tribe. Estrujo is a fine, broad-chested figure of a man, with a good-natured face, and civil, obliging manners. He will tell you the legends of the region through which he takes you, and when these are exhausted, will sing you a song in French or Spanish, or in the *patois* of the mountains, as you may choose;

or if there is nothing to be said, and you are tired of silence, he will crack his whip with a succession of reports like a rolling fire of pistol shot—a sort of tattoo turned off from the tip of the lash, which is shivered into fibres and left floating in the air like gossamer. Estrujo will give you excellent horses, or if they are not always precisely what you desire, will apologize so ingeniously for their defects, or throw in such skilful commendations of their real merits, that you can hardly help being satisfied.

The main part of Luchon is a shabby village, with dirty-looking houses, and narrow, winding streets, on each side of which is a paved gutter, the channel of a swiftly-flowing little stream, diverted from the torrent of the *One*, in which the women are sometimes seen washing their clothes. But the south end of Luchon, called the *Cours d'Étigny*, in which the visitors to the baths have their lodgings, is a noble street —broad, planted with a fourfold row of elms and lindens, and bordered with large, commodious houses, in nearly all of which apartments are let. To the south, this pleasant street terminates at the stately building erected to contain the baths, and the pleasure ground surrounding the spring where the waters are dispensed to those who drink them, and just at this season it presents, all day long, one of the gayest spectacles I ever saw.

At an early hour arrive the diligences; the street is immediately in commotion; troops of servant-women in head-dresses of bright-colored handkerchiefs, red and yellow, run after them and crowd around them, offering the newly arrived

travellers apartments in the houses of their employers. You hear a sound of small bells; a herdsman is driving his cows to their mountain pasture, or a woman has brought her goat to your door to be milked. Companies of people, men and women, are departing on horseback—each with a guide, who is known by his cap, short jacket and loaded leathern valise strapped in front of his saddle. They are setting out, perhaps, for the beautiful *Vallée du Lys*, where the meadows at this season are as fresh and flowery as our own in June, or to the *Lac d'Oo*, a blue pool, high among the mountains, surrounded by dark pinnacles of rock flecked with fields of snow, from one of which a white cataract plunges, roaring, into the lake. Or, perhaps, they are going to the summit called the *Pic de l'Anticade*, from which you look down into the valleys of Catalonia, or to that called the *Port de Venasque*, whence you look down into those of Aragon and over the mountains of that province. If the company consist of one or three, and these are men, perhaps they are about to ascend the Maladetta. Carriages are drawn up before the doors of the houses; they are waiting to convey the lodgers to the old town of *St. Beat*, in a narrow rocky gorge of the Garonne, or further on, to the *Pont du Roi*, on the frontier of Spain, or to *St. Bertrand de Cominges*, renowned for its ancient Gothic church, or to the *Cascade des Demoiselles*, on the Pique. A sedan chair, with two strong-limbed bearers, passes through the street; it contains a patient whom they are carrying to the baths; two or three people in thick cloaks, and hoods covering their heads and faces, are walking in the other di-

rection; they are bathers returning to their lodgings. People are setting out upon a morning walk; a lady and her children are trotting by on donkeys, with women for donkey drivers; they are going to the Cascade of Montauban, or to that of Jaze, or to the terrace called La Sauniere, from which you look down upon Luchon and its green and shady valley. If they are more adventurous, perhaps they are bent upon climbing to the summit of Superbagneres, the mountain from the base of which flow the sulphurous springs that supply the baths. A group of priests, in their black robes and cocked hats, are passing; the priests throng to Luchon, and love to saunter in its shady alleys, and are often seen in the cavalcades that go out upon excursions among the mountains. There go two Sisters of Mercy, in their flowing hoods of white muslin; they are on a visit to the lodging-houses, to ask donations for the hospital of Luchon. Two ragged, brown, slender men, in their red caps, knee-breeches, stockings without feet, and hempen sandals, are driving their loaded asses through the street; they are peasants from one of the neighboring Catalonian villages. Spanish pedlars in laced jackets and small clothes of brown velvet, are moving about the streets, taking off their caps to almost all they meet, and offering their wares. Others of them have piled their glistening foulards from Barcelona, their packages of linen and their silk shawls around the foot of one of the great trees in the street, to attract the attention of the passengers.

When the shadow of the mountain begins to fall on the

well-kept grounds below the edge of the forest south of the bath-house, which is at about four o'clock in the afternoon, a crowd of visitors in little groups seat themselves in chairs on the terrace in that spot. Walk among them and you will hear spoken the accented dialect of Southern France; you will hear French; you will hear Spanish, but no English. It is not quite exact to say, however, as my English acquaintance at Geneva said, that the English have not got to Luchon yet. At the Lac d'Oo, which we reached at the beginning of a pelting storm of rain and hail, we fell in with a party from Liverpool, of whom five were ladies, who came, soused and dripping, into the cabin among the rocks where we were taking our luncheon. They were "doing up" the Pyrenees, I think, in a fortnight, conscientiously seeing every thing set down for them to see in their guide-books, and as they were provided with water proof cloaks, they defied wind and weather. They whipped through the list of sights in a space of time that seemed to me incredibly short, and then went off to Toulouse in the night. The English who come here do not stay long, but look at what is remarkable and depart.

Our party have not been so faithful to the duty of sight-seeing, contenting ourselves with a selection from the usual excursions. One of these we made to the *Pic de l'Anticade.* It is a green mountain summit within the Spanish dominions, grazed by cattle under the care of Catalonian herdsmen. The roar of a hundred waterfalls rose at once to our ears from the valley of the Garonne below, where I counted eleven villages lying east of us—Busost and Bïla, and—a Catalan wo-

man, who had followed us up the summit to beg, gave us their names, but I have forgotten the rest. Below us eagles were wheeling about the crags; and to the south, where the Garonne came down from the mountains, vast and dense forests reached far down the valley. "In these forests," said our guide, "we go to hunt bears in winter. Wolves too, are found there, and where the rocks are steep, the *isard*, our mountain goat." To the west of us rose the mountains of Aragon, and, half seen through the mists, the white summit of the Maladetta. Our guide gave us the etymology of the name in this legend:

"Our Saviour," said he, "was passing over the mountain, when he met with a shepherd and his dog. The dog flew at our Saviour and bit him, the shepherd making no effort to prevent it. Since that time a curse has rested on the mountain; it is covered with perpetual snow, and the shepherd and his dog keep their station there yet. They were seen not long since, but, on being approached, they disappeared. You understand now why the mountain is called the Maladetta or the Accursed."

When the autumnal weather begins to grow chilly at Luchon, the visitors generally, if they do not go home, migrate to Bagnères de Bigorre, as we propose to do to-morrow, though the temperature is still soft and genial here.

LETTER V.

BIGORRE—PAU—BAYONNE—A JOURNEY TO SPAIN—SAN SEBASTIAN.

San Sebastian, Province of Gurpuscoa, Spain,
September 28th, 1857.

Since I wrote you last, I have made a short sojourn at Bagnères de Bigorre and another at Pau, to say nothing of a brief stay at Bayonne. Bagnères de Bigorre, a pleasant watering-place, is too much like Bagnères de Luchon, in most that is characteristic, to need a very particular description. Like that place, it lies high, in a cool atmosphere. At the foot of a long hill break out, I think, nearly a dozen warm springs, of different temperatures and different degrees of mineral impregnation, each of which has its building fitted up with baths, and each of which asserts its specific merits in healing certain ailments, so that whatever be your malady, it will go hard but you will find some practitioner of medicine to recommend one or the other. Broad paths, embowered with trees, some of them planted long ago, lead from one spring to the other, along rivulet or hill side. Here you meet the visitors to the place, whether they come for the waters or the air, idly sauntering; here you meet with patients carried in sedan chairs, or resting on the

benches. Sometimes it is a well-dressed lady from Paris, or one of the provincial towns of France, in a bonnet of the newest pattern, and sometimes a *bourgeoise*, equally well dressed, with no bonnet at all. Sometimes it is a man in the garb of the laboring class, beside whom sits or walks his plain wife, employed on her knitting; sometimes it is a woman with her distaff, industriously twirling the spindle as she threads the long alleys. Bigorre is a town of lodging houses, and affords ample accommodations for all these classes. The peasants go out to shoot game for them among the mountains; the fruits of the south of France are brought to them from the plain of Tarbes, and peasant girls gather strawberries for them all summer long, going higher and higher up the Pyrenees, from July to October. For their spiritual wants large provision is made; the Catholics have here several churches, among the finest of which is that of the Carmelites, newly built, and close to their new convent, a good sample of the Romanesque style. I cannot think it improved by the fresco behind the altar, just finished from a design by Horace Vernet, representing Elijah taken up into heaven. Elijah is an Arab, with a peaked beard, and the Bedouin head-dress bound on his forehead by a cord of camel's hair. Elisha is a stout friar in a brown gown, catching at the mantle which falls from his master, and an angel in a blue robe and white wings, hovering above the chariot of fire, holds the reins and guides the horses. The whole conception strikes me as poor and commonplace. The Protestants have also their temple, where a French clergy-

man, who preaches with great simplicity and earnestness, conducts the worship, with a considerable congregation, mostly of the laboring class.

At Pau, where we were delayed a few days by the indisposition of one of our party, we found only silence and slumber. Of the English who throng it in winter, on account of the softness of its climate at that season, those alone remained who were lying in its cemetery. Those who, about this time, are on their way home from St. Sauveur, or Luz, or Cauterets, or some other of their famous watering-places in the Pyrenees, stop now and then just to look at the castle of Henry the Fourth and the park, and then go on. I saw a "list of visitors" advertised on an English sign, and applied to see it. "No," I was told, "we do not make it out till winter." I was looking for a pair of cork soles for one of our party. "They are not arrived yet," was the answer; "it is too early in the season." In short, Pau was in its summer sleep; and though it was past the middle of September, the sun blazed with a heat like that of August, and the trees in the handsome Park, which overlooks the brawling current of the Gave, yielding to a few months' drought, were fast dropping their yellow leaves. At length the long-wished-for showers fell, and we set out, one fine bright morning, for Bayonne—the whole country steeped and fresh with rain. Our carriage bowled over one of those broad, smooth, well-kept macadamized roads of France, with massive stone bridges, and parapets wherever the ground descends on either side of the way, which impress one strongly with

an idea of energy and precision in the workings of the power of government. The rain soon returned—we travelled on in a deluge—and it has been raining ever since. After passing through a fertile country, bordering the Gave of Pau, we climbed into a barren region, which the prickly gorse and the rigid heath made gay with their unprofitable flowers, and then entered among pine forests, scarred with long yellow wounds to make the trees yield them turpentine. These gave place at length to gardens and country seats, and almost before we were aware, our carriage rolled through the gates of a fortified city, and we were in Bayonne.

I was surprised at the green and fresh appearance of the fields around Bayonne, after so long a drought. The neighborhood of the mountains on the one side, and of the sea on the other, perhaps so temper the air as to give the country this verdurous aspect, while so much of the south of France at this season is of the color of ashes. Bayonne is a half Spanish town; the guests in its hotels are in a considerable proportion Spanish; it maintains an active regular trade with Spain, to say nothing of what is done by the smugglers, who in the passes of the Pyrenees set the agents of the government at defiance; its shops have, many of them, Spanish signs, and it is the point from which diligences set out to all parts of Spain. Bayonne lies on two rivers which here meet on their journey to the ocean, a league from their mouth, and far enough inland to deprive the sea winds of their bleakness in winter. Beyond its walls a public promenade shaded with noble trees surrounds nearly the whole city.

We found quarters at the *Hotel du Commerce*, where we went up to our rooms by dirty staircases, and where half a dozen serving maids, all rather tall, very thin, very sharp-featured, and most of them talkative, attended to the wants of the guests. What with talking and waiting on the guests, the poor creatures, although they applied themselves to both duties with all their might, seemed to have more work on their hands than they were able to perform, and the comfort and convenience of the guests suffered no little in consequence. I had occasion to observe, in passing through the streets, that the women were rather taller, besides being considerably thinner and sharper featured than those I had seen in the more eastern departments.

We took places the other morning in the diligence that travels between Bayonne and San Sebastian, and passing a long alley of trees, and leaving behind the belt of handsome country seats by which Bayonne is environed, we ascended a height from which we saw the Atlantic ocean spread before us. In green and purple it lay, its distant verge blended and lost in the mists of the horizon. I cannot describe the feeling awakened within me as I gazed on that great waste of waters which in one of its inlets steeped the walls of my own garden, and to the murmur of which on a distant shore, those I loved were doubtless at that moment slumbering. From time to time, as we went on, we descended out of sight of the sea, and rose again to see it flinging its white breakers against the land. The peaks of the Pyrenees were all the while in full view, and we were

approaching the region where their western buttresses present an eternal barrier against the assaults of the ocean, which to the north of them have hollowed out the Gulf of Gascony.

The scenery to the south of Bayonne presented the same fresh and verdant appearance as that in its immediate neighborhood to the east, but the houses had a Swiss look, with their overhanging eaves, supported by the projecting rafters, and here and there a balcony on the gable ends, which were striped with upright wooden posts, imbedded in the stucco, and painted red. The rest of the exterior was neatly whitewashed, and the windows were hung with shutters, painted red or green. This is the fashion of Basque architecture, for we were now among the Basque race, though yet several miles from the Spanish frontier. The road was full of peasant men and women, coming and going; the men in flat blue caps, short jackets, and wooden shoes, many of the younger wearing scarlet sashes; and the women for the most part barefoot, their heads bound with gay cotton kerchiefs, and their petticoats tucked up for the convenience of walking in the wet roads. Of both sexes a large proportion had the look of premature old age; yet among the older men I saw many of a rather striking appearance, with their high Roman noses, and gray hair flowing down upon their shoulders. It was the women who had the prerogative of carrying all the burdens, some of them bearing large jars, and the others enormous broad baskets poised on their heads.

Through village after village we went, till we came to

where the little river Bidassoa, flowing through a green valley, parts the sovereignties of France and Spain. At Behobie, the frontier village of the empire, a French official in red mustaches looked at our passports and allowed us to go upon the bridge; at the other end of the bridge, a Spanish official, with dense coal-black eyebrows, looked at them also, and signified to us that we were at liberty to set foot upon the soil beyond. We were now in Spain; yet the aspect of the dwellings was exactly the same as in the region we had just left, and the costume of the peasantry unaltered, except that the scarlet sash was more frequently seen, the wooden shoes were exchanged for hempen slippers or sandals, and the women wore their thick, long hair gathered into a single braid, which sometimes descended nearly to their feet.

A short drive brought us to the main street of Irun, the first Spanish town—a steep, well-paved street, between tall houses—tall for so small a place—with balcony above balcony, from which women were looking down upon us and the crowd about us. The clean street and the well-built houses gave us a favorable idea of the country on which we had entered. We stopped at Irun to pay a tax of two pesetas on each foreign passport, and to open our trunks for the inspection of the custom-house officers, who seemed disposed to give us as little trouble as they could. Before we reached the frontier, our conductor had made his preparations for passing free of duty a few goods which he had brought with him. He first stuffed his garments, under his blouse, with a variety of merchandise, among which was a pair of patent

leather half-boots with elastic ancles. "Here," said he to the postilion, handing him a heavy piece of worsted goods, "button this under your waistcoat." The man complied without a word, and seemed only a very little the more corpulent for this addition to his bulk. "Madam," said the conductor again, addressing himself to a female passenger, and taking a new lady's cloak from a pasteboard box, "will you do me the favor to let this hang on your arm for the rest of the journey?" The lady consented; the custom-house officers found nothing chargeable with duty, and our trunks being replaced on the diligence, away we rolled towards San Sebastian.

While waiting at Irun, I had time to look at the people about me, for it was a holiday, and the peasantry from the neighboring country were in the streets, mingled with the inhabitants of the town. They had a hardy look; we should call them in America rather short; but their frames were well knit, with broad shoulders, a healthy complexion, and a not unpleasing physiognomy; the women seemed of scarcely less vigorous make than the men. This was the pure Basque race, the posterity of the ancient Cantabrians, who had kept the mountain region to themselves from the earliest period known to history, preserving their old impracticable language, and many of their primitive customs. I could not help looking for something striking, characteristic, and peculiar in a branch of the human family which had so long kept itself distinct from the others, but I did not see it; they seemed cast in the common mould of our species. But as

we went on, I saw other indications that we had passed out of one country into another—narrower roads, unprotected by parapets where they led along a hill-side; hedges untrimmed, lands less sedulously cultivated; fields lying waste and red with withered fern, and fruit-trees less carefully tended. On the French side of the Bidassoa the apple orchards looked fresh and flourishing; here they were shaggy with moss and nearly bare of leaves, bearing instead, heavy bunches of misletoe, which had fastened on the branches and were now in bloom. A considerable part of the tilth was Indian corn, but neither here nor in any part of the south of France were the harvests of this grain such as an American farmer would be proud of. The stalks were small, and each of them produced but a single short and light ear.

Between Irun and San Sebastian we found ourselves on the verge of what seemed a lake among the mountains. "The port of Passages!" said a fellow-traveller, pointing towards it. I looked and saw where a chasm opened between dark and jagged rocks to the Atlantic ocean—a breach in the mountain wall of the Pyrenees, through which the tides flow and sleep in this quiet basin. The passage through which they enter is overlooked by castles which have nothing to guard. Three vessels only were lying where a whole navy might ride in safety from the storms; they were moored beside a poor-looking little town. "It is a noble port," said my fellow-traveller, "but neglected, as every thing else is in Spain." The river of Renteria runs into it and forms shallows with the deposites it brings down from the highlands.

At Irun we had taken our fourth postilion after leaving Bayonne, a meagre, crooked man, with sharp features, shrivelled cheeks, a hooked nose, and a little projecting knob of an under lip; not to forget a hollow scar on the right temple. He held voluble dialogues with the conductor, in which I distinguished some words identical with the Spanish, but of the rest I could make nothing. "What are they talking?" I asked of my next neighbor. "It is the dialect of Gascony," he answered; "the postilion is from Bayonne." But the postilion's eloquence was not confined to one language. He was somewhat of a wag, and gave us an imitation of the petulant tones of French declamation, and then, changing to a grave and quiet manner, dealt out a few proverbs and pithy sayings in Castilian. He had, besides, a joke in Basque for almost every young female we passed with a basket on her head. As we were approaching, through a narrow, fertile valley, the peninsula on which San Sebastian is built, a troop of boys greeted us from a little distance with shouts, and the smallest of them all, standing in the middle of the road, and seemingly calculating the course of our vehicle, placed a four-cornered stone exactly in the path of our left wheels, and then leaped aside to see the jolt it would give us. Our fluent Gascon instantly turned his horses a little to the right, and discharged at the offender a crack of his whip, which made him start, and a volley of loud words, which, for aught I know, might have been the purest and most classical Basque ever spoken.

Our vehicle crossed a bridge over a shallow arm of the

sea, and entering the peninsula, passed through an avenue of poplars, part of the Alameda of San Sebastian, near which stands a wooden amphitheatre erected not long since for bull-fights, and went slowly through the gates of the city, which is surrounded on all sides by strong walls, except on the west, where it stands against the steeps of Mount Orgullo, a conical rock, rising four hundred feet from the sea at its base, crowned with a castle, and bristling with other fortifications. Our baggage had to undergo another inspection, and then we were allowed to take it to the Hotel Lafitte, in the street of San Geronimo, where we climed up a gloomy staircase to dirty chambers. Our French host apologized for the dirt, which was no fault of his, he said, for he had no wife, and only Spanish domestics; but he would endeavor to make amends for the dirt by the excellence of the dinners; and in this, as his profession was that of cook, I must admit that he kept his word.

LETTER VI.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

San Sebastian, Spain, *October* 5, 1857.

It was a matter of course, that in lodgings so neglected by the housekeeper as those I described in my last, we should find the fleas uncomfortably numerous. The mosquitoes did their part to keep us awake, but a walk the next day on the rocky mount at the foot of which San Sebastian is built, made amends for the annoyances of the night. The west wind had been blowing with some strength for several days; and the agitated ocean was rolling its mighty breakers on one side of us into the bay of Concha, and on the other up the river Urumea, and in front of us dashing them against the base of the rocks on which we stood. The two sublimest features of nature are the sea and the mountains; and it is not often that in any part of the world you see them in their grandeur side by side. Here, at San Sebastian, you have the Pyrenees looking down upon the Atlantic. To the northwest of the city, the sea flings its spray against the dark rocks of Mount Ulia, to the southwest it beats against the steeps of Mount Frio, crowned with lighthouses, and beyond, in the same direction, a lofty promontory stretches, like a sentinel of that

mountain range, far into the great deep. As we looked inland from the height we stood, we had before us an amphitheatre of mountains, with peaked and wavy summits, embosoming the country about San Sebastian; at our feet lay the little city with its little artificial port, made by massive seawalls, and containing its little commercial marine, and beyond the port, where the billows rolled in upon the sands, we saw a row of bathing tents, near which ladies were taking their morning bath, and at some distance were men on horseback, urging their animals into the surf.

From this place, resounding only with the roar of the ocean, we returned to streets as noisy with the voices and occupations of men. I think San Sebastian the noisiest place I was ever in, and that with scarcely any help from the rattling of carriages or the tramp of horses' feet. I seem to be perpetually in the midst of a crowd of children, just let loose from school. The streets resound from early morning to eight o'clock at night with all manner of childish and infantile cries; they are calling to each other in their shrillest accents; they are shouting, crying, singing, blowing penny whistles, clattering castanets. Then you hear artisans of almost every trade, engaged in their work—blacksmiths striking their anvils, tinkers mending brass-kettles, cobblers hammering their lasts; you hear the screech of the file, the grating of the saw, and the click of the stone-cutter's chisel. Parrots are screaming to each other across the streets; and oxen are dragging loaded carts, running on plank wheels without spokes, which creak lamentably as they go. Besides

all this, there is a most extraordinary yelping of dogs at San Sebastian. Once in ten minutes a dog is flogged, or somebody treads on his tail or toes, and he makes the whole town ring with his complaints.

"Let me show you San Sebastian," said our host, soon after we had returned from our walk. He took us to a balcony, projecting from one of the windows. "There," said he, "on one side, at three or four rods distance, you see the city wall. In the opposite direction, the street extends a few rods further, to that gate, through which you pass to the port. That is the length of San Sebastian." Our host then conducted us to a balcony on the cross street. "Here," said he, "a few doors to the right, the street ends at the rock upon which the citadel is built; look to the left, and you see where the same street terminates at the city wall. That is the breadth of San Sebastian. You have now seen the city; it is but a village, and would be nothing without its citadel." I was obliged to agree with Monsieur Lafitte as to the extent of the city; which, however, within the narrow circuit of its walls, is compactly built, and can be made no larger; yet in this space are crowded ten thousand persons. The streets are straight, crossing each other at right angles, and rather narrow; the buildings are four stories in height, including the ground floor; and each story, even in the case of the wealthier class, is occupied by a separate family; and as the windows are open all day, scarcely a baby cries in San Sebastian without being heard all over the city.

In one place I found silence; it was Sunday; and I en-

tered the church of Santa Maria, erected in the beginning of the last century. Without, the church has a festive aspect, like that of a theatre, the front being carved into scrolls and escutcheons, flourishes and garlands, and heads of cherubs projecting from among foliage. Within, the massive pillars, faced on each of their four sides with Corinthian pilasters, spread from the richly ornamented capitals into richly ornamented cornices, and from these sprout into ribbed arches of a broad span; the whole in what would be called a corrupt style of architecture, but which has a certain imposing and magnificent effect, and that is perhaps the best test of architectural merit. The church was crowded with worshippers, of whom four-fifths were women, and of these a considerable proportion were of the more opulent class. All were in black veils, the national costume; not a bonnet was to be seen; all were on their knees, with their faces turned towards the altar. I observed among them many fine countenances, and was struck with the appearance they showed of being profoundly absorbed in the offices of devotion. All were motionless, save the priest at the richly ornamented altar, with his bows and genuflections; all was silence, save the prayer he murmured, and the tinkling of the little bell, which announced some peculiar part of the ceremonies. The thick walls of the building excluded all sounds from the streets, and on the platform before it all games are rigorously forbidden.

I came out of the church, and entering the street which led to my hotel, found myself, at once, in a perfect hubbub of

noises. Pianos were jangling in the houses; servant girls were screaming to each other in Basque, and uttering shouts of laughter; the chorus of childish voices was shriller than ever; the very parrots seemed to utter their cries with more energy, as if in honor of the holiday; it appeared to me that of all the inhabitants of the city not one was silent. Close to our hotel, and within sight of its windows, lies the great Plaza of the town, and this was full of people, notwithstanding an occasional thin shower of drizzling rain. Here children of different ages were playing their noisy games; some were skipping their ropes, some dancing in a ring and singing, some dancing by themselves and snapping their castanets. Apart from these, some young people were dancing the fandango the young men in flat scarlet caps, scarlet sashes, and hempen sandals tied with scarlet galoon. The tumult of merriment grew more riotous about twilight. A flute was played at one of the corners of the streets, and a band of young girls capered up and down to the music, with shouts of laughter. About nine o'clock all was comparatively quiet, and soon after that hour the watchman of the city began to utter his cries; for it would be inconsistent with the genius of the place to leave the night to its natural silence. At every stroke of the hour and of each intermediate half hour, he proclaimed the time of night in a deep, melancholy tone, as if lamenting its departure. "*Las dos dadas;*" "*las dos y media dadas;*" "*las tres dadas,*" &c., &c., were repeated again and again as he paced the street, in a voice which grew less and less distinct, until it was lost in turning some dis-

tant corner. This went on till daybreak, when other sounds began to be heard, which gradually swelled into the usual tumult of the day.

We have made some pleasant acquaintances here, the wife and two daughters of a late professor in a literary institution, whose kind and gracious manners make good the claim of courtesy to strangers, which is one of the boasts of the people of San Sebastian. The young ladies took us one beautiful evening to walk on the Alameda, a public ground beyond the city gates, planted with poplars, at the mouth of the Urumea, where the waves of the sea rush, with a loud roar, upon the sands. It was just about sunset, and the green between the city walls and the Alameda was covered with groups of nurses and little children, who had come out both for the sake of the air and the music of a military band, which played occasionally, while a small body of soldiery were going through their exercises. I was struck with the healthy look of these children. Some of the older ones, little bare-headed creatures, looked like dolls, with their abundant jet black hair, white skins, and eyes like beads of black glass. The troops, as twilight came on, took up their march for the city, the band playing as they went, and the nurses placing their young charges on their shoulders, hurried back with them.

We saw several ladies walking unattended in the Alameda. "Is that the custom here?" inquired one of our party. "By all means," was the answer. "Young ladies go out in the evening, unaccompanied, without scruple. We are all

known here, and that protects us; we are as safe as in our parlors. Even if we were not known, we have confidence in our people. The city gates are never shut even at night, nor are our doors fastened during the day time, and it is not for fear of theft that they are locked at night. Thefts here are very rare, and nobody thinks it necessary to be on his guard against them."

I was glad to hear so good an account of the morals of the place in one very important respect, and it seemed to be confirmed by what I saw at our hotel. The doors of our rooms had no fastening, and seemed never to have had any. On speaking of this to our host, he assured us that a lock was quite unnecessary, as nothing was ever stolen. While I am writing this letter, he has surprised me by assuring me that he never even locks his outer door at night.

Of one nuisance, from which I had found no other part of the continent wholly free, I had seen nothing here; there are no beggars. In France you will often see, at the entrance of a village, a post, bearing a large wooden tablet, with an inscription purporting that in those precincts begging is strictly forbidden, and under it a fine, ragged fellow will hold out his hand and whimper for charity. Here the same prohibition exists and is respected. "What do you do with your beggars?" I inquired. "Follow us," said our young friends, "and we will show you." We crossed the Urumea by the bridge of Santa Catalina, and passing through another alley of poplars, entered a large building, erected in 1840, on the site of a former Franciscan convent.

"We put our beggars here," said one of our companions; "this is the House of Mercy for the district of San Sebastian." We entered a large court in the centre of the building, with trees and a fountain in the midst, and many of the inmates of the place sitting or moving about—the tasks of the day being finished. At the entrance was a chapel, dimly lighted, from which issued strains uttered by the children of the place, chanting a part of their evening worship. All weaned children abandoned by their parents, and all orphans, are received into this institution; all persons in the district found begging are brought hither, stripped of their rags, scoured, put into clean clothing and set to work.

As we returned, we could not help speaking of the softness of the evening. The young ladies with us, and those who were walking in the Alameda, had on only light summer dresses, with nothing on their heads save the thinnest of black veils, fastened to the hair behind, and falling down on the shoulders. "We have no extremes of heat and cold," they said; "the heat of the summer is not intense, the autumn and spring are delightful, and the winter rather rainy than frosty."

At this season we find the weather remarkably agreeable; the heats of noon are temperate, and the evenings are like the blandest summer evenings in our own climate. During the week which we have passed at San Sebastian, we have not felt the slightest autumnal harshness in the air, even at night. The leaves are falling from the trees, not because the frost has nipped them, but because they are old.

"You are going to Vitoria and Burgos," said my banker, the other day. "You are going to a country where the weather is very different from what it is here, where it frequently changes from warm to cold, and where the winters are extremely severe, as they are with you in New York." The people of San Sebastian claim that their city is exempt from epidemic or local fevers, from intermittent and from fevers, both of the bilious and typhus type. In summer the people of Madrid resort to it, for the refreshment of its air and for sea-bathing; and the Plaza is a gay scene with these visitors promenading at nightfall, and afterwards. At present you see bare-headed señoras walking in the Plaza till near ten o'clock, or sitting under the arches which surround it, but they are the ladies of the city.

I went again the next morning, with one of our party, to the House of Mercy, and was shown over it by one of the Sisters of Charity of the order of San Vincente de Pablo, who have the care of it, and who are fifteen in number. She was a plump, healthy-looking person, with an agreeable smile, a full, black eye, in which lurked an arch expression, and thick lips shaded with jetty down. She carried a bunch of keys, and opened one room after another for our inspection. "Here," said she, "is one of the sleeping-rooms of the women." It was a long apartment, on the second floor, with thirty beds ranged in rows on each side; a bed for each person; clean beds, with coarse linen sheets, woollen mattresses and pillows, resting on enormous straw beds underneath; the room was clean and amply ventilated. She

showed us in succession the other sleeping-rooms of the females, those of the men, and those of the children, all of them equally clean and comfortable, and in airy rooms. We descended to the ground floor. "Here," said she, "is the workshop of the men." A dozen looms were clashing in the room she showed us, and at each a man was driving the shuttle. In one corner several men were employed in mending clothes; in another sat men mending shoes; before the door a man was winding linen thread upon a reel. In other parts of the building women were employed in spinning, after the manner of this country, twirling the spindle in the fingers; others were knitting, others sewing, others by the side of a huge laver, were washing; others in a kitchen as clean as a Dutch kitchen, were busy over huge caldrons, in which soup was preparing for the inmates. All were employed, but all seemed inclined to make their labor as easy as possible. There was none of that alacrity shown in their exertions which we saw in the pauper colonies of Holland, where a system of proportional compensations is adopted.

We were taken to the school, where the children of the institution are taught. The system of instruction does not go very far, but they are taught to read, write, and compute; and we saw some respectable specimens of penmanship in the square Spanish style. In the school several young girls were employed in embroidering, and some neat samples of their skill in this art were shown us. The medicine room contained, in glass jars and gallipots, neatly la-

belled and arranged, drugs enough to kill twice the number of the inmates of the House of Mercy; but we were gratified to learn that not much use was made of them. One department of the institution is a Hospital, with ample wards and a large number of beds, most of which, I perceived, were unoccupied. Here the same scrupulous neatness seemed to prevail as in the other rooms, and the same careful attention to ventilation. The Hospital is divided into two departments, the medical and surgical; in the surgical department for males there was no patient—beggars do not often break their bones—in that of the women there were but two or three.

In passing through the various compartments of the institution, we were taken into the bread-room, where one of the Sisters of Charity was occupied in dividing the loaves into rations. There was a finer and more delicate kind of bread for the patients in the Hospital, and a coarser kind, yet light and sweet, for the healthy inmates. "You do not let your people suffer from hunger," said I, to the sister who had charge of this room. "No," she replied, "of hunger they never complain; their great suffering is from thirst; they get enough to eat, they acknowledge, but they do not get enough to drink." The history of the Almshouse of San Sebastian is, in this respect, I suppose, like that of other almshouses, and people qualify themselves for admission to it by the same practices.

As we took leave of our smiling and cheerful conductress, a venerable lady presented herself, who held the place of Lady Superior among these Sisters of Charity, and who

was on a visit to the institution. She inquired from what part of the world we came, and being told from North America, began to speak of her acquaintances in Mexico. It was not easy to make her comprehend the distance of New York from Mexico, so we did not insist much on that point. As we had seen the House of Mercy in San Sebastian, she told us we must see that of Tolosa, which was, if any thing, still more admirably managed; and if we were going to Madrid, we must see the one at Madrid. Finally, she went and brought another distinguished sister, whom she introduced to F., and after a short colloquy, in which the recommendation to visit the House of Mercy at Tolosa, and the one at Madrid, was repeated, they both embraced and kissed my companion, and took their leave.

For myself, I wished to see a little of the environs of the city, in the way in which they could be seen to most advantage, and I strayed off on a pedestrian exercise to the valley of Loyola, a pretty spot on the river Urumea. An excellent road led me to about two miles from the city, along which Basque women with huge baskets on their heads were passing; the younger of them having for the most part fine figures, and some of them pleasing faces. These kept up a lively dialogue with each other as they went, and made the valley ring with their laughter. To my greeting of *buenos dias*, they replied with the still more idiomatic greeting of *agur*. The road on which I was passing at length degenerated into a bridle road, over which, however, I could see that the rude carts of the country had stumbled, but it still led by coun-

try houses, and fields of Indian corn and apple orchards. Here vineyards once flourished, from the fruit of which a poor wine called *chacoli* was made, and none of any other kind was allowed to be brought into San Sebastian till the *chacoli* was drunk out. The repeal of this prohibition, I suppose, led to the abandonment of the grape culture, and now there are no vineyards; yet the vine has taken possession of the soil, and, on each side of the way, twines its unfruitful shoots with the blackberry bushes and hazels, and a sort of green briar, almost as prickly as that of our own country.

LETTER VII.

A JOURNEY FROM SAN SEBASTIAN TO VITORIA.

VITORIA, Province of Alava, Spain,
October 8th, 1857.

IT was an oversight not to mention in my last that the House of Mercy at San Sebastian owed its flourishing condition to private beneficence. Many persons have given it large sums; among others, Don Antonio de Zavaleta, a native of the city, who, having emigrated to Havana and become rich, bequeathed to it in 1837 one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. I asked the Sister of Mercy in the thin white hood and blue petticoat, who conducted us over the place, what was the number of its inmates. "We have in the whole," she replied, "about four hundred persons. In the almshouse there are a hundred and four men, about ninety women, mostly old, and ninety boys or more. The girls, who are not so many as the boys, and the patients in the hospitals, make up the number." There is a department of the hospital of which she said nothing, and which, of course, was not shown us, the *Sala de Maternidad*, or Hall of Maternity, a sort of Lying-in Hospital, a refuge, as it is called in a Spanish pamphlet lying before me, for *mujeres*

embarazadas, in which the strictest secrecy is observed as to the name of the person admitted, and the place whence she comes, these being known only to the chaplain. Her only designation is a certain number; so that the news of the morning in this department of the Hospital is that the doctor has been called to Number Three, and that Number Seven is as well as could be expected.

Do not suppose, however, that this is the extent of what the good people of San Sebastian do for the poor. They have their charitable associations here, as well as with us; and sixteen ladies are the agents by whom the contributions thus gathered are distributed among those who, in their opinion, need and deserve relief.

All the English who come to San Sebastian, visit, of course, the graves of the British officers who fell in the siege of the place, in 1813, and in the bloody civil war twenty-three years later, in which England took part. They lie almost in the shadow of the citadel, on a part of Mount Orgollo, which looks across the sea towards England, among enormous blocks of stone scattered about, as if a sudden convulsion of the earth had broken them from the mother rock. I cannot imagine a grander place of sepulture than these craggy steeps, beside the ever-murmuring ocean. We went up to the top of the citadel, which, by command of the government, is now open to citizens and strangers without distinction, and looked out upon a magnificent panorama of sea and mountain, of which the central part, to the landward, was the valley of Loyola, where it is said the founder of the

Society of Jesuits was born, and through which the Urumea flows, fringed with tamarisks.

The time had arrived for us to leave San Sebastian, and on the 5th of October we took leave of our most obliging host, the only fault of whose hotel was the want of a hostess, and set out for Vitoria in a carriage hired for the purpose. It was a wet morning, but of this we had warning the evening before; for a strong wind was bringing up black clouds from the west, and driving the billows of the Cantabrian ocean into the bay of Concha, with such fury that, but for the sea wall which protects the narrow isthmus leading from the city, it seemed as if they would force their way across it and make the place an island. I had been to the Alameda as the sun was about to set, and returned on account of the wind; but I met a throng of persons going out, among whom were bare-headed ladies, with their veils of black *tulle* fastened, on the back of the head, to their abundant tresses, and falling down on the shoulders; but the figure which most drew my attention was a priest, holding his hat before him on his breast. The hats of the priests in the south of France are of liberal dimensions; but here, in the genial atmosphere of Spain, their brims expand to a magnificent size. As the least breath of wind would otherwise blow them off, the wearers roll up the brim on each side, over the crown, as we roll up a map, or as the Spaniards roll up a bit of paper to make a cigar. In this way the reverend clergy of these parts contrive to carry on their heads a cylinder of felt and fur, nearly a yard long. The

priest whom I met had found it impossible to keep his head covered in the fury of the wind, but, unwilling to lose his walk on the Alameda, was carrying it before him with an air of meek resolution, quite diverting. Two hours later, a thunder shower broke over the city; and as a thunder shower here does not clear the air, as with us, but is the beginning of rainy weather, the next morning dawned in rain.

I must say to those who travel in Spain, that if they wish to avail themselves of the accommodation of the diligences, in their journey to Madrid from the towns in the north of the kingdom, they should endeavor to do it before the first of October. Until that time there are local diligences—that is to say, there are public coaches passing between San Sebastian and Vitoria, Vitoria and Burgos, and so on, in which you can always secure seats beforehand, and set out at a convenient hour. After the first of October these are generally withdrawn, and you must either hire a private carriage, or take your chance for a passage in the diligence from Bayonne, which may arrive crowded with travellers, and perhaps in the night. We lingered at San Sebastian late enough to miss the local diligence, and were obliged to hire a vehicle at an exorbitant price.

Our course was up a narrow, winding valley, watered by the Oria, at that time swollen and turbid with rain, pouring down a torrent almost as yellow as gamboge. On each side were fields of maize ready for gathering, among which were a few green turnip patches, and here and there a fresh

grassy meadow, while higher up on the hill-sides was a rougher and less verdant pasturage, among gorse and heath and withered ferns. Scattered over these wastes were chestnut trees loaded with fruit, and short, stumpy oaks, the boughs of which had been cut away for fagots, and now sprouted with a multitude of twigs. The Spaniards do not seem to care for trees, except when planted in a public walk near a town. I have scarcely seen one allowed to shoot upward, and extend its boughs laterally, as nature would have it; wherever a tree grows in the country, it is made to yield fuel; they poll the oak and reduce it to an ugly bush; they strip the branches from the sides of the elm, and make it look almost like a Lombardy poplar. In this state trees rather deform than embellish a landscape.

About two miles from San Sebastian, a man belonging to the laboring class, who was walking towards Tolosa under a blue cotton umbrella, asked permission to stand on the hinder step of our carriage, which was granted. He was a good specimen of the Basque race; of middle stature, but vigorous make, and a healthy color in his cheeks. Over a white cotton shirt he wore a knit blue one of woollen, neatly tied with tasseled cords; on his left shoulder he carried the brown round jacket of the country, which clings to the shoulder of the Basque peasant like his cap to his head, whether he be sitting or standing, riding or walking, or even gesticulating. The man spoke but little Castilian, but was very much disposed to be communicative. He gave us the names of the places through which we passed, and was quite

inclined to talk of the abundant crops of the season. "We have plenty of maize this year," he said, "and a large crop of beans. The apples have failed, and we shall make scarcely any cider, but then there are so many chestnuts!" On this subject he was almost enthusiastic, and seemed to imagine that nearly every question we put to him had some relation to the chestnut crop. We looked about us, and saw that he had reason to be as eloquent on this head as his scanty vocabulary would allow, for the chestnut groves on all the hills were heavy with fruit, which, whiter than the leaves, spotted and bowed the branches. Millions of bushels will be gathered from these groves; a considerable part will form the food of the peasantry, and the rest will be sold in the towns, or carried abroad.

The Oria is one of the most considerable manufacturing streams of Spain. We passed several large buildings, which our Basque friend informed us were woollen mills; others we perceived to be forges, in which the abundant ores of these mountains are smelted and wrought into bars. There is also a cotton mill here, owned by the brothers Brunet, of San Sebastian. A little beyond the village of Lasarte we passed a handsome building of this kind; and very near it stood the most showy country house I had seen in Spain. In this region scarce any thing is done in the way of laying out or embellishing grounds; the art of landscape gardening is almost unknown; but here was an example of it which fairly dazzled our eyes. The walls of the house were of brilliant white; the windows were surrounded with a bright

blue border, edged with a line of crimson; and it stood amidst grounds washed by the river, elaborately laid out, and carefully tended, traversed by gravel walks, winding among fresh grass-plots, and by plantations of choice shrubs, and through orchards of fruit trees. These grounds were enclosed with hedges, as neatly trimmed as any you see in England. This was doubtless the dwelling of the proprietor. I looked on the other side of the way, and there, close to the road, was a long, shabby building, two stories in height, with many doors, at one of the upper windows of which I saw a thin, brown woman, in a dress of the color of her skin, combing her hair. Behind the building were no gardens, but, instead, the space was occupied by heaps of prickly gorse, which had been cut for the fuel of the kitchens. These were, probably, the habitations of the people who wrought in the mill.

We could not see much of Tolosa, which we reached after a journey of about four hours, on account of the rain, and we had been told at San Sebastian that there was nothing in it worth seeing; but there is an ill-natured rivalry between the two cities. We were set down at the *parador* of Don Antonio Manuel de Sistiaga, a very clean inn, where a chatty young woman waited upon us, and gave us, among other dishes, trout fried in oil, which our party found quite palatable, and a plentiful dessert of peaches, pears, and grapes. Happening to mention the mosquitoes at San Sebastian, I was assured that there were none at Tolosa, nor fleas either, except in houses occupied by careless people.

From Tolosa, in the afternoon, we followed the same picturesque, green valley, passing by iron mills, the machinery of which was moved by the current of the Oria, until we reached the little village of Bensain, where a yoke of oxen was fastened before our three mules, and we were dragged up into a wild region, among mountain summits and wastes overgrown with prickly shrubs. Here, after we had dismissed our oxen, we entered Villareal, a poor village lying in a little hollow, where we met the first beggars we had seen in Spain. An old woman rang a little bell at one of our carriage windows, and a little boy whimpered a long prayer for alms, in Basque. Not far from this place we took on another yoke of oxen, and slowly climbed a lonely mountain road, full of short turns, while the darkness of the night gathered round us, and drove the rain violently against our carriage windows. Not long after we had reached the summit a light appeared, and when we came opposite to it our coachman stopped his mules, alighted, and went into a little building, where we saw at the windows and the open door several men in a military uniform. It was a station of the *Guardia Civil*, a body of armed men by whom the highways are watched; presently our coachman reappeared with a lighted segar in his mouth and a flaming military coat on his back. He was followed by a man in the same uniform, carrying a carbine, who took his station on the hinder step of our carriage, kindled a match, took a good look at our party by its flame, lighted his segar by it, and began smoking away quite at his ease. To our questions he returned

civil and copious answers. It was his office, he said, sometimes to accompany carriages on that road, but his presence with us that night was altogether accidental, inasmuch as he happened to be at the station, and wished to go to Vergara. There had been, he added, no robberies thereabouts for some time past—only one, in fact, within the year, and before that none for a long time. I inferred, from the strain of his talk, that he wished to magnify his office; but the rest of our party were confident that it was his regular duty to attend carriages, passing up and down the mountain in the hours of darkness, and protect them from robbers, and that he was with us for that special purpose.

We now rolled down the mountain, with our new guard clinging faithfully to the back step, rattled through Anzuelo, with its great houses and dark streets, and entering Vergara, stopped at the *Parador de las Postas*, as nice a place as an English inn, where we found a good-looking landlady and neat-handed domestics, and rooms as clean and bright as a Dutch parlor, with excellent beds. "Do not look for luxuries, or even for what you call comforts, in the inns on your journey to Madrid," said one of our friends at San Sebastian. "These you will not find, but you will find great cleanliness." We have been thus far agreeably disappointed in seeing the promise of cleanliness so well fulfilled.

When we left Vergara, the next morning, the fogs were hanging about the grand rocks and mountains in which the place is embosomed, and here and there touching with their

skirts the Deva, which brawled through it. We went up the stream, through another green valley. At a little distance from the town a healthy-looking young woman, in a white knit basque and blue petticoat, with a gay kerchief tied round her head, and another crossed over her bosom, three strings of red beads round her neck, and a large flat basket strapped over her shoulders, suddenly made her appearance, standing on the step at the back of our carriage. We supposed she was there by some understanding with the coachman; and as she had a bright, cheerful face, we had no objection, and immediately entered into a dialogue with her. Her name, she said, was Eusebia; she could read a little; she subsisted by sewing; she had been on a visit to Vergara, and was now returning to Vitoria, where she had a brother. As we proceeded, we frequently saw peasant boys watching flocks of long-woolled white and black sheep on the mountain sides; and in one place a man and woman were busy in pulling something from the ground. "They are gathering fern," said Eusebia. The whole region, in fact, at certain heights from the valley, was discolored with ferns, which had turned of a dull red. The girl pointed to some large stacks of the same color, standing by the houses of the peasants. "They spread them," she said, "under the feet of the cattle."

They have grand names in Spain for ugly villages—Mendragon, Archivaleta, Escoriaza, Castanares—through all which we passed, the good-natured Eusebia naming them for us. At length our coachman, who had made himself

hoarse and tired the day before, with shouting at his mules and flogging them, and was now beginning to urge them forward by the same methods, perceived by the shadow of the carriage on the road-side that he had a superfluous passenger, and giving her a cruel cut or two with the long lash of his whip, compelled her to get down. We were sorry to lose her, since, though not very fluent in Castilian, she told us many things which we wished to know.

As the fog cleared away, lofty peaks of bare rock, of a whitish hue, were seen rising above the greener summits by which we were surrounded. We took on a pair of oxen, and climbed a ridge of the Cantabrian mountains. People were gathering chestnuts along the way; boys, mounted on the trees, were striking off the fruit with poles, and women below were stripping them from their husks, and carrying them away in bags poised on their heads. We passed an old, walled town, Salinas, below which, in a deep ravine, murmured the Deva; and here salt springs break out of the earth, the waters of which are intercepted on their way to the river, and evaporated to salt, by artificial heat. We saw the smoke rising from the salt-works, three or four hundred feet below us.

It cannot be said that every thing stands still in Spain; they are certainly improving their roads, and that is one important mark of progress. We were travelling on an excellent macadamized road; but on the opposite side of the deep glen of the Deva was another, leading around the

curves of the mountain, with a gentler ascent. "That," said our coachman, "is the new road to Vitoria."

"Why do you not travel it?" I asked.

"Because," he replied, "it is longer. It is not so steep, nor so uneven; but it is a league further to Vitoria by that way."

It is not easy to turn the Spanish people from the old track. They like old customs, old prejudices, old roads.

Beyond Salinas we were accosted a second time by beggars. Several children trotted by the side of the carriage, asking alms, and at the summit of the mountain sat a ragged man, with a head of enormous size, attended by a boy, whom he sent forth as his messenger to the passers-by. We were now in a country of pastures—a cold, high region, from which descending gradually, we emerged into fields of tilth, and found ourselves on the plain of Vitoria. Here the Zadorra eats its way through the crumbling soil, till it issues from the plain by a pass among the mountains to the west. We drove through a dreary straight avenue of poplars, between a vast extent of fields ploughed for the next harvest, and passing by the steep streets of old Vitoria, seated on a hill, entered the new town, between goodly rows of houses built within the last five years.

At the *Parador de las Postas*, to which we had been recommended, we could find no rooms; and at the *Parador Viejo* only gloomy ones. We applied at the *Parador Nuevo*, where a dame of stately person, with the air of one who unwillingly confers a favor, showed us more cheerful ones,

which we took, notwithstanding the unprepossessing manners of the hostess. We have since found her ungracious demeanor imitated by her handmaids.

I must postpone to another letter what I have to say of Vitoria.

LETTER VIII.

VITORIA—A JOURNEY TO BURGOS.

Burgos, Old Castile, *October* 13, 1857.

On arriving at Vitoria, my first care was to deliver a letter of introduction with which we had been furnished by kind friends at San Sebastian. The gentleman to whom it was addressed was not in, but the lady of the house received me with great courtesy, and said: "This house is yours, and we are entirely at your disposal. If any thing occurs to you in which we can be of the least service, command us freely. *He*," meaning her husband, "is just now walking out, but we shall call to-morrow morning on you and your family." To offer one's house is one of the indispensable forms of Spanish politeness.

After this, we all went to see the public grounds, of which Vitoria is so proud—the Florida and the Alameda. The Florida is a flower-garden, bordering the new part of the city, crowded with the most brilliant flowers, in bloom —roses, dahlias, verbenas of numerous varieties, and plants of still rarer kinds. A few persons were slowly pacing the gravelled walks which led through this gay wilderness. We followed them into a little park of old trees, among which

stood, here and there, a colossal statue on its pedestal, and from this a long avenue of trees conducted us to the Alameda.

The Alameda of Vitoria is a park, I should think, of some fifteen acres, irregularly planted with trees, and on account of this very irregularity, prettier than most public grounds of the kind in Spain. A few huge, tall old ashes, scattered about, tower above the elms, poplars, and locust trees by which they are surrounded. Priests with the enormous brims of their hats rolled up on each side; students at the University, preparing for the same vocation, in cocked hats of a military form, and long black cloaks; ladies, in their black silk vests or more substantial mantillas; stooping, elderly gentlemen in the sleekest of beavers, and younger men in soft hats, were walking with a leisurely pace up and down among the trees. We were disagreeably reminded that we were no longer in the soft climate of San Sebastian, for a wild, chilly wind was blowing roughly from the west. Notwithstanding this, we met, on our return through the avenue, a considerable number of bareheaded ladies walking out to the Alameda.

The gentleman to whom my letter was addressed called the next morning—a most courteous person, who renewed the offers of service made by his lady. He would hardly allow us to praise Vitoria. "No sir—no," he replied, when I spoke of its cheerful aspect. "Vitoria has nothing to attract the attention of the stranger; we have no beautiful public buildings; we have no museums; we have no public

amusements; our only resource of this sort is a reading-room. You have seen, you say, the Florida and the Alameda; you have then seen all that Vitoria has to show you. It is a poor kind of place; the old part is badly built, with narrow streets; the new part is pretty enough, built after the style of Madrid, but there is little of it yet." He admitted, however, that the city was increasing in population and extent; and really it had a thriving air; the houses were in good repair, the streets were kept carefully clean, and where they descended southward to the plain new buildings were going up. Trains of loaded mules were constantly passing under our windows, shaking their little bells; donkeys with burdens bigger than themselves, were driven along by skinny countrywomen, or black-eyed country maidens, and sometimes the poor animal had to bear a stout peasant, sitting sideways; diligences of enormous size, crowded with passengers and heaped with baggage, jarred the pavement as they thundered over it. At the hours when the streets were least thronged, the street-cleaners made their appearance, in their peculiar costume—a high, shaggy, black cap, and a sort of dark brown tunic, reaching below the knees, and bound round the waist with a leathern girdle.

"We can show you something beside the Florida and Alameda," said another gentleman, to whose civilities we had been recommended; "we have at Vitoria a picture of the Crucifixion, by a famous painter; and I will take you, if you please, to see it." Under his guidance we climed the eminence on which Old Vitoria is built, passing

one or two rows of buildings recently erected, with arcades over the sidewalks, and mounting, by occasional flights of steps, till we reached the narrow, quiet streets among which stands the cathedral. Several groups of sauntering ecclesiastical students, though queerly attired themselves, seemed to find something quite as strange in our appearance, for they stared at us with great curiosity. The boys were not content at staring, but shouted to each other to look at us.

The cathedral is an old Gothic building, with nothing remarkable except a peculiarity which deforms its architecture—that is to say, a kind of bridge, thrown across the nave from each column to its opposite neighbor, about half way from the floor to the roof. A boy opened the shutters which darkened the sacristy, and showed us the picture which we had come to see—not a Crucifixion, but a Dead Christ, attributed to Ribera. The head and figure are too merely handsome to suit our conceptions of the Saviour; but they are finely painted. At the feet of the body kneels Mary Magdalen, her hands pressed together with a look of despair; the sister of Lazarus stands by its side in a more subdued sorrow, while Mary, the mother, who supports it, raises her eyes in sadness, but with a look of trust, to heaven. The effect of the picture is injured by the introduction of several cherubs, hovering about, with their pretty baby faces distorted by crying.

I went again to the Alameda the second day after our arrival, a little before sunset. A violent wind was driving over the clouds from the west, and the place was deserted.

Instead of the promenaders I had seen the day before, there was a flock of long-woolled sheep, black and white, which were to appear at the fair the next day. They were biting the short grass, and little girls were sweeping together and putting into baskets the leaves which the wind was tearing from the trees. I continued my walk beyond the Alameda into the open country; it was a bare, bleak expanse of stubble-fields, or grounds freshly ploughed, or those in which ploughmen were guiding their oxen and scattering seed. There was not a grove, not a thicket, not a belt of trees, to break the force of the wind that swept over it. Only a few lines of meagre poplars appeared, making three or four great roads, which led across the plain to the city.

"Where do you walk when the weather is bad?" I asked of one of my new acquaintances at Vitoria. "We take to the *arquillos*," he replied; "we walk in the arcades which surround the *Plaza*, or in those under the new buildings which you have seen on the hill. The arcades are a great resource in winter, for we cannot do without our daily walk." The winters at Vitoria I was told are often severe. The climate is not warm enough for vineyards or the cultivation of the olive. Sometimes the snow lies for a month on the ground, yet the sleigh is unknown here; the pools are often sheeted with ice, yet nobody skates.

I had not yet exhausted all that Vitoria had to show me, whatever my friends might say. The next morning, on looking out at my window, I saw three women, each with a long switch in her hand, and before them walked three long-

legged, flat-sided pigs of the country, which by allowing them to proceed very leisurely, and pick up what they could find worth eating by the way, were driven with uncommon success. This was the commencement of a fair which was to be held that day in Vitoria. Soon, small flocks of sheep and goats, oxen in pairs, pigs in companies of four or five, began to come in from the country, and mules and donkeys loaded with all manner of country products. Booths and stalls were opened about the *Plaza* and the vacant spaces in its neighborhood, and the buying and selling began. The market-place was spread with fruits, the principal of which were huge piles of tomatoes, and mountainous heaps of sweet red pepper, the pods of which were often five or six inches in diameter. I strayed among the stalls, and found the countrywomen providing themselves with gay kerchiefs and coarse prints, and the men buying caps, waistcoats and shoes. They did not seem to me so good-looking as the country people about San Sebastian; they were a wind-dried race, as adust as the fields they tilled; skinny women and shrivelled men. Among the flat Basque caps were many of the black velvet ones of Castile, and instead of hearing only Basque spoken, as at San Sebastian, I often listened to the clearer and softer Castilian. Castilian is, in fact, the language of the city, though in the country Basque is also spoken.

In one place I saw at least five hundred yoke of oxen, for in this country of tilth the ox is the great helper of man. Many of them were noble animals, with short heads, like those on ancient medals and gems, massive necks and deep

ample chests; and all were of a soft, light-brown hue. In one corner a group of donkeys stood, absolutely motionless; in another a flock of goats, white and black, some of them with thin, flat, twisted horns, were restlessly moving about. Here were gathered the long-woolled sheep, with their white and glossy or jet black fleeces; there were the merinos, which in this country are carefully guarded from extremes of temperature, and which here, as with us, wear their fine close fleeces plastered with dirt.

I must be forgiven if I took most interest in the pig market. The pigs, of which I think I never saw the equals in length of legs and thinness of figure, and many of which had bristles curling over their backs, like the hair of a spaniel, had been well fed to keep them quiet, and as long as they were allowed to lie together and sleep on the pavement, they made no disturbance. It was amusing to see the buyer and seller standing over them, earnestly discussing their good and bad points, like horse-dealers at a fair. But as soon as the bargain was struck, the transfer was made, and the new proprietor attempted to drive off his pig, the swinish nature was roused, and an open rebellion was the consequence. I heard a frightful screeching in one part of the street, and looking that way, saw two men and one woman engaged in trying to get one of these animals into the new home assigned to him. The men had each hold of one ear, and the woman was pulling him vigorously by the tail, to induce him to go forward. Towards the close of the day, as the peasants were returning home from the fair, I saw several pigs conducted to their new

abodes in this manner, and came to the conclusion that, with a man or woman at each ear and another pulling him by the tail, a pig can be driven with as much certainty as any other animal.

I asked one of my new acquaintances at Vitoria how many of these people could read and write. "Too many of them cannot," he answered, "but we have now a liberal system of public education, and with the next generation the case will be quite different. In all the country neighborhoods schools are established, and men of competent education sent out to teach in them. To these the poorest man may send his children, and in these they are taught to read, write and compute. In the considerable towns we have schools of a higher class, in which the sciences are gratuitously taught. I am told that there is a law, but I have not seen it, obliging all parents to send their children to the elementary or other schools."

I was interested to learn, what he afterwards told me, that although in the rest of the kingdom of Spain the salaries of the teachers were directly paid by the government, yet that in the Basque provinces so much of the democratic element was preserved that the separate communities provided for the compensation of their own teachers.

The time at length arrived for us to leave Vitoria, and we set out one rainy morning in a poor sort of carriage, hired specially for the purpose, for there was no room in the diligences for our party. It was drawn by three strong mules, driven by an intelligent-looking and obliging Castilian, who

had enough to do in urging them forward by shouting and cracking his whip over their heads. Each of the animals had its name; the leader was *Capitana;* the right hand-mule next to the wheel was *La Platera,* and the left-hand one *Macho gallardo. Macho gallardo* was a large, sleek creature of his kind, who had to hear his name shouted and to feel his back pommelled twice as often as either of his companions. I have observed that in Spain the strongest and sleekest mules get the greatest number of blows; being of a robust constitution, they bear them better and mind them less. Our coachman would shout *Capitanâ! Capitanâ!* laying a particular stress on the last syllable—*La Platera! La Platera!* and next *Machô! Machô!* and then, leaning forward, would deal on the sleek, comfortable-looking *Macho gallardo* a storm of hearty blows with the stock of his whip. *Macho* shook his long ears and sometimes slightly mended his pace, and sometimes crept on as before, just as the humor took him.

From the brown expanse of stubble and ploughed fields around Vitoria, we rode into a region of sandy hillocks, abandoned to pasturage and ragged with tufts of furze. Descending from this and following out the Zadorra through a pass among the hills, here and there made pleasant by a few trees, we reached at length the plain watered by the Ebro, an inconsiderable stream, a string of glassy pools connected by slender brawling shallows, on the banks of which the stubble-fields were interspersed with a few vineyards, heavy with their black fruit. A little beyond, we entered a wretched town called Miranda de Ebro. The moment our carriage

stopped we were surrounded by a swarm of beggars, old and young, male and female, wrapped in yellow-brown rags, and with yellow-brown faces. I must do the Castilian beggar, however, the justice to say that, generally speaking, he does not whine like a French beggar. He first seeks to attract your attention, and then prefers his petition. Here, at Miranda, I was accosted with the epithet *Caballero! Caballero!* and once or twice I was touched on the elbow, but if I paid no attention, they went no further; the beggars of Miranda are too proud to ask alms of one who will not look at them.

At Miranda de Ebro, all baggage of travellers coming from the Basque provinces into Old Castile undergoes as strict an examination as when they cross the Spanish frontier from France. Besides opening and rummaging our trunks and travelling bags, a custom-house officer crawled into our carriage, and almost turned it inside out, looking into the boxes and pockets, peeping under the seats, and feeling all over the lining. At Miranda, miserable as the place appears, is a tolerable inn, where we got a good breakfast and some excellent pears, and after an interval of two hours, set out quite refreshed. At a little distance from our stopping place we descended into a little valley, so finely varied with gentle and graceful slopes, and overlooked by rocky mountain summits, so jagged, and toothed, and blue, that we involuntarily exclaimed: "How beautiful would all this be, if there were but a little green turf and a few trees!" Close by was the village of Ameyugo, and a little stream with a pretty

name, the Oroncillo, flowed through the valley, on the brink of which grew several elms; but the peasants had stripped them of their side branches, and forced them to shoot up in slender columns of small twigs, like cypresses.

We were entertained by the sight of a man, who followed on horseback close to our carriage, as if to shelter himself from the wind, that blew a drizzling rain into his face. He wore the black velvet cap of the Castilian, with its two worsted tassels; an ample cloak made of black sheep's wool, which, having faded into a dull brown, had been refreshed by an enormous patch of the original color; knee breeches, and below them a pair of leathern gaiters, half open at the sides, to show the stockings. His complexion was that of the faded part of his cloak. His feet rested in a pair of heavy stirrups, which were studded along the edge of the sole with brass nails. Once or twice he leaned forward over the pommel of his saddle, and laid himself down on his horse's mane; it was his mode of taking his *siesta;* in short he was asleep, as was evident by the passive manner in which his body swayed from side to side. At length, as we were entering a rocky pass beyond Ameyugo, he sat upright, and entered into conversation with us.

"A poor country," said he—"a poor country. They get little wheat from these rocks; but these are nothing to what you will see a little further on." He was right. A little further on we entered the pass of Pancorvo. I had not seen, in the Alps or the Pyrenees, any passage between mountain walls so wild and savage, and surrounded by rocks piled in such

strange and fantastic forms; perpendicular precipices of immense height; loose masses so poised that they seemed ready to topple on our heads; twisted ribs, beetling crags, and sharp needles of rock. I thought of the lines in Shelley's translation of Faust:

> "The giant-snouted crags, ho, ho!
> How they snort and how they blow—"

and almost expected these strange horned masses to move with life, and utter voices as strange as their forms. In this pass, the French boast that in the War of the Peninsula a small body of their soldiers held Wellington at bay, and compelled him to turn aside from the great highway to Biscay. There is nothing said of this in the English guide-books.

From the pass of Pancorvo our mules were flogged and shouted through smooth, bare, wintry-looking valleys, along which a railway route had been surveyed, as a channel of communication between Bayonne and Madrid; the signal posts were still standing. We alighted at Briviesca, pleasantly situated on the Oca, with a decent and spacious inn, full of guests. Some of our party were a little concerned at being told that there was neither milk, butter, nor cheese in the place; but we made a comfortable meal notwithstanding. I had heard much of Castilian gravity, but there was none of it in the inn at Briviesca; it rang with laughter nearly the whole night. I walked over part of Briviesca the next morning, before setting out, and found it a dirty place, badly paved and apparently in decay. I saw a good many brown

beggars, but half the rest of the population resembled them in looks and attire. The next day we climbed a dreary height, to what our coachman told us was the highest table-land in Spain: a cold, bleak, bare region of pasturage, rough with pale, hoary furze and greener juniper bushes, and here and there a stubble-field. Descending from this, we descried at a distance the citadel of Burgos on a hill, and near it the towers of the majestic cathedral. We entered the town and obtained lodgings at the Fonda de las Postas, one of the best hotels in Spain, with a civil hostess, clean rooms, and most attentive handmaidens.

LETTER IX.

THE CITY OF BURGOS—ITS CATHEDRAL—THE CONVENT OF LAS HUELGAS.

BURGOS, *October* 14, 1857.

THE first aspect of Burgos, the ancient city of the Cid and the chief city of Old Castile, is imposing. As the traveller looks at the castle on its hill, with its surrounding fortifications; the massive remains of its ancient walls; its vast cathedral, worthy, by its magnificence, to have exhausted the revenues of an empire; its public pleasure-grounds, stretching along the banks of its river, almost out of sight; the colossal effigies of its former kings, standing at the bend of the stream called the Espolon; and its stately gate of Santa Maria, where the statues of the Cid and other men of the heroic age of Spain, frown in their lofty niches, he naturally thinks of Burgos as the former seat of power and dominion. Another look at the city, consisting of a few closely-built streets around its great cathedral, produces the effect of disappointment. Yet the town is much more populous than the guide-books represent it to be; they put down its population at twelve thousand, while the recent enumeration makes it thirty-two thousand.

After we had dined and given a satisfactory answer to our civil hostess, who inquired whether we had dined well, I lost no time in delivering a letter of introduction, with which I had been kindly furnished at Vitoria. I was received with the usual forms of Spanish civility. *Esta casa es suya*, "this house is yours," said my new acquaintance, Don Luis; a phrase which, I am told, must be addressed to you on such occasions, or you cannot consider yourself as a welcome visitor.

We all went next to the Alameda; but it was yet too early for the company with which it is thronged in fine weather. Straight rows of poplars, elms, and locust trees extend northward along the banks of the Arlanza, for a great distance, and between them are beds of flowers. In these long avenues it is easy for one to walk himself tired, without often passing over the same ground.

The next morning, Don Luis, the gentleman to whom I had an introduction, called with a friend of his, Don Pedro, to take us to the cathedral. I shall not weary those who may read this letter, with a formal description of the building, of which there are so many accounts and so many engravings. No engraving, however, nor any drawing that I have seen—and I have seen several by clever English artists in water-colors—gives any idea of the magnificence and grandeur of its interior. The immense round pillars that support the dome in the centre of the building, rise to a height that fatigues the eye. Your sight follows them up, climbing from one noble statue to another, placed on pedes-

tals that sprout from their sides as if they were a natural growth, until it reaches the broad vault where, amid crowds of statues and the graceful tracery of the galleries, the light of heaven streams in and floods the nave below. It is one of the merits of the cathedral of Burgos, that numerous and sumptuous as are the accessories, they detract nothing from the effect of its grandeur, and that the most profuse richness of detail harmonizes genially with the highest majesty of plan. The sculptures in relief, with which the walls are incrusted; the statues, the canopies, the tracery, even the tombs, seem as necessary parts of the great whole, as forests and precipices are of the mountains of Switzerland.

As I stood under the great dome and looked at its majestic supports, I was strongly reminded of the mosques at Constantinople, built in the time of the munificent Saracen dynasties. It was impossible not to recognize a decided resemblance between them and this building, so different from the cathedrals of the North. The cathedral of Burgos was evidently designed by a mind impregnated with Saracenic ideas of architecture; its towers, wrought with a lightness and delicacy which makes them look as if woven from rods of flexible stone, are of the northern Gothic; but its dome in the centre, with the enormous round pillars on which it is uplifted, is Oriental. It is wonderful how perfect is the preservation of the purely architectural parts of this cathedral. The sculptures have been, in some instances, defaced in the wars by which Spain has suffered so much; the carvings about the altar have been in some part destroyed, and inade-

quately restored; but time has respected the stones of the building, and from the pedestals of the columns up to their capitals, they look almost as fresh from the chisel as they must have looked four centuries ago.

We were taken, as a matter of course, to the chapel called *del Santisimo Cristo*, in which is a figure of Christ on the Cross, of the size of life, with his head bowed in the final agony. It is a clever but somewhat frightful representation of the last sufferings of the Saviour, but the devout of Burgos hold that it exceeds the ordinary perfection of art, and attribute to it the power of working miracles. In a book lying before me, I am informed that, according to the "generally received opinion," it is the work of Nicodemus. "It is of leather," said Don Luis, "and so much like the living body, that the flesh yields to your touch, and when you withdraw your finger, recovers its place."

We had passed through most of the chapels, including that magnificent one of the Condestable, in which lie the bones of the founders—one of the Velasco family and his wife—under a broad marble slab, supporting their own colossal statues, exquisitely carved in marble, with coronets on their heads, and ample robes of state, rich with lace and embroidery, flowing to their feet. As we were about leaving the cathedral by the principal entrance, Don Luis took me into the chapel of Santa Tecla, to the north of the great portal. "This," said he, "is the latest built of all the chapels, and it is easy to see that it is not of the same age with any of the others." I looked about me and felt as if I had sudden-

ly fallen from a world of beauty into a region of utter ugliness. The chapel in all its parts is rough with endless projections and elaborate carvings, without meaning or grace, and blazes with gilding; the general effect is tawdry and ignoble. How any architect with the example of the cathedral before him, and the beautiful chapels which open from it, could have designed any thing in so wretched a style, I cannot imagine.

We dined that day at the ordinary, or *mesa redonda*, which was served at two o'clock, the fashionable hour at Burgos. With the exception of one or two, who sat at the head of the table, the men wore their hats while eating. The Spaniards consider the eating-room in a hotel as much a public place as the great square, and consequently use much the same freedom in it. I saw the guests at the table turn their heads and spit on the floor. They shovelled down the chick peas and cabbage with the blades of their knives, which they used with great dexterity. They were polite, however; not one of them would allow himself to be helped to any dish until after all the ladies; at the dessert they offered the ladies the peaches they had peeled, and they rose and bowed when the ladies left the room. On going out, we were again met by the hostess, who hoped that we had dined well; and being assured that we had, expressed her pleasure at the information.

The talk at the table was principally of the bull-fight, which was to take place that day at Burgos. I took a turn after dinner with Don Luis and Don Pedro on the new pub-

lic walk, the *Paseo de la Tinta*, extending along the Arlanza for the space of a league, and found it almost deserted; only here and there a solitary stroller, and a few children with their nurses. From time to time the air was rent with the shouts of a multitude, at no great distance. "It is the clamor of the spectators of the bull-fight," said Don Pedro; "the public walks are forsaken for the *plaza de toros*. I do not know whether your sight is as good as mine; but do you see that crowd of people on the hill?" I looked in the direction to which he pointed, and beheld an eminence, nearly half a mile from the broad circular amphitheatre of rough boards erected for the bull-fight, thronged with people. "There," said Don Pedro, "is a proof of the interest which is taken in these spectacles. Those people cannot pay for admission to the amphitheatre, and therefore content themselves with what little they can see of it from that distance. All Burgos is either in the amphitheatre or on the hill."

Not quite all Burgos, however, was at the bull-fight. As we walked on, we met a few priests, and next a throng of young men, nearly a hundred in number, walking two by two, dressed in long black gowns, and black caps, the brims of which, made to turn up close around the crown, were cut into points like a coronet. They looked hard at me as they passed, seeing something, I suppose, exotic in my appearance. "They are young men designed for the church," said my Spanish friends; "the priests are rarely present at the bull-fights."

I had made an engagement to go the next morning to *Las Huelgas*, a Cistertian convent close to the city, and to the secularized Carthusian convent, about a league off. At nine o'clock a clumsy carriage, built like a small omnibus, was at the door of our hotel, drawn by five mules, gay with tags and tassels of crimson and white, and guided by two coachmen—one who sat on the box, held the reins and cracked the whip, and another, sitting beside him, whose business it was to leap down and run with the animals, turn them where it became necessary, and flog them into a gallop. We proceeded to the house of Don Luis, where we took in Don Pedro and the matron of the family, with her niece, a young married lady, who seemed to me to realize in her person the ideal of Spanish beauty—regular features, lips and chin as finely moulded as those of an antique statue, large dark eyes, redundant dark locks, a face of the most perfect oval, plump, white hands, and a stately form, rounded to a certain Junonian fulness.

As soon as we had left the paved streets and crossed the Arlanza, our second coachman—a little, light young fellow—began whipping the mules over the macadamized road, laying heavy thwacks on the sturdiest of them, till he had got them into a rapid gallop, himself running by their side like the wind. He then sprang upon the box, and we rattled on till a loaded wagon, drawn by ten mules, came in our way, when he was off his seat in an instant to guide the beasts and prevent a collision. The moment the pace of his mules flagged a little, he was by their side plying his whip, and once or

twice the principal coachman leaped from the box to help him.

At length we turned off from the great highway, and struck out into a wretched, uneven road, like all the cross-roads in Spain, even under the walls of the cities, and were jolted along for some distance beside an enclosure with high walls, over which fruit-trees were peering. "It is the orchard and garden of the convent," said one of our Spanish friends. We next drove through a lofty gateway, and entered a broad, paved court, in the middle of which stood a large building with windows secured by iron grates, and a church beside it. On three sides of the court were dwelling-houses and offices. "There," said our Spanish friends, "live the chaplains of the convent and the other persons employed in its service."

We went immediately to the room of the portress, where we held a short dialogue with two or three slatternly-looking young servant-girls. It was too early yet to see the Lady Abbess; it was not quite ten o'clock. We had but ten minutes to wait, however, and at the end of that time we were informed that we were at liberty to go up to the convent grate. We ascended a cold, narrow staircase, to a little room, in which was an iron grate in the wall, and close to the grate were a little table and five chairs, in which the ladies of our party seated themselves. A sliding shutter behind the grate was withdrawn, and through the opening we saw a thin old lady, of a lively aspect, come almost bounding into the room on the opposite side. She was in the garb of her order—an

ample white woollen robe, with very wide sleeves, and a white cap with a black peak, to the summit of which was fastened a black veil, falling over the shoulders. She kissed the elder of the Spanish ladies through the grate, with all the fervor of an old acquaintance, shook hands with the younger, bowed graciously to the rest, and began to talk in the most animated manner. "And these friends of ours," she asked, "where are they from?" "From America." "Ah, I have a nephew in America, at Cordova, in Peru, and he likes the place much; perhaps they know him." We had a little difficulty in making clear to her mind the distance between New York and Cordova, in Peru; but she went on to give the history of her nephew, his wanderings and his settlement at last in Peru. "And you are going whither?" she asked again. "To Valencia, to Alicante, to Seville, probably, and Granada, and, finally, to Rome." "Ah, to Rome! You will have much to see in Rome. But I have a nephew in Seville, and I will give you a letter of recommendation to him, and he will show you every thing you may desire to see in the place."

The interview lasted about half an hour, after which the Abbess again kissed the Spanish matron, shook hands with the eldest lady of our party, and wishing us a good journey, and commending us to the care of God, departed with as light and quick a step as she came.

Entering the church of the convent, we heard a sound of silvery voices; they proceeded from a large and lofty side-chapel, separated from the church by a massive iron grate,

reaching from the floor to the ceiling, behind which we beheld the nuns moving in procession, and chanting as they walked. Several of them seemed quite young, and looked pretty in their singular attire. "Those whom you see in white hoods," said one of the ladies who accompanied us, "are novices; they wear the costume and submit to the rules of the order for a year, at the end of which they either take the veil, or, if they please, return to the world. If, at the end of the year, they find that they have a vocation to a religious life, they are received into the order, and go out of the convent no more." "These nuns," she afterwards added, "are Bernardines, and the rule is not an austere one. They are all of noble families; their convent is richly endowed; each of them has her own waiting-maid, and they live in comfort."

As we were listening to the chant of the nuns, we were accosted by a youth in a black gown, with a white scarf over his shoulder, who pointed to a little square window in the wall, and signified that the Lady Abbess desired to speak with us. We went immediately to the window. "I thought you might like to look into this chapel," said the Abbess; "it is the famous Chapel of St. Ferdinand, who took upon himself the order of knighthood here; and here are buried all the infantas of Spain." We could perceive that the place was full of monuments, of which, however, we could take but a very imperfect view. "Farewell again," said the Abbess, "I shall not fail to send the letter for my nephew." At this time, several persons in the priestly garb began chanting a litany near to where we stood, with deep, mellow voices that

filled the lofty walls and seemed to make them shiver. "These nuns have good music among their other comforts," we said to each other, but we had no time to hear more of it; so we returned to our carriage, and were dragged by the galloping mules towards the *Cartuja*.

LETTER X.

BURGOS—THE CARTUJA—A BULL FIGHT.

MADRID, *November* 1*st*, 1857.

IN our way to the *Cartuja* we soon turned aside into a road still more wretchedly uneven than the one which had led us to *Las Huelgas*. After half an hour of severe jolting it took us through a massive gateway, by which the possessions of the convent were once entered; but the rest of the enclosure has entirely disappeared. Half a mile from this, we stopped at an imposing Gothic edifice on a hill. This was the convent, and we turned to look at the extensive view it commanded—the view of a broad, smooth vale, stretching league beyond league—of the brown color of the soil, without trees and without houses, except a village to the right, and the city of Burgos to the left. "You should see it in early summer," said Don Pedro, "when it is luxuriant with vegetation." A ragged fellow conducted us into the building, where we passed through long, beautiful, silent cloisters, from the roof of which, in places, the fresco flowers and stars were falling in small flakes, till we reached the chapel, and here a priest, who was already occupied with a French artist and his lady, took charge of us. From the chapel and the other

rooms, all the fine pictures have been carried away, and we were shown in their stead what were not worth looking at—some wretched things by a monastic brother. But what most attract and repay the attention of the visitor, are the monuments of the father and mother of Isabella the Catholic, and of her youthful brother, quaintly and delicately carved in alabaster, with a singular combination of grace and grotesqueness—the grace always predominating—in which twining stems, foliage and flowers, figures of quadrupeds and birds, of men and women, and, among these, warriors, patriarchs an evangelists, all exquisitely and airily wrought, are clustered together in marvellous and endless complication.

One of the cells of the Carthusian monks was shown us—a little chamber, with a plank bed on which he slept, covered only with his brown cloak. Opening from it was the little garden, with its separate wall, which he tilled alone; and on another side, the little oratory, where he knelt and prayed. "Here," said Don Pedro, pointing to a little opening from the cell to the cloister, "is the window through which the friar received his meals, to be eaten in solitude." As we were about to go out, I said to Don Pedro, "Is it the custom to give a fee here?" "No;" he replied, with some quickness, "not by any means." I could not help suspecting, however, that there was something in the rules of Spanish politeness which dictated this answer, for at that moment we passed into the *Campo Santo*, or burial-ground of the convent—a spacious area enclosed by the building, spotted with little hillocks, where the monks in utter silence dug their own

graves, and Don Pedro said, "You see that part of the ground has been dug up and sown with grain. The ecclesiastics who take care of the building do this to piece out a scanty livelihood, for the government only allows them a *peseta*, the fifth part of a dollar, a day." The graves had no monuments, but close to the newest of them, where the earth had still a broken appearance, stood an iron cross, with the lower end driven into the ground. As we stepped from the burial-ground into the cloisters, and the priest locked the door after us, I put a trifle into his hand, which he received with an air that showed he expected it.

That afternoon, at the special urgency of Don Pedro—for I wished to postpone the spectacle till I should arrive at Madrid—I went with one of our party to a bull fight. "This is the last day," said our Spanish friend; "to-morrow the amphitheatre will be removed, every plank of it, and we shall have no more combats for a year." We found the place, which they told us was capable of containing six thousand persons, already full of people impatiently drumming with their feet, to hint that it was high time for the sport to begin. Nine-tenths or more of them were of the laboring class, and their bright-colored costumes, particularly those of the women, gave the crowd a gay appearance. Many children of various ages were among them, and some of these, showily dressed and attended by nurses, were evidently of opulent families. We took our places in the uppermost circle, under a narrow sort of roof which sheltered us from the sun; below us was range after range of seats open to the sky, descending to the

central circle, the arena, in which the combats were to take place.

An alguazil, in black, first rode round the arena, proclaiming the regulations of the day. He was followed by a procession of the performers, in their gay dresses; the *picadores*, glittering with gold and silver lace, on horseback, with their broad-brimmed hats and long lances; the *chulos* on foot, with their red cloaks; the *banderilleros*, with their barbed shafts, wrapped in strips of white paper; the *matadores*, with their swords; and lastly, three mules, gayly caparisoned, with strings of little bells on their necks, who were to drag out the slain bulls. Loud shouts rose from the crowd, and then a door was opened, and an enormous bull, jet black, with massive chest and glaring eyes, bounded into the arena. He ran first at the *chulos*, who shook their cloaks at him, but his rage appeared soon to subside. A *picador* put his lance against the animal's forehead, but he shook it off and turned away. The *chulos* again came capering about him and trying to provoke him, but he pursued them only a few steps. Then rose the cry of, *Ah, que es manso! que es manso! codarde! codarde!* * Finally, the people began to call for the dogs. *Los perros! los perros!* rose from a thousand throats. Three large dogs were brought, which, barking loudly, flew at the bull with great fury. He took them one after another on his horns, and threw them up in the air; one of them he caught in his fall, and tossed him again. The dogs tore his ears into strings, but they were soon either disabled or cowed, and only

* "Ah, how tame he is! how tame he is! a coward! a coward!"

attacked him warily, while he kept them off by presenting to them first one horn and then the other. Then the dogs were withdrawn and the *chulos* tried him again, but he would not chase them far; the *picadores* poked at him with their lances, but he declined to gore their horses. The crowd shouted vigorously, "Away with him! away with him!" and at length the door by which the bull had entered was set wide open, that he might make his retreat. But the bull would not go; he was not minded either to fight or quit the field. "Kill him! kill him!" exclaimed a thousand throats —and the signal was given, in obedience to which one of the *matadores*—the *primera espada*, as the Spaniards call him, just as the Italians say *prima donna*—made his appearance with a red cloak on his arm, and a long, glittering, straight sword in his right hand. He shook the cloak at the bull, who made a rush at it, while the *matador* at the same moment attempted to pierce the animal to the heart through the chine. Three times he sought to make the fatal pass; at the third he was successful, burying the blade up to the hilt. A torrent of blood flowed from the creature's mouth, he staggered and fell; a sound of little bells was heard; the three mules, harnessed abreast, came in, and dragged out the lifeless carcase.

Another bull, of smaller size, but of more savage temper, was then let into the arena. He ran fiercely at the *chulos*, chasing them into the places of shelter built for them beside the barrier, and the crowd shouted, "*Es muy bravo, ese! muy bravo!*" * A *picador* touched with his lance the forehead of

* He is very fierce, that fellow, very fierce!

the animal, who instantly rushed towards him, raised with his horns the horse he rode, and laid him on the ground, ripping open his bowels. I then perceived, with a sort of horror, that the horse had been blindfolded, in order that he might not get out of the way of the bull. The *chulos* came up with their red cloaks, and diverted the attention of the bull from his victim, while the *picador*, who had fallen under his horse, was assisted to rise. Four other horses were brought forth blindfolded in this manner, and their lives put between the *picador* and the fury of the bull, and each was killed in its turn, amidst the shouts and applauses of the crowd.

One of the *banderilleros* now came forward, provoked the bull to rush at him, by shaking his cloak before his eyes, and leaping aside, planted one of his barbed shafts with its paper streamers, in each of the animal's shoulders. Others followed his example, till the bleeding shoulders of the bull were garnished with five or six *banderillas* on each side. The creature, however, was evidently becoming tired, and the signal was given to finish him; a *matador* came forward and planted a sword in his heart, but he made a violent effort to keep his legs, and even while falling, seemed disposed to rush at the *chulos*.

I had now seen enough, and left the place amidst the thunders of applause which the creature's fall drew from the crowd. I heard that afterwards three more bulls and six horses were killed, and that an addition had been made to the usual entertainments of the *plaza*, with which the people

were not well pleased. A class of combatants appeared, called *pegadores*, who literally took the bull by the horns, allowing him to toss them in the air, and one of them was much hurt by his fall. "It is a Portuguese innovation," said my friend Don Pedro, rather innocently, as it seemed to me, "and it is a horrible sight for us Spaniards. We do not like to see a man tossed like a dog."

I hoped in this letter to give some account of my journey from Burgos to Madrid, which was not uninteresting, though neither exactly pleasant nor comfortable; but my letter is already too long. I am pained to hear such bad news from the United States—such accounts of embarrassments and failures, of sudden poverty falling on the opulent, and thousands left destitute of employment, and perhaps of bread. This is one of the epidemic visitations against which, I fear, no human prudence can provide, so far, at least, as to prevent their recurrence at longer or shorter intervals, any more than it can prevent the scarlet fever or the cholera. A money market always in perfect health and soundness would imply infallible wisdom in those who conduct its operations. I hope to hear news of a better state of things before I write again.

LETTER XI.

A JOURNEY FROM BURGOS TO MADRID.

MADRID, *November* 5, 1857.

WHILE at Burgos, I was taken to the Audiencia, as the principal court is called, in which justice is administered. In one room were three judges in black caps and lace ruffles about the wrist, but with no other distinguishing costume, and before them a clerk and another officer of the court were sitting, while an advocate, perched in a kind of tribune by the wall, was reading a manuscript argument in a monotonous tone. There were no auditors except those of our party, and this I did not wonder at, for I cannot imagine any thing less likely to awaken curiosity or fix attention. In another hall were three judges, and a person—the *escribano*, I believe, or clerk—was hurrying through a law paper, which he read with a slovenly articulation, that showed it to be some matter of form. Of course, there was nothing here to detain us long.

The next morning, the 14th of October, at an unreasonably early hour—if the truth must be told, it was two o'clock, for we had been assured that we could not otherwise arrive at Aranda that night, and there was no endurable stopping-

place till we got to Aranda—we left our quarters at the *Fonda de las Postas* with some regret. The attentive and cheerful handmaidens who commonly waited upon us, Catalina and Juanita, had got a little breakfast ready for us. I asked Catalina, a stout, round-faced girl, with a pair of what are sometimes called butter-teeth, and who spoke Spanish with some peculiarities of pronunciation, whether she was a Castilian. "No," she replied, "I am from the north of Spain. The girls in this house are all Basques; the mistress, though she is a Castilian, will have no other. The Castilian girls are dirty." I supposed there was some truth in what she said; my subsequent experience confirmed it.

It was a starlight morning when we left Burgos; the mules ceased to trot when we had proceeded a little beyond the city gate, and our two drivers got down from the box and walked beside them in silence. We had the same equipage which had previously conveyed us to *Las Huelgas*, but both coachmen and mules seemed to have lost all their spirit, and were transformed to the merest plodders. After we had proceeded thus for about an hour, the moon rose, and showed us the same broad extent of bare plains which we had seen about Burgos. I had fallen into a doze, when our two *cocheros*, having again mounted the box, awoke me by singing. They sang together a long Castilian ballad, of which I could make but little; it was chanted to a monotonous, melancholy air, with harsh and somewhat nasal voices, reminding me somewhat of the sort of singing I had heard from the Arabs in Egypt and Palestine. As we were slowly

climbing a hill, two men came from the road-side, and looked sharply and scrutinizingly into the window on the back of our carriage, bringing their swarthy faces close to the glass. The coachmen sang for about an hour, and then the principal one began to crack his whip, which the beasts who drew us well understood to mean nothing, and, accordingly paid no attention to it.

When the sun rose, we found ourselves in the valley of Lerma, where the soil looks fertile, and where the Arlanza winds among soft slopes, which would be beautiful if the country had any verdure. All that it has, belongs to a few vineyards on sunny declivities. The Duke of Lerma makes a conspicuous figure in history, and the name suggests ideas of magnificence, so that when we drew near to the wretched, decayed old town which bears it, we were not a little disappointed. It had a ruined look, and was dreary, though the pleasantest golden sunshine lay upon it. Its church, formerly a collegiate church, has not been damaged by time, only a thunderbolt fell upon its tower a few months since and forced its three bells out of their places. Beyond Lerma, the country became again the brown, dismal region which we had seen further back, without trees, grass, springs or streams, the stubble-fields and tracts fresh from the plough only diversified by wastes, ragged with furze, the pale foliage of which could not be called green.

We stopped at a village called Quintanilla, at an inn, consisting of stables as the ground floor, and dwelling rooms above, like most Spanish inns; it was built of bricks dried

in the sun, and its upper floor was a foot higher on one side than on the other. Near at hand was the place from which the building materials were taken, a deep pit in the ground. A tall, grim, slatternly woman, with a prodigiously sharp voice, gave us a sort of breakfast over-seasoned with garlic, but made tolerable by good bread and plenty of grapes. A dessert in Spain is as much a part of the breakfast as of the dinner, and plates of fruit always conclude the early meal.

When we resumed our journey, we needed not to be told that we were in a great high road between city and city, for it actually swarmed with huge, high-loaded wagons, drawn each by ten or a dozen mules in pairs, heavy-wheeled carts of a like description, trains of loaded mules with their sturdy guides, and peasant men and women, trudging on foot or jogging along on donkeys. Among these were a comfortably dressed man and woman, carrying a child between them, and keeping their donkeys on a gentle trot, whom we passed regularly every day of our journey, and who must have got to Madrid nearly as soon as we. At Gumiel, which we passed in the afternoon, it was a delight to the eyes to see half the country overspread with vineyards, though sallow with the season, and though the plants were low, without stalk or prop, and almost trailed on the ground. Here we fell in with large parties of laboring people, of both sexes, travelling on foot, some astonishingly ragged and dirty, and others in clothes tolerably whole and clean. It was remarkable how the raggedest and dirtiest herded together. They had all a merry look, and were evidently amused at some-

thing exotic in our appearance, for they pointed us out to each other, laughing and chatting in what was doubtless very good Castilian. "These are the people that gather the grapes; it is the time of the vintage," said one of our coachmen. The vintage, in fact, is a joyous time in all countries, and I no longer wondered that these ragged people wore such bright faces.

A little before nightfall we reached Aranda, and stopping at a wretched inn, found the dirty streets of that wretched place full of vintagers. I walked out among these blinking Castilians, in their knee-breeches and velvet caps, some of them wrapped in great brown cloaks, lounging and gossiping about. The old pavement of the town had been trodden deep into the earth, and was covered with dust; a large, long building of much pretension, with turrets, probably once a palace, stood unroofed, and moss was gathering on the broken eaves. Beyond it murmured the Duero, flowing under a stately bridge, with a little plantation of locust trees on the opposite bank; but just before I reached the Duero, I was surrounded by an atmosphere which decided me to proceed no further. On my left, close to the road, was a little enclosure of about half an acre, surrounded by a low, broken stone-wall, which, to judge by its appearance, was a place of universal resort for the people of Aranda. If they could quote Shakspeare, it seemed to me that there was not one of them who might not say with reference to that spot,

"Oh, my offence is rank; it smells to heaven."

I returned to our inn, and was almost as much astonished at what I saw in the street which passed under its back windows. The servant women of the house had their faces literally plastered with dirt. They managed, however, to put clean sheets on our beds, and to give us a quarter of roast lamb and some bread for supper. We inquired of our coachman whether there was not a better inn in the place, but he replied that they were all alike, which we afterwards discovered was false, for the diligence companies have established a parador in the place, where travellers are very passably lodged.

We had an uncomfortable time that night with the fleas, which, I suppose, swarmed up from the stables below; and we were not sorry to leave our beds and our dirty inn with early light. We got down stairs by stepping over the bodies of about a dozen muleteers, who, wrapped in their blankets, lay snoring on the floor of an antechamber, and proceeded on our way through a country of vineyards, to which the laborers were going at an early hour. From some of them the fruit had already been gathered, and goats were let in, attended by a keeper, to browse on the foliage. In others, they were collecting the clusters into enormous baskets, which were to be carried to the wine-press on the backs of mules and asses; the animals stood by, waiting to be loaded. We stopped at one large vineyard, asked for some grapes, which were given us with full hands, and the people seemed surprised when we offered to pay for them.

At Boceguillas, where we made our midday halt, we

found a decent inn, and were waited on by two or three comely and cleanly-looking young women, with whom our two drivers seemed on very friendly terms. A few hours' drive afterwards brought us to what we were glad to see, a grove of scattered evergreen oaks, rising, with their dark green dense tops, out of the ash-colored waste. Fatigued as our eyes were with looking on barren earth and brown rocks, I can hardly describe the delight with which we gazed on those noble trees, close to some of which we passed. This grove, which covers several hundred acres, had doubtless been spared for the sake of its fruit; for it is this oak that produces the *bellota*, the sweet acorn, gathered and eaten raw by the people; in Madrid it is sold at almost every corner of the streets.

We had a range of mountains before us, and were rising at every step into a chillier atmosphere, when our vehicle stopped for the night in the neighborhood of a little village, at a large, dismal building, called *Venta de Juanilla*, or Jenny's Tavern. A well-dressed man, with a boy by his side, was standing at the entrance, and as we alighted, hurried into the house, and began to call for rooms. Jenny was not at home, but there were two half-wild servants in the house, one of whom was remarkable for her breadth of chest, resounding voice, and bright, round eyes; and these girls, after some rummaging for keys, got rooms, both for the gentleman's party and our own. We could get nothing to eat, however, till Jenny herself, a short, dark-browed woman, came home from the village and opened her pantry. Our

apartment consisted of a sort of sitting-room, with a bare tile floor, and was scantily lighted by four panes of glass, set in the wooden shutters. Into this sitting-room opened two dark rooms, called alcoves, in each of which were two beds. This arrangement of sitting and sleeping-rooms is very common in Spain, south of the Basque provinces.

The party who had preceded us in getting rooms, consisted of a gentleman and his wife, who were fashionably attired, with two children and two maidservants. They were travelling in a cart, covered with an awning of white calico, and drawn by two mules. They had resorted to this method of travelling, because it was not possible, at this time of the year, to obtain seats for so many in the diligence from Bayonne, and probably, also, because it was less expensive than such a conveyance as our own. These carts are a sort of moving couch, I was told; the bottom is covered with mattress upon mattress, and the passengers travel quite luxuriantly, though, of course, very slowly.

The covered cart, with its passengers, set out before us the next morning; and at five we came from our gloomy rooms, and continued the ascent of the mountain range which divides Old from New Castile. Smooth russet-colored pastures sloped on each side to the road, where trickled a little brook, which, in the course of thousands of years, had worn that narrow pass. At the summit, about sunrise, in a keen, cold atmosphere, we came to the village of Somosierra, seated among rocks and mountain hollows, looking almost like a little nook in the mountains of Switzerland, with rivulets

from the higher summits running through the fields, and keeping them green. Hard by the village was a forest of oaks, and there were thickets growing luxuriantly by the road side.

We ran down the mountain, passing our friends in the covered cart, and leaving all this verdure behind us. Our mid-day rest we took at Buitrago, a small, decayed place, with an old fortress, once doubtless a place of strength, and two churches, each of which bore on its tower a large stork's nest. Our stopping-place was a *venta* of the primitive sort. A young girl showed us a room, and when we asked for something to eat, she answered, "We can give you nothing here, but if you want any bread or fruit, there is a *plaza* beyond the nearest church, where you can buy it." We had no alternative but to follow her suggestion; we got some bread, grapes and pomegranates, and made a frugal repast in our carriage; the two coachmen in the mean time had found their way to the kitchen fire, and had managed to get up for themselves a banquet of stewed meat and Windsor beans.

While the mules were resting and feeding, we walked about the place. A little without the town I met with a winding row of granite pillars, a quarter of a mile in length or more, some of which had been thrown down and lay on the ground, and of some only the pedestals remained. At length I discovered that they had formerly borne stone crosses—one or two supported them yet—and that the series ended at the portal of the principal church of Buitrago.

Here, then, in former years, the good Catholics must have paid their devotions, stopping and praying at the foot of each cross, in turn; until, at length, in some of the wars of Spain, sacrilegious hands threw them down, to be raised no more.

Crossing this row of pillars was a road never marked with the trace of wheels, which led towards the Lozoya, flowing in a rocky glen. We were surprised at the beauty of the scene which lay before us, and sat down on rocks black with moss to gaze at it. In front of us ran the little river, in which, further up the current, women were washing linen and spreading it on the bank. Immediately opposite to where we sat, rose a hill-side, from which stood forth here and there narrow perpendicular precipices, as tall as the churches of the town, in a natural park of large evergreen oaks, and willows beginning to turn yellow with the season. A little to the right the river spread into a still, glassy pool, and then ran off noisily, over sparkling shallows, through a gorge of rocks. Beside us was a hill pasture, on which was a flock of black and white sheep, with their keeper, which seemed literally to hang on the steep where they fed. As we were walking about, one of the party called our attention to a powerful, aromatic odor. Looking about us, we discovered that almost every plant on which we were treading had the odor of wild thyme or lavender. They were of the dullest possible green, with rigid stems, scantily nourished by that arid soil, but they breathed up a fragrance at every step.

On the way back to our carriage we had a less pleasant sight; we saw what becomes at last of the donkeys of Buit-

rago. Just out of the streets of the close-built little town one of these poor animals lay kicking his last, and not far from it, in a little hollow, were many skeletons of others, some of them bleached white by the weather, and others clean picked, but still red. Two dogs were among them; the foul feeders slunk away when they saw us. We crossed the road to Madrid; and going into the fields on the side opposite to the town, overlooked the country around it. All was silent; all seemed at first lifeless, and without human habitations; but at length we descried, afar off, two or three men ploughing with oxen, a woman on a donkey, passing along one of the bridle roads—the cross-roads are all of that description—a little village almost out of sight, and near by, in the bottom of the broad valley, what had been once a convent, and the possessor, probably, of much of the land we overlooked. The monastic orders, with the exception of a few sisterhoods of nuns, no longer exist in Spain; the gowns and cowls, brown, white and gray, have wholly disappeared; and the country in which the friars were, less than a century since, the most numerous, is now the last place in which to look for them.

Resuming our journey, we passed through a valley of meagre pasturage, where a brook came glistening down the rocky mountains, and crossed our road. Here had halted a little caravan of loaded wagons and carts, from which the mules had been taken to rest and be fed; and here a group of strapping muleteers lay basking in the sun. As we went up the road, by which we were to pass out of the valley, I

saw some of the strangest looking rocks I ever beheld—rocks without angles or sharp corners, yet lying close upon each other by the road side, and looking like enormous puddings or sacks of meal in a heap. To these succeeded pyramids of rock, overlooking a narrow pass, cracked and split in every direction, so that the whole mountain might be pried into fragments by a lever. It seemed as if a mighty blow had been dealt upon the huge mass of stone, shivering it into splinters down to its very base, and yet not displacing a single part. Our road led us from the pass into a plain, where we stopped for the night at a place called Cabanillas. A freckled, light-haired landlady, of extraordinary activity, who performed the parts of chambermaid, waiter and directress of the kitchen, gave us a friendly welcome, a passable dinner, with a plentiful dessert of fruit, and tolerable beds, in two deep alcoves of a large chamber, the floor of which was covered with matting. The genteel family who were travelling in a cart arrived half an hour or so after us, and had the second choice of rooms. It amazed us, after what we had seen of the deliberate manner in which things are done in Spain, to see our landlady flying from room to room, and waiting very satisfactorily on all her guests at once.

The next day was Saturday, and as it was important that I should arrive seasonably in Madrid, in order to see my banker, we took a start, which our principal coachman, on whose advice we acted, called *tempranito*, a little early or so—that is to say, at two o'clock. One of our mules was out of order, and had been left behind; another was that morning

hired in his place, to drag us up a long ascent, and a man was taken on the box to lead the animal back. It was wonderful what a difference the hiring of this mule made in the speed with which we travelled. Our *cocheras* seemed determined to get the worth of their money out of him in the shortest possible time. The whip was plied unmercifully; a storm of thwacks fell not only on the hired beast but upon his fellows in the harness, and we went up the hill in a whirlwind. After an hour or more of flogging and galloping, we came to where the road began to descend, the hired mule was taken out, and we proceeded at the same plodding pace as on the day before. In due time the stars faded, the sky brightened, and we found ourselves again in a bare champaign country, destitute of trees and grass, with mountains in sight as bare as the plain.

Our morning halt was at Alcobendas, at a large inn of the primitive sort, chilly, dreary and dirty, with ample accommodations for mules and scanty accommodations for travellers. While the mules were resting we walked about the town, which, compared with some places seen on our journey, had an air of neatness. The dust had been swept from the sides of the streets into the middle, and looking into the open doors as we passed, we saw that the stone floors of the shops, the entrances of dwellings and the courts had undergone a like process. It was encouraging to meet with this proof that the toleration of dirt was not universal. Before one of the doors swung Mambrino's helmet—a barber's basin of glittering brass, with the owner's name and the addition

"*profesor de cirurjia y comadron*"—"professor of surgery and midwife." "These men," said a Spanish gentleman of whom I afterwards asked an explanation, "are licensed to bleed, and therefore assume the title of professors of surgery. In the villages, if you wish to be in good company, you must cultivate the acquaintance of the barber and the curate."

From Alcobendas, a weary road, without any habitations in sight, led us to the poor-looking town of Fuencarreal; and beyond Fuencarreal an expanse equally dreary and deserted lay before us. Yet the road was planted on each side with rows of young trees, among which were conspicuous two American species—the locust and the three-thorned acacia; and here and there, by the road side, were nurseries, from which these and the poplar were supplied to the highways. Roads apparently never mended, and meant only for horsemen and beasts of burden, winded away in various directions from the great macadamized thoroughfare on which we were travelling. At length Madrid, with its spires and towers, appeared, lying in what seemed a little hollow of the ash-colored landscape. Through an avenue of very young trees, we reached a stately gate, where a sleek, well-dressed custom-house officer asked us if we had brought with us any thing subject to duty, and being answered that we had not, said that he would not order our baggage to be taken down, but would send a clerk to our hotel to inspect it.

We were then allowed to enter Madrid, and were struck with its lively, cheerful aspect, and its thronged streets. We applied for lodgings at the *Casa de Cordero*, to which we had

been recommended. The hostess, who is commonly called *La Biscayina*, offered us two sitting-rooms with alcoves, inconveniently small for our party, and up three lofty flights of stairs, but showily furnished, for thirty-two dollars a day, including board at the common table. From this place we drove to the *Calle de Alcalá*, where, in the *Fonda Peninsulares*, kept in a building which was once a convent, and which even now had not a single woman in it except those who were guests, we obtained rooms at a somewhat more reasonable rate. The hotels of Madrid have the reputation, which I believe they deserve, of being the dearest in Europe, and the worst to be found in any of the large capitals. As soon as our baggage was brought up to our rooms, a respectable looking man from the custom-house at the city gates made his appearance, and after eyeing first our party, and then our trunks, declined the task of inspection, and wishing us a good morning, left us to settle ourselves in our new abode.

LETTER XII.

THE SPANISH CAPITAL.

MADRID, *November* 15, 1857.

I OUGHT not to quit Madrid without saying something of the great capital of the Spanish monarchy, the COURT, as they call the city; and yet, I have seen too little to speak of it as I could wish. The outside of Madrid, however, I have seen, and that is as much as the majority of travellers at the present day see of any thing. Yet there are many native Spaniards who tell you that seeing Madrid is not seeing Spain. "Madrid," said a very intelligent person of this class to me, "is not a Spanish city; it is French—it is inhabited by *afrancesados*, people who take pains to acquire French tastes, and who follow French fashions and modes of living. Those who form the court speak French, and when they use the language of the country, disfigure it with Gallicisms. People here read French books and fill their minds with French ideas; our authors of novels give us poor imitations of Eugene Sue; our writers for the stage translate French dramas. From France our absolutists import their theories of despotism, and our liberals the follies of socialism. If you want to see Spain, you must seek it in the provinces, where the national charac-

ter is not yet lost; you will find Spain in Andalusia, in Estremadura, in the Asturias, in Galicia, in Biscay, in Aragon; but do not look for it in Madrid."

Yet it is not fair to deny to Madrid certain characteristic peculiarities, even when considered in this point of view. If it be French, it is so after a manner of its own, and the prevailing Gallicism is modified by the national temperament, by old institutions and traditions, and by the climate.

One of the first places we were taken to see on our arrival in Madrid was the Prado. Here, beyond the pavements and yet within the gates of the capital, is a spacious pleasure-ground, formed into long alleys, by rows of trees, extending north and south, almost out of sight. In the midst, between the colossal figures of white marble which form the fountain of Cybele on the north, to those of the fountain of Neptune in the other direction, is an area of ten or twelve acres, beaten as hard and smooth as a threshing-floor, by the feet of those who daily frequent it. Into this, two noble streets, the finest in Madrid, widening as they approach it, the *Calle de Alcalá* and the *Calle de Atocha*, pour every afternoon in fine weather, at this season, a dense throng of the well-dressed people of the capital, to walk up and down, till the twilight warns them home. They move with a leisurely pace from the lions of Cybele to the sea-monsters of Neptune, and then turning, measure the ground over again and again, till the proper number of hours is consumed. The men are unexceptionably dressed, with nicely brushed hats, glittering boots and fresh gloves; the favorite color of their kids is

yellow; the ladies are mostly in black, with the black veil of the country resting on their shoulders; they wear the broadest possible hoops, and skirts that trail in the dust, and they move with a certain easy dignity which is thought to be peculiar to the nation. On these occasions, a dress of a light color is a singularity, and a bonnet attracts observation. Close to the walk is the promenade for carriages, which pass slowly over the ground, up one side and down the other, till those who sit in them are tired. Here are to be seen the showy liveries of the grandees and opulent hidalgos of Spain, and of the foreign ambassadors. It seemed to me that the place was thronged on the day that I first saw it, but this the Spanish gentleman who conducted us thither absolutely denied. "There is nobody here," said he, "nobody at all. The weather is chilly and the sky threatening; you should come in fine weather." The threat of the sky was fulfilled before we could get home, and we reached the door of our hotel in a torrent of rain.

The public walk is one of the social institutions of the Spanish towns; it is a universal polite assembly, to which you come without the formality of an invitation, and from which nobody is excluded; all are welcome under the same hospitable roof, the sky. Here acquaintances are almost sure to meet; here new acquaintances are formed; here the events of the day are discussed—its news, politics and scandal; here the latest fashions are exhibited; here flirtations are carried on, and matches, I suppose, made. The Spaniards everywhere pass a great deal of their time in the streets, and

seem to have no idea of coming together to eat and drink. When you have a letter of introduction to a Spaniard, he does not invite you to dinner; but when he tells you that his house is yours, he means to give you free access to it at all proper hours. I can testify that the Spaniards are hospitable in the sense of giving you their society, and making your stay in their country pleasant, though it is not their habit to feast you. They place you on the common footing of Spanish society, except that, regarding you as a stranger, they study your convenience the more.

Here at Madrid they live upon very unceremonious terms with each other, dropping in at each other's houses in the evening, and calling each other by their christian names, without the prefix of Don or Doña. They get perhaps, if anything, a cup of tea or chocolate, and a *biscocho*. I was several times at the house of a literary lady of Madrid, and saw there some of the most eminent men of Spain, statesmen, jurists, ecclesiastics, authors, leaders of the liberal party and chiefs of the absolutists, who came and went, with almost as little ceremony as if they met on the Prado. The *tertúlia* is something more than this; there is more dress, illumination, numbers; but the refreshments are almost as frugally dispensed. The stranger in Spain does not find himself excluded from native society, as he does in Italy, but is at once introduced to it, on the same footing with the natives.

I find one objection, however, to the social arrangements of Madrid: that they make the evenings frightfully long

People begin to call on each other after nine o'clock, and when the theatres close, between eleven and twelve, the number of calls increases, and these visitors remain till some time among the short hours beyond midnight. The example of turning day into night is set by the Court. The Queen does not dine till ten o'clock in the evening, and cannot sleep till three in the morning. When I first came to Madrid, I used almost every day, a little after sunset, to hear the clattering of horses' feet on the pavement, and the cry of *la reina, la reina!* and looking out of my window, saw three showy carriages pass, preceded by a small body of cavalry with drawn swords, and followed by another. It was the Queen, taking her early drive. This was the beginning of the day with her, and she was taking the morning air at six o'clock in the afternoon on her way to church. As the days grew shorter, the carriages passed after the lamps were lighted.

Not far from the Prado, and just without the city walls, is the amphitheatre for bull-fights, the favorite amusement of the Spanish people. Here, from May to November, they are held every Monday afternoon, and sometimes on Sundays. One fine Sunday afternoon, just as twilight was setting in, I heard a loud clang of military music, and the tramp of many feet, and looking out of my window on the *Calle de Alcalá*, saw a large body of soldiery coming along the middle of the street, and behind and on each side of them a vast crowd, gentry and laborers together, amounting to thousands. They were just returning from the last bull-fight of the season, which had been postponed from one week to another, on

account of the rainy weather. It had been thronged, as usual, with spectators. I inquired why there were no bull-fights in the winter. "The bulls are less enterprising," was the answer, "and disappoint the people." One of those who are in the habit of frequenting these spectacles, said to me: "These animals are, in fact, wild beasts; they are in a savage state when brought from the extensive pastures in the south of Spain, where they have scarcely seen the face of man, and have never learned to be afraid of him or of any thing else. The cold tames them, and makes them inactive." It is wonderful what delight even people who seem of soft and gentle natures take in this horrid sport.

The winter amusement of the people of Madrid is the stage. There are nine theatres in this capital: one of them, the *Teatro del Principe*, in which the plays of Calderon and Lope de Vega were performed when the Spanish drama was in its glory, and another, the *Teatro Real*, one of the finest in all Europe, set apart for the Italian opera. The present condition of the stage is not made a matter of pride by the Spanish critics. The plays represented are generally taken at second-hand from the French, though, it is true, freely altered. One theatre, the *Zarzuela*, performs only Spanish *vaudevilles*, which also, for the most part, are of French derivation. A considerable part of the scenic entertainments of Madrid consists in the national dances—the dances of Andalucia, Valencia, Galicia, and other provinces, each performed in the costume of the province from which it is derived. Yet there is no want of talent here among the comic actors

The best of them, at least the most famous, are to be seen at the theatre called *El Circo*, and of these, the person most talked of now is a lady, Theodora Madrid, of whom it is said that, eminent as she is already, she is making every day some progress in her art. Romea, of the other sex, who acquired a high reputation long ago, preserves it still. There are other performers, by whom these are ably supported, and who need only to be seen to convince one that humor is a special ingredient in the intellectual character of the Spanish people. There is no appearance of elaborateness or effort in their comic acting; nor do they seek to produce effect by excessive exaggeration. It is not claimed, I believe, that Spain has now any eminent tragedians.

But what shall the idler of Madrid do with his mornings? Seven streets, if I have counted them rightly, converge at the *Puerta del Sol*, which tradition says was once the eastern gate of the city, but is now a large open square in the midst of Madrid. Here, from my window, I see at every hour of the day a crowd of loungers, who stand and talk with each other in couples or in groups. Sometimes my eye rests on one who is standing for a long time by himself; perhaps he is waiting for an acquaintance; perhaps this is his way of passing time, and he is satisfied with simply being in a crowd, till the hour arrives in which he is to go elsewhere. It is one characteristic of the people of Madrid that they do not generally seem overburdened with affairs. Where time is so cheap, where people are so little occupied with business of their own, it is the most natural thing in the world that they

should inquire into that of other people; and this may account for a part of the scandal which is current in Madrid respecting people of note of both sexes, and much of which, I suppose, cannot be true.

While the men gossip at the *Puerta del Sol*, the women see each other in the churches. I am afraid that religion in Spain is beginning to be considered as principally an affair of the women. Just now, however, there is something like a revival of religion in Madrid. The other day, as we were walking on the *Calle de Atocha*, we saw numbers of women, dressed in black, the invariable costume when they pay their devotions, going into a large church: it was, I think, the church of San Isidro. We were about to enter also, but I was stopped, while the ladies of my party were admitted by a man who told me that this was a special occasion, on which men were not allowed to be present. It was then near four o'clock in the afternoon; the windows of the church, as I afterwards learned, were darkened, and it was full of female worshippers, kneeling with their faces turned towards an illuminated figure of Christ. That afternoon the Archbishop of Cuba, who is on a visit to Spain, was to preach. A series of discourses delivered by him to the men, which I am told were attended by crowded audiences, had closed a few days before, and he was now in the midst of his sermons to the women. A lady who attended these daily, said to me: "He preaches with great plainness and simplicity, and his words take hold of the heart. It is not by any of the tricks of oratory that he produces an effect; he awakens emotions of contrition by

earnest addresses to the conscience. He is bringing the community, a part of it at least, to a sense of its errors and its duties, and in this way is doing much good. The Queen has lately appointed him her confessor, though he would gladly have declined the office."

The task of confessing the Queen, I am afraid, the good man will find a little troublesome. She is very devout, as her daily visits to the churches testify, and the rumor goes that she is very dissolute. It is easier to preach twice a day, and occasionally two hours at a time, as the Archbishop of Cuba is doing, than to manage a royal penitent of this sort.

Since Spain has the electric telegraph, and is beginning to build railways, it would be strange if she had no public lectures. She possesses one public lecturer of great eminence. The other evening I was at the house of an acquaintance in Madrid, when a gentleman, eminent as an advocate and as a writer for the journals, came in from attending an evening lecture of Galiano. Galiano is a politician of that school, in Spain, who desire to keep things as they are, if, in fact, they would not rather put them back to where they were at the end of the last century. The gentleman of whom I speak was expressing himself in the most enthusiastic terms of Galiano's elocution—"You should hear what he says," said the lady of the house turning to me; "he is praising a political adversary." She then inquired of her friend, what was the subject of the discourse. "It was the social and political condition of England." "And how did he speak?" "*Divinamente! divinamente!* the audience were carried away

with the charm of his oratory. Seventy years old is Galiano, seventy years or more, and yet he has lost nothing of the beauty of his voice, or of his power over the attention and feelings of his hearers. Such melodious and magnificent tones and cadences, such glorious periods, such skill in lifting up an audience and letting it down, belong to no other man than Galiano." "And how," I ventured to ask, "would his discourse read if written down?" "You could not read it at all," was the answer. "The style has neither grace nor life; it is neither Spanish nor any thing else; the thoughts are utterly trite and commonplace; it would tire you to death. And yet, into this dead mass Galiano breathes a living soul, by his magical elocution." I have had no opportunity of judging for myself whether the severity of this criticism is deserved.

The great collection of works of art, which goes by the name of the Royal Museum of Painting and Sculpture, and is contained in a large building, rising above the trees of the Prado, is one of the first things which attract the attention of a stranger. You will not, of course, expect me to describe a collection which contains two thousand paintings, hundreds of them standing in the highest rank of merit, and which comprises pictures of every school that existed when the art was in its greatest perfection. At the very first sight of it, I could hardly help assenting to the judgment of those who call it the finest gallery of paintings in the world. The multitude of pictures by the greatest masters the world has produced, amazed me at first, and then bewildered me. I

was intoxicated by the spectacle, as men sometimes are by sudden good fortune; I wanted to enjoy all this wealth of art at once, and roamed from hall to hall, throwing my eyes on one great masterpiece after another, without the power of fixing my attention on any. It was not till after two or three visits, that I could soberly and steadily address myself to the contemplation of the nobler works in the collection.

It is the boast of the Museum at Madrid, that not only are all the other great schools of art largely represented on its walls, but it possesses a most ample collection of the works of the Spanish masters, who, in their day, maintained an honorable rivalry with their brethren of Italy, and whose full merit cannot be known to those who have never visited Spain. The place is made glorious with the works of the gentle and genial Murillo, whose best productions, spiritual without being highly intellectual, and therefore not reaching the highest dignity, like those of Raphael, have yet a beauty of coloring which Raphael never attained. There are sixty-four paintings by Velasquez, fifty-eight by Ribera, eighteen by Juanes, fourteen by Zubarran, and eighty by Alonzo Cano. I was astonished, after this, to find the walls of one long room almost covered with the works of Rubens, sixty-two in number, some of them in his noblest style, and others in his more vulgar and sprawling manner. In another quarter, I was lost among the Titians, for Titian dwelt and painted year after year at the Court of Spain. Paul Veronese is here in a magnificence almost equal to that in which he appears at Venice. Here, too, are some very fine

Guidos among the sixteen paintings which bear his name There are ten pictures by Raphael, in his different styles, and among them is the one called *El pasmo de Sicilia*, which is deemed the pride of the Museum. It represents the Saviour sinking under the weight of his Cross, while near him, several women, agitated with pity, are starting forward involuntarily to his relief. The painter has chosen the moment at which Christ uttered the words: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me," &c. The action and expression of the picture are marvellously fine, but the coloring is most extraordinary; a hot, red glare lies on the figures, like the light from a furnace; the picture must have been repaired by some injudicious hand. Vandyck has twenty-two pictures in the Museum, some of them very noble ones, and of Teniers there were more than I had patience to count, large and small; some of them were his attempts in the heroic style, and ludicrous enough. Several of the finest landscapes of Claude Loraine are in this Museum.

A small part of one of the halls is occupied with Spanish pictures of the present day, which seem as if placed there on purpose to heighten, by the effect of contrast, the spectator's admiration for the works of the past ages. They look like bad French pictures, painted in the time of David, though among them are two or three respectable portraits. I wonder how, with such examples before them as the Museum contains, any artist could suffer himself to paint in this manner. Of landscapes by Spanish painters, I do not recollect one in all the Museum, though the landscape parts of some of Mu-

rillo's pictures, seem to me to have all the grace and freedom of his figures. There is a Spanish landscape painter, however, Villamil, whose works I have heard commended; but an American gentleman told me the other day, that they were not such as he would care to bring home with him. There is no wonder that there should be so little landscape painting, where there is so little country life, as in Spain.

I have not yet said all that I have to say of Madrid, but the letter is already so long, that I shall reserve the remainder for another.

LETTER XIII.

THE SPANISH CAPITAL

MADRID, *November* 17, 1857.

MY last letter concluded with a word or two on the present state of the fine arts in Spain. On painting and sculpture there waits a handmaid art, engraving, which invariably flourishes where they flourish; in Spain it has scarcely an existence. The glorious works in the Museum are engraved by Frenchmen. In passing along the streets, I have sometimes been stopped by the sight of an engraving of a Murillo or a Velasquez, exposed in the windows, and read under it, "published by Goupil, in Paris and New York." Yet Spain has, at this moment, an eminent engraver, Martinez, whose engraving of one of Murillo's most beautiful things, "The Dream," I saw in the house of Mr. Calderon de la Barca, late ambassador from Spain to the United States. By him I was kindly taken to the studio of the artist, a modest, laborious young man, who in almost any other country would have a career of improvement, fame, and fortune open before him. He was engaged in engraving Murillo's counterpart to "The Dream," which may be called "The Fulfilment," and had almost finished his task; but

when it should be completed, he would lack money to go to Paris and get it printed, and in Madrid the means of taking good impressions of steel and copper plates are wholly wanting. The Queen of Spain had seen and admired his engraving of "The Dream," and had commanded him to engrave "The Fulfilment;" the artist obeyed, but the Queen had forgotten both the artist and the task she set him. On the wall of his studio hung a proof impression of the portrait of a good-humored looking little girl. "It is the portrait of the Queen in her childhood," said the artist, "and was engraved at her express desire." That, I thought, might be remembered; but even that the Queen had forgotten.

There are some very fine private galleries of paintings in Madrid, to none of which have I asked admittance; for I have not had time to see even the Museum as I could wish. Among these the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of the elder Medraza, a painter, who in the course of a long life has got together, I am told, a princely gallery of paintings, the estrays of art, single works of great merit once owned by decayed families and others, which by some accident had dropped out of large collections. I have heard its value estimated at a quarter of a million of dollars, and am told that it contains many works of the very highest merit. The veteran artist now wishes to dispose of it, with a view of providing for his children, but he declines all offers for any of the pictures separately. If there be any institution in America—as I suppose, in fact, there is not—which desires to possess a collection of paintings rivalling the National

Gallery of Great Britain, the Vernon pictures included, here is an opportunity.

Yet, if old arts have passed away, old usages remain—picturesque usages of the times when Spagnoletto and Alonzo Cano held the brush in their living hands. In our country when we make a Doctor of Laws or of Divinity, the ceremony is very simple—a few Latin words are mumbled, and a parchment scroll is handed, or sent by mail, to the candidate, and the thing is done; but in Spain the occasion is not allowed to pass so lightly. I was taken the other day, by a Spanish friend, to the University, to see the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred. The ceremony took place in a large, lofty hall, hung with crimson, on the entablatures of which were portraits of the eminent authors and men of science whom Spain has produced. At the further end of the hall was a raised platform, on which were seated the officers of the University, at a sort of desk, and in front of them, on benches on each side, the doctors of the different sciences, in their peculiar costume. All wore ample black gowns, but they were distinguished from each other by their caps and the broad capes on their shoulders, both of which were of lustrous silks. The capes and caps of the doctors of theology were white, those of the doctors of philosophy blue, the men of the law flamed in red, the men of medicine glistened in yellow, the doctors of pharmacy glowed in purple. On each side of the presiding officer stood a macer, in black gown and cap, bearing his massive club of office, and on the front edge of the platform, looking down upon the audience, stood

two janitors, dressed in the same manner, but with black plumes nodding in their caps. After a strain of music, a young man, sitting on a front bench on the right side of the platform, and dressed in the costume of a doctor of philosophy, turned his face to the presiding officer, and began to speak. "It is Emilio Castelar," said my Spanish friend; "he is one of the professors of philosophy, *gran democrata, y muy elocuente*—he is not more than twenty-four years old, and yet he is a great advocate." I observed the young man more narrowly; he had a round youthful face, jet black mustaches, and a bald forehead; he gesticulated with Spanish vivacity, in yellow kid gloves. I was not near enough to hear very well what he said, but his discourse, delivered in earnest, impressive tones, seemed to take a strong hold of the audience, for they leaned forward with deep attention, and at the pauses I could hear the murmur of "*Muy bien! muy bien dicho!*"

When he had concluded, a strong built man, who had been sitting on the same seat, arrayed in a black gown with a blue silk cape, but without a cap, arose amidst a flourish of music, and was conducted by the steward, who was dressed like the janitors, except that he wore white plumes in his cap, to a sort of rostrum projecting from the wall, into which he ascended and read a printed discourse prepared for the occasion. This was the candidate for the degree to be conferred. When his discourse was finished, he was led up to the officers of the University, before whom he knelt, and placing his right hand on the leaves of a large, open folio,

took the oath of his doctorate. A jewel was then put into his hands, and the steward and janitors brought from another room his doctor's cap, with a sword and a pair of gauntlets, reposing on a blue silk cushion, which were presented to him as emblems of the duty now devolving upon him as the sworn soldier of the truth. Amidst a burst of triumphant music, the presiding officer then threw his arms around his new associate; the other officers embraced him in their turn; he was then conducted through the rows of seats on the platform, to be hugged successively by all the doctors, red, white, blue, yellow, and purple. At the close of these embracings, the steward suddenly struck the floor smartly with the end of his massive truncheon, the music ceased, a few words were uttered by the presiding officer, and the session was dissolved. It seemed to me that in the interval which had passed since I entered that hall, I had been favored with a glimpse of the middle ages.

This was shortly before the feast of All Saints, in which the people of Madrid repair to the sepulchres of their kindred and friends, to deck them with flowers. The day before, all the autumnal roses are cropped, the dahlias, marigolds and china-asters broken from their stems, the beds of verbena and heliotrope rifled, and massive wreaths of the dry flowers of *gnaphalium*, or everlasting, made up, with little inscriptions expressive of affection and sorrow, formed by the same flower dyed black. On the morning of the first of November, a rainy morning, cabs and carriages, the tops of which were gay with baskets of flowers, were passing each other in the

street, on their way to the cemeteries. In the afternoon, the clouds opening to let down a gleam of sunshine, I went out to two of these burial grounds, lying just without the walls, to the north of Madrid. They are large enclosures, laid out in formal walks, planted with shrubs and flowers, and surrounded with a wall from fifteen to eighteen feet high, and as thick as the wall of a fort, with a broad portico in front, extending its entire length. This wall is the place of sepulture; it is pierced with five rows of cells or niches, one above the other, into which the coffins are shoved endwise, and the openings are then closed with tablets, inscribed with epitaphs. All along the portico, before these repositories of the dead, rows of large waxen tapers were burning, and the tablets were wreathed with every flower of the season. Servants were employed to watch the tapers, who trimmed them occasionally, and as they flared in the wind, gathered the wax that dropped from them, frugally made it into balls, and laid it by. People were sauntering from tomb to tomb, and a bell from a little chapel in the wall was giving out a hard, sharp, monotonous toll. A few persons passed into the chapel, and paid their devotions.

The affectionate remembrance of the dead is beautiful in any shape which it takes. And yet I could not help saying to myself, as I looked at all this: What a different sight will be here, when Time, as at length he must, shall cause this sepulchral wall to crumble in pieces! What rows of grinning skeletons will then be turned out to the air! The sleep of the dead in the bosom of earth is safer from such ghastly profanation.

Near these cemeteries I visited, in company with a Spanish friend, the reservoir which is to receive the waters of the Lozoya, the brawling stream at which, as I have related in a previous letter, we saw the women rinsing their clothes near Boceguillas. The Lozoya is to be brought into the city by an aqueduct about twelve Spanish leagues in length, or forty miles, at an expense of four or five millions of dollars. "They will do the work well," said an American gentleman to whom I was speaking on this subject, "for the Spaniards are good masons, and build for many years." Huge iron pipes lay scattered about, in which the hitherto free stream of the Lozoya is to be imprisoned. We climbed a few feet to the top of the reservior, and then descended into it. We found it to consist of two spacious and lofty chambers, separated from each other by a thick wall; the floor is of water-lime, and the long rows of massive brick pillars that support the roof are plastered with water-lime also. The work is carried on steadily, and in about two years' time, I am told, for they do not hurry these things in Spain, the Lozoya will run in veins through the streets of Madrid. In several of the principal streets they are now engaged in making passages for it. The pavements are not taken up as is done with us; but a shaft is sunk at some convenient point, and from this the engineers and laborers work like moles under ground, mining the streets lengthwise in the two opposite directions. When the work is completed, Madrid will have an aqueduct rivalling that of our Croton, though I doubt whether the Lozoya will bring in half the water.

As we traversed these great subterranean chambers, the echoes of which rang to the sound of our steps, I had no longer a doubt for what purpose the similar constructions which I had seen in the East were designed—such for example as the Chamber of the Thousand Pillars—I think that is the name —at Constantinople, the spacious vaults under the tower of Ramleh in Palestine, and others beneath ruined castles and mosques in the Holy Land. They were, I doubt not, cisterns, in which the water falling from the clouds in those thirsty regions, was collected for seasons of drought. The vaults under the mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, were probably constructed as reservoirs of water.

In speaking of the public entertainments of Madrid, I ought, perhaps, to have included what I have no doubt will, in due time, take the place of the bull-fights—that is to say, the newspapers. I have not been able to buy a newspaper in the streets since I came here, yet the taste for newspaper reading is rapidly increasing; the time is at hand when they will be deemed as much a necessary of life as the matches now sold at every corner for the loungers to light their cigars. A few years since, there were but four or five of them in Madrid, and now there are twenty-four. I have looked them over with much interest; they discuss political questions with ability and decorum; some of the most eminent men in the country write for them. Escosura, now a political exile, used, I am told, while a minister, to write, at stated periods, his newspaper article, and take his *onza*, or fee of sixteen dollars. It appears to me also that these discussions

just now are managed with perfect freedom. In fact, the fall of the late ministry is generally attributed to the law of the press, the *ley de imprenta*, as it is called, for which, although it was never regularly enacted, Narvaez and Nocedal had the address to procure from the Cortes an ordinance giving it the force of a law until their next meeting, when it was to be discussed and finally enacted or rejected. This ordinance imposed upon the press in Spain the odious shackles it wears in France, and was intended as an engine of the most perfect despotism. The discontent occasioned by it was so great, and manifested itself so strongly, that the Queen, who does not like trouble, and who dreaded a revolution, got rid of her ministers in some haste; and the bold and once popular Narvaez, and the active, able, and, as his enemies say, the utterly unprincipled Nocedal, have fallen, probably never to rise again. The *ley de imprenta* will always be remembered to their shame.

I hear that there are very few of the daily newspapers of Madrid the expenses of which are fully paid out of their income. It follows that they are supported in part by the contributions of the different parties for whom they speak. Meantime, they keep up the controversy respecting measures and principles with as much spirit and perseverance as the journals of our own country, without the vulgarity which is sometimes so offensive in our party contests. In some of the Spanish journals questions of political economy are very ably argued; the *Discusion*, for example, maintains the cause

of free trade, and exposes the errors of the protectionists with skill and effect.

The new Ministry, appointed since I came to Madrid, of which Martinez de la Rosa, an old constitutional conservative, always consistent, is one of the principal members, and in which Mon, a politician of liberal ideas in regard to commerce, holds the place of Minister of Finance, will, it is thought, be favorable to freedom of trade, and do something to relax the rigor of the system under which the useful arts in Spain languish, and smuggling flourishes. The law of the press will probably be rejected under this administration. The appointments which it has made of Governors of the different provinces have already given great offence to the absolutists. The new ministry have released many persons arrested and thrown into prison, by the order of Narvaez and his colleagues, for no other reason than that they were men whom the absolutists disliked and dreaded.

If newsboys are to be found anywhere in a city you would expect to meet them at the railway stations. Madrid has one station—the commencement of a railway intended to connect the capital with the Mediterranean, and already extending a hundred and sixty miles towards the coast; but at that place nobody ever cries the newspapers, though the trains leave it several times in the day. I was shown over the place a few days since by the gentlemanly superintendent; it was a scene of more activity than I had witnessed since I came to Spain. The station extends over a square of

nearly forty acres; hundreds of workmen were engaged in levelling it, and hundreds of others in constructing its workshops and other buildings, while close at hand a private company was putting up a large iron foundry. The trains run to Almanza, a Murcian town, from which one branch will proceed to the port of Alicante, and another to that of Valencia. The branch to Alicante—from twelve to fourteen Spanish leagues in length—is all but finished, and will be opened in the course of the winter; that to Valencia will require more time, on account of intervening rocky hills.

When the entire track shall be completed to Alicante, Madrid will have, for the first time, an easy, quick and cheap communication with a seaport. The little town of Alicante, now the seat of a petty commerce, will start into new life and growth. I suppose that envy of the prospects of Alicante will hasten the completion of the branch to the city of Valencia, and that when the effect upon the prosperity of these two places becomes visible, an emulation will be awakened which will cause railways to be made from Madrid to other cities and other marts of the sea. There is a company already engaged in the project of a railway from Madrid to Bayonne, but its progress is very sluggish. One of the clerks employed in the office of the engineer at Vitoria, told me that if it should be finished in ten years it was all that could be reasonably expected. A railway from Madrid to Lisbon is also one of the projects of the day.

Whether these projects ever go into effect or not, the opening of a passage by steam to the sea coast will bring the

whole eastern and southern coast of Spain into immediate communication with Madrid. All that is produced in those rich districts, all that is woven or wrought in the looms and workshops of Catalonia and Valencia; the fruits of the gardens of Murcia and Andalucia; and the harvests of all their fields, which are now conveyed to the capital by slow, laborious and expensive journeys, on the backs of mules or in carts, or in the rude country wagons called *galeras*, will be brought up from the provinces in a few hours and at little cost. Not only will Madrid be thus brought near to all the ports of the Mediterranean, but by means of the railways proceeding from the French ports, she will become the neighbor of all the northern capitals of Europe. The current of foreign travel which sweeps over the continent, and is only turned away from Spain by the obstacles of bad roads and insufficient and uncertain means of conveyance, will rush in at the opening made for it. From Marseilles, a brief voyage in a steamer to Alicante or Valencia, and eight hours afterwards on the rails, will take one to the seat of the Spanish monarchy.

What effect this will have on the material interests of Madrid, it is easy to see; what agency it may have in hastening changes of another kind, now going on in Spain, is fair matter of conjecture. The world is always in a state of change; but at the present time causes are at work as actively in Spain as elsewhere, which thrust change upon the heels of change more suddenly than ever before. Here is a sea-beach which the tide is rising to overwhelm, and Spain

is only a bank lying a little higher than the rest, but equally sure to be submerged at last.

It is impossible, in the first place, that the monastic institutions, which had flourished for so many centuries in Spain, and struck their roots so wide and deep, and overshadowed so much of its territory, should be wrenched from its soil without great consequences, affecting the character and condition of its people, which even now have but just begun to make themselves felt. The temporary restoration of these orders under Ferdinand the Seventh, was attended with circumstances which engendered bitter resentments, and their present suppression is doubtless final and perpetual. It is impossible, in the second place, that a system of universal education should be adopted in a country without introducing new ideas. The ordinance which obliges parents to send their children to the public schools, is not, I believe, much regarded; but, in the mean time, the number of readers is rapidly multiplying. Again, it is impossible that the liberty of printing should be allowed in any moderate degree, without exploding many old notions and opinions, and adopting others in their place. It is remarkable that, even while the odious *ley de imprenta* has been in force, it is a law of which even those who framed it have never dared to take the full advantage; and there is every reason to believe that, to a certain extent, the liberty of the press will continue to be enjoyed in Spain. Finally, it is impossible that a free intercourse should exist between nations, as is certain to be the case between Spain and the rest of the world to a much

greater degree than ever before, without their borrowing something from each other in ideas and habits. The people of different countries are becoming less and less unlike each other every day, under influences which we cannot disarm of their power if we would.

The administration of public affairs in Spain will probably vacillate from conservative to liberal and from liberal to conservative; the *Moderados* will be in power to-day and the *Progresistas* to-morrow; but these are mere petty agitations of the surface; and underlying them all, and far more powerful than they, and ever steadily at work, are the great causes of change which I have already enumerated. For good or for evil, the operation of these causes must go on. To a hopeful temperament, however, there is nothing discouraging in this. All change, we know, is not for the better; but if Spain should lose some of her old virtues, let us hope that she will acquire some new ones in their place; if her people should learn some new vices, let us hope that they will get rid of some old ones. There will still remain, I suppose, certain distinctive elements of character, in that mingling and proportion of intellectual faculties and moral dispositions which the various families of mankind receive from nature, and which cause them to differ from each other as remarkably as individuals.

I am now on the point of leaving Madrid, and I shall leave it with a certain sadness, as a place in which I have found much to entertain and interest me, and in which I have been treated with much kindness both by Spaniards and

my own countrymen. Of the people of the country I ought to carry away a most favorable impression, if such an impression could be produced by unwearied endeavors, with apparently no motive but simple benevolence, to make our stay agreeable. The American minister, Mr. Dodge, is very attentive to the convenience of his countrymen, and a great favorite with such of them as come to Madrid. He is on excellent terms also with the people of the country, and has done, what I think few of his predecessors have taken the trouble to do—acquired their language. He has sent his resignation to Mr. Buchanan, that there may be no hesitation in giving the embassy to any other person; but should the resignation be accepted, it is not likely that the post will be so well filled as it now is.

LETTER XIV.

A JOURNEY FROM MADRID TO ALICANTE.

Carthagena, Old Spain, *November* 28, 1857.

We left Madrid on a chilly, rainy morning, the 18th of November, after having waited several days for settled weather, that we might visit Toledo, to which a friend was to accompany us. The fair day for which we were looking had not arrived, and we reluctantly gave up the idea of an excursion to that ancient city, which has preserved so long the works of her Moorish architects, and tokens of the Moorish dominion among the later works of her Gothic builders, and where they yet forge the famous Toledo blade, not quite equal, perhaps, to the cutlery of Sheffield. How many other old cities of Spain we shall have been obliged to leave behind on our journey! Bilbao, Salamanca, Zaragoza, and a dozen more, all of which we should have visited, had we leisure, and the roads and the weather allowed us. We shall leave Spain, also, without a look at those who range the woods of Estremadura; without seeing any thing of Galicia or the Asturias, and other provinces, which, inhabited by races distinct from each other in character, costume and speech, make up what was once the powerful and dreaded monarchy of Spain. To see Spain well, requires time, and we feel that we are

about to leave it without having had more than a mere glimpse of the country and its people.

The wind, as we passed through the walks of the Prado, was tearing off and strewing over the hard-beaten soil the sallow leaves from the elms and other trees, some of which, however, whose foliage had not yet grown old, were still in full leaf, and attested, by the freshness of their verdure, the mildness of the autumnal climate in this capital. To our surprise, for punctuality in the arrangements for travelling is not a common virtue in Spain, the train set out at precisely the appointed hour. It took us along the banks of the Manzanares, beside a canal begun by Ferdinand the Seventh, to connect Madrid with the sea, and after a considerable waste of money abandoned. To the left of our track appeared a church, seated on a high rocky hill, rising out of the plain. "It is the hermitage of Pintovas," said a fellow-passenger. "These churches which you see in solitary places are called hermitages. Until lately, some person devoted to a recluse life had his cell in them, and subsisted on the alms which he got from the faithful. The government has seized upon them, or most of them, professing to regard them as useless for the purpose of public worship, and the hermits, like the monks, have been driven back into the world they had left."

Some forty miles from Madrid we crossed the Tagus, swollen with rain, and carrying to the ocean the soil of Castile in a torrent of yellow mud. Immediately we found ourselves in Aranjuez, among shady walks and trim gardens, rows and

thickets of elms, acacias and planes, plantations of fruit trees flourishing in a rich soil, and abundant springs breaking out at the foot of the declivities, and keeping up a perpetual verdure. Here the royal family of Spain have a country palace, and hither it is their custom to come in spring, when the flowers and the nightingales make their appearance, which is much earlier in Aranjuez than at Madrid; but they leave the place as soon as the summer sets in, on account of the intermittent fevers which prevail here. The grounds are not laid out with any taste, nor could the place be thought remarkably pretty in our country; yet to our eyes, accustomed so long to the brown fields of Castile, it seemed a paradise. But now the walks were slippery with mud, and we were not tempted to stop. We issued from the valley of Aranjuez, and proceeded to Villasequilla, where we had thought to take the road leading up to the rocks on which Toledo is built; but even this place we were obliged to leave behind, on account of the continued bad weather, and passing by a few solitary cottages, scattered at distant intervals along the railway, and inhabited by persons in the service of the proprietors, at the doors of which we saw the comfortable-looking families of the inmates, the train soon whirled us into the province of La Mancha.

In all its provinces which I have seen, Spain needs a reformer like Dr. Piper in our country—some enthusiastic friend of trees, to show the people the folly of stripping a country of its woods; but in no part of the kingdom is he so much needed as in La Mancha. If the Castiles are deplora-

bly naked, La Mancha is so in a greater degree, if that be possible. Until you begin to approach the Murcian frontier, La Mancha has scarcely a bush; it has no running streams, and scarce a blade of grass makes itself seen; the only green it has at this season is the springing wheat, which the rains have just quickened, and fields of which lie scattered among the tracts of fallow ground. It is a time of rejoicing in Spain when the rains fall soon after the wheat is sown, for that is the promise of a plenteous harvest. When the plant is once put in a due course of growth by timely moisture, it defies the drought of the succeeding season. The last harvest was uncommonly large, and the people are now looking confidently for another year of abundance. I may mention here that in almost all the districts of Spain which produce wheat, it is the practice to let the soil recover its fertility by rest. The surface of the ground is stirred with a little light plough of the rudest make; the seed is then scattered and covered; the harvest is reaped in due time, a harvest of full, round, heavy grains, yielding the whitest of flour, and then the ground is left untilled in stubble, till it will bear stirring again. No growth of juicy clover, or of the sweet grasses we cultivate for cattle, succeeds that of wheat.

But to return to the subject of trees; they say at Madrid: "Aranjuez is overshadowed with trees, and the place is unhealthy in summer; trees grow along the Manzanares under the walls of our city, and on the banks of that river you have the tertian ague." The answer to this is, that the unhealthiness of Aranjuez is caused by its stagnant waters, and that

there is no proof that trees make the air in the valley of the Manzanares unwholesome, any more than the pebbles of its stream. It has never been found that the health of a district, subject to fever and ague, has been improved by stripping it of its trees, and letting in the sun, to bake the soil and evaporate the moisture to its unwholesome dregs. It is objected again, in the grain-producing districts of Spain, that trees form a harbor for the birds, which devour their wheat. For these childish reasons, whole provinces, once independent kingdoms, have denied themselves the refreshment of shade and verdure, have hewn down the forests which covered the springs of their rivers and kept them perennial, and withheld the soil from being washed away by the rains, and have let in the winds to sweep over the country unchecked, and winnow its clods to powder.

Ford, in his "Handbook for Travellers," says that the rivers of the country are constantly diminishing. I do not know what evidence he has to support this assertion; he certainly produces none; but it may be safely taken for granted, that they have now less depth of water in summer than when their sources were shaded by woods, under which a bed of leaves absorbed the rains, and parted with them gradually to the soil, protecting them from a too rapid exhalation. The beds of many of the rivers of Spain are dry for the greater part of the year, and only form a channel for torrents in the rainy season. To renew the groves, which have been improvidently hewn away, would be a difficult task, on account of the present aridity of the soil and air, which are un-

favorable to the growth and health of trees; but with the increase of their number, it is natural to expect that the work of rearing them would become easier. It will require, however, I suppose, centuries to wean the people of the prejudice of which I speak, and then almost as long a time to repair the mischief which is its fruit.

La Mancha has a look of cheerlessness and poverty, and the intervals between town and town are longer and more dreary than in the Castiles. I hear that the winds in summer, sweeping over this level region without an obstacle, drift the dust of the ways and fields in almost perpetual clouds through the air; but when we passed through it, the earth was yet moist with rain, which here and there stood in broad plashes. The towns which lay in our course, such as Campo de Creptino and óthers, are mostly, as it appeared to me, built of small unhewn stones, plastered on the outside with red mud, the soil of the country. The inhabitants are a slender and rather small race of men. I saw companies of them employed on the railways near the stations; they seemed to work with a will, and had a healthy look. All over the country, wind-mills, as in the time of the author of Don Quixote, were flinging their long arms about, and in one or two places they stood in a little host on the hill-side. Let me say for La Mancha, however, that just before we passed out of it, between Campo de Creptino and Villarobledo, our eyes were refreshed by the sight of a forest of evergreen oaks, small and thinly scattered, but extending over a considerable tract of country.

Soon after this we glided into twilight and darkness, and at half-past seven reached Albacete, where we left the train and stopped for the night at a passable inn. We were now in Murcia, the land of fruits, and they gave us for dessert what you do not often find in Europe, some sweet and well-flavored melons. As we were dining, we were beset with people offering to sell us daggers and poniards, which are skilfully wrought in this country, and often prettily ornamented. The fellows were neatly dressed and smoothly shaved, and all wore new black velvet caps. They addressed themselves to the ladies of our party, whom they seemed to consider most in need of their weapons, and it cost a good deal of trouble to convince them that we were *gente de paz*, who had come to the country without the slightest intention of stabbing anybody in it. As fast as we got rid of one of these men, another would make his appearance, until they had all received the same answer, and left us to finish our meal in quiet.

We had no time to look at Albacete, for we left it in the fog and darkness at half-past five the next morning, when the train came along from Madrid. When the fog cleared away at sunrise, we were passing through a forest of evergreen oaks. The trees which had attained any size had been polled so often that their tops were but little broader than their trunks, and when I looked at them, I could think only of so many barbers' blocks in green wigs. We reached Almanza, where the travel on the railway terminates for the present, about eight o'clock in the morning. We break-

fasted at a comfortless inn, where a fresh-colored, stately hostess, of ample proportions, paid us little attention, and were waited upon by two remarkably skinny and shrivelled little women.

Our first care was now to procure the means of conveyance to Alicante. We might have proceeded in the diligence to Valencia, which we afterwards found to our cost would have been the most convenient mode, but as we were going to the south of Spain, and the nearest route lay through Alicante, we determined to make the best of our way directly to that place. There was no diligence or any other regular means of communication between Almanza and Alicante. The common conveyance of the country is a *tartana*, which is a sort of cart, a two-wheeled vehicle without springs, but provided with cushioned seats, an arched top, and glasses in front. I found all the *tartanas* already in use, and the owner of the best in town did not expect it back till night, so that we were obliged to take up with the original of the *tartana*, a simple cart of rude construction, with cushioned seats on each side like those of an omnibus, an awning, a covering of painted cloth, and a floor of strong matting. They call this a *carrito*, to distinguish it from the *carro*, which has no seats within, and carries charcoal and cabbages to market. I hired a vehicle of this kind to take us to Alicante, a distance of about sixty miles, in eighteen hours of travel; an allowance of time which seemed to me discouragingly liberal. For my comfort, some gentlemen, who were breakfasting at the inn, assured me that the road was "transitable," as they called it.

In getting ready for our journey, our luggage was fastened to the back of the *carrito* in such a manner as to keep that part disproportionately heavy, and always inclining most inconveniently to the ground. We looked at the vehicle, and looked at the streets of Almanza, which lay deep in mud, and concluded to walk till we got out of town, picking our way as we best might, by keeping close to the houses. As we went, we met numbers of people with loaded donkeys coming to market, and heavy carts and wagons, staggering through the miry streets, their drivers filling the air with shouts, while at every corner, and at almost every door, stood the idle inhabitants, staring at us or nodding and smiling to each other, and pointing to the *Franceses*, as they call all foreigners in this country. We reached at length the city gate, and passing out upon the broad highway into the open country, turned to admire the site of Almanza, lying in a fertile valley, among craggy mountains. Close beside it rose, immediately out of the plain, a lofty red rock, uplifting a massive castle of the same color, which looked as if the cliffs had formed themselves into walls and battlements.

We now got into our *carrito*, the motion of which was unpleasant enough. The road was said to be macadamized, but this was a figure of speech; no pains had been taken to keep the middle higher than the sides, hollows were formed where the water had softened the ground into mud, the heavy carts and *galeras* had almost everywhere furrowed it with deep ruts; and wherever the mire seemed too deep for a loaded vehicle to struggle through, a heap of coarse broken

stone had been thrown in a sort of desperation, which added to the roughness of the way. We were tossed backwards and forwards, and pitched from side to side as we stumbled on. Our driver was a good-natured, careless, swarthy Murcian, José Pinero by name, as lithe as a snake, dressed in black velvet jacket and pantaloons, with a bright parti-colored handkerchief wrapped round his head, and over that a black velvet cap. With a beard and the Oriental costume, he might have passed for an Arab of the purest caste. He spoke a sort of clipped Spanish, with a Murcian lisp, and sat on a little board in front of our cart, doubled up, much as he doubled his whip. We had stipulated for two good horses, but those which were furnished us did not quite answer that description. They were very thin, and looked old and worn out; they were harnessed one before the other, and the leader, who had not been accustomed to draw except with another by his side, had an inconvenient habit of always crowding to the right, so that our Murcian was at his wit's end to keep him in the road.

Beyond Almanza the country had some color; there were bright green fields of wheat and trefoil, and tracts of tilth between, of a chocolate brown, and low brushwood on the hills, of a dark green hue, looking like the stubble of what might once have been forests. Six leagues from Almanza, where pinnacles of bare rock enclose smooth and fertile valleys, we reached, as the night was setting in, Villena, a Murcian town, and stopped at the *Posada de Alicante*, a wretched inn, kept in what was formerly part of a convent,

where horses were stabled in the cloisters below, and wide stone stair-cases led to the rooms occupied by the family and their guests above. As we entered, we heard the tinkling of a guitar and the clatter of castanets, and saw in a vaulted recess, on the ground floor, half a dozen people sitting on benches, one of whom, a young man, was playing, while before him a young fellow and a little girl were dancing. We got a great, dreary, chilly room, with one large window looking out upon the old court of the convent, and two deep alcoves containing enormous wide beds of straw, resting on huge bedsteads of beam and plank, the work of some coarse carpenter; perhaps they were the same on which the bulky friars, the former inmates of the place, had slept. A strapping Murcian woman, loud-voiced and impudent, and always talking, laid the sheets for us, assisted by a younger maiden, little, pretty, and quiet. For our evening meal we got a tolerable soup, but it was with great difficulty that we prevented it from being flavored with garlic. The elder waiting woman tossed her head, and expressed her scorn very freely when we gave repeated orders to dispense with the favorite condiment of her country; but we got the soup without garlic, notwithstanding. The greatest difficulty we had was in obtaining a sufficient supply of water for our morning ablutions. A single large washbowl, half filled with water, was placed on a stand in the corner of the great room, and this was expected to serve for us all. We called for more water, and a jar was brought in, from which the washbowl was filled to the brim. We explained that each

one of us wanted a separate quantity of pure water, but the stout waiting-woman had no idea of conforming to our outlandish notions, and declined doing any thing more for us. It was only after an appeal to the landlady, that a queer Murcian pitcher, looking like a sort of sky-rocket, with two handles, five spouts, and a foot so small that it could hardly stand by itself, was brought in, and for greater security made to lean against the wall in the corner of the room.

LETTER XV.

A JOURNEY FROM MADRID TO ALICANTE—CONCLUDED.

CARTAGENA, *November* 29, 1857.

AT an early hour the next morning the muleteers were reloading their beasts among the arches of the cloisters, where they had been fed, and at half-past five o'clock we set out among them. We had made our way to the inn with perfect ease the night before, and one of our party had remarked upon this to the driver. "You will find Villena a bad place to get out of," was his answer, and so it proved, for I do not remember ever to have been conveyed, in the night, through streets so crooked, narrow and miry. A man had been engaged to keep beside the horses, and guide them at the sudden turns of the streets, but even this precaution did not seem enough. There was not a lamp in the streets, and only a dim starlight in the sky; but luckily, an end of candle was found in the carriage, which, being lighted, helped to show the way. Several times the horses stopped, and required a great deal of encouragement from the driver before they would attempt to draw us out of the sloughs into which we had plunged. Once they turned suddenly about, jerking round the *carrito* in a very narrow passage, with an evident design to return to their stable. At length, after a

series of marvellous escapes from being overturned or dashed against the walls of the houses, we reached the Queen's highway in safety, and extinguished our light.

With a passable road, and a better carriage, this day's journey would have been delightful. When the sun rose we found ourselves in a picturesque country, bordering a little stream, the Segura, I believe, and here lay the town of Sax on the side of a hill, which towered above it—a high rock, full of yawning holes and caverns, and crowned with an old abandoned castle. We did not enter, but left it a little way off on our right, basking in the sunshine of a pleasant morning. It rang with the incessant cackling of hens, the cries of children, and the shrill voices of women. Craggy mountain summits all around us kept watch over smooth valleys, and along the *huerta* which bordered the stream, the peasants were cutting and carrying home the fresh stalks of the maize, which had been sown for fodder. Beside the road were green fields of the Windsor bean and trefoil—the trefoil which is so tender, juicy and brittle in its winter growth, that, as I remember, in Egypt it is often eaten as a salad.

The road, however, seemed to grow worse as the country became more worth looking at; the mire was deeper, and the way marked with deeper furrows by the wheels of the heavy *galeras*. The day before we had discovered that our driver had an unlucky knack of locking the wheels of his cart with those of the other vehicles he met, and once or twice had caused our baggage to scrape in a most perilous manner against their muddy wheels. He was now to show

us that his accomplishments went further than this. I had taken a long walk of two or three hours that morning, for it was an easy feat to keep pace with our horses in walking; and now, in approaching the town of Elda, the ladies of our party had become so fatigued with the incessant jolting they had endured, that they dismounted, and picked their way on foot by the side of the road. Our *carrito* had entered the town of Elda, the driver walking beside his horses, when, as it turned a corner, the right wheel striking against the check stone and rising over it, overturned the vehicle with all the baggage, bringing the wheel-horse to the ground. When we came up with our driver, he was looking ruefully at what he had done, and apparently meditating what he should do next. He soon had plenty of advisers and assistants; and leaving our courier with him to see to our baggage, we withdrew from the crowd that were gathering about us and staring at us most unmercifully, and followed a by-street leading round a corner of the town to where the main road again issued into the fields. Here, while waiting for our *carrito*, we had a good opportunity to observe the situation of Elda. It lies in a rich plain, among mountains; a few date palms, the first we had seen in Spain, rising above the houses and all the other trees, give the place a tropical aspect. We had been made sensible all the morning that we had entered within the bounds of a more genial climate than that of Madrid. The air was like that of early June with us, and there was never a softer or pleasanter sunshine than that which shone about us.

In about twenty minutes José rejoined us with his cart, and we all got in again. By that good fortune which strangely attends some careless people, neither the vehicle, nor the horses, nor the harness, nor our luggage, had sustained the slightest damage. We were now in the *huerta* of Elda; on each side of the road were rows of olive trees, the finest and most luxuriant of their kind, loaded with fruit which was dropping to the ground, with occasional plantations of sprawling fig and branching walnut-trees, under all which the ground was green with the winter crops; but the road between was little better than a canal of mud, and so painfully did our horses flounder through it, that we all soon dismounted a second time, and walked. "You will find the road better a league or so ahead," said a man, who, accompanied by laborers, was trying to make it passable in some of its worst parts.

We walked on more than two miles further, when having left the too fat soil of Elda behind, the road became a little better, and José again received the ladies into his *carrito*. We now began to speculate as to what we should do when we should arrive at our next stopping-place, the *Venta de los Cuatro Caminos*, which is Spanish for the Four Corners' Tavern—whether we should get another cart for our luggage, or whether we should hire donkeys, on which the ladies might make part at least, of our remaining journey to Alicante, a distance of three or four leagues; I could not learn exactly which, for the computation of distances is remarkably inexact in Spain. Just then the plain in which stands the

Venta de los Cuatro Caminos opened upon us, a broad fertile tract, swelling into pleasant undulations between desolate mountain ridges; and showing at one view three or four considerable villages, the largest of which was Novelda, and beside more than one of which rose lofty groups of palm trees. Our vehicle had already crossed a railway, the unfinished part of that which is to unite Alicante to Madrid, when our courier, who had been walking all the way from Elda, came running after us with the good news that a train of open trucks was to go that afternoon to Alicante, and that if we pleased we might have a passage in it. He had seen the engine smoking at a little distance, and the fancy had taken him to inquire if that did not offer an easier means of conveyance to Alicante than the one we had. We immediately paid off and dismissed our Murcian driver, who seemed nearly as glad to be spared the rest of the journey, as we were to get out of his cart. But here we were met with a new difficulty; the tickets we had bought for Alicante specified that the passengers should take with them no baggage. On representing our case, however, to the principal persons in charge of the train, they most kindly allowed us to take our trunks and travelling bags along with us, and treated us with the greatest courtesy. After waiting some time for the principal engineer to arrive, and for a shower to pass over, which darkened the sky and smoked on the hills in the quarter to which we were about to proceed, we set out, shielded by our umbrellas from a thin rain beating in our faces. About half the distance between the station of No-

velda and Alicante, we stopped to load the trucks with broken stone, a dirty white alabaster, destined to be used in building, after which we went on. The Mediterranean soon glimmered in sight; then appeared a bald rock with a fort on its summit, and the other drab-colored heights by which Alicante is sheltered; and in a few minutes we were at the terminus of the railway. Four Valencians took charge of our baggage, which had required but two porters to carry it in Madrid. When told that so many were not necessary, they answered: "We are not Gallegos; we are not beasts of burden." We followed them through a short avenue of elms, just without the city, beside a plantation of young palm trees, profusely hung with their large clusters of fruit, to the *Fonda del Vapor*, where we found pleasant rooms, and sat down to an excellent dinner, closed by a plentiful dessert of fruit, grapes of the finest quality in enormous clusters, and dates just ripened and fresh from the trees that bore them.

Alicante had not much to interest us, except the kindness of the American Consul, Mr. Leach, and his family, and that of the other persons to whom we had letters, and who did every thing in their power to make our stay agreeable, while we waited for a steamer bound for the southern parts of Spain. It is a decayed town of great antiquity; its people carry on a little commerce in wine, raisins, and a few other productions of the fertile region around it; a small number of vessels lie in its port, and now and then one of them is freighted with wine for the United States. The streets are for the most part unpaved, and I could not suc-

ceed in finding a pleasant walk in the environs of the city. "We are too poor to pave our streets," said one of the residents to me; yet the hope is cherished that Alicante will become the seat of a great commerce, after the railway to Madrid shall have been opened. Already they are beginning to build a little, in expectation of that event; but this is done sluggishly. It will require some powerful, immediate impulse to break the dead sleep which for centuries has settled on that ancient seat of trade.

I said that Alicante had not much to interest us; let me recall the expression. I saw at Alicante what interested me more than almost any thing else which I met with in Spain, the monument of a man most remarkable for active and disinterested beneficence, Don Trino Gonzalez de Quijano, who was the civil Governor of the province of Alicante from the 22d of August, 1852, to the 16th of September in the same year, while the cholera was carrying off its thousands, and filling the province with consternation. In early life Quijano had been a soldier, and was always a zealous constitutionalist. Those with whom he acted had entrusted him successively with the administrative power in several of the provinces of the kingdom, and he had made himself so popular in the Canary Islands, to which he had been sent by the government, that they elected him their representative to the Cortes. Immediately upon his arrival at Alicante, he entered actively upon the work of mercy, superintending in person every measure adopted for the relief of the sick and their families, attending at their bedsides, administering the

medicines prescribed by the physicians, providing for the necessitous out of his private fortune, and when that was exhausted, dispensing the contributions of those who were incited to generosity by his generous example. As the circle of the pestilence extended, he passed from one town to another, sometimes in the night and sometimes in the midst of tempests, carrying, wherever he went, succor and consolation, and assuaging the general alarm by his own serene presence of mind. When his friends expressed their fears lest his humane labors might cost him his life, "It is very likely they may," he answered, "but my duty is plain, and if I can check the spread of the cholera by laying down my life, I shall lay it down cheerfully." He was attacked at length by the distemper, but not till he had the satisfaction of seeing its violence greatly abated. "Do not call in the physicians," he said, "it will create a panic and make new victims; let it not be known, if you can help it, that I died of the cholera."

Quijano died, to the great grief of those whom he had succored, and for whom he had literally laid down his life. Three years he lay in his grave, and as soon as the physicians pronounced that it could be done without danger to the public health, his coffin was taken up and opened. The features were found to be little altered; it seemed that even corruption had respected and spared the form in which once dwelt so noble a soul. The people of the province, in silence and wonder, came in crowds about the lifeless corpse and kissed its hand; mothers led up their children to look at all

that was left of the good man, to whom they owed their own lives and those of their husbands. The corner-stone of a monument was laid, to which the towns composing the province of Alicante contributed. It stands a little without the northern gate of the city, a four-sided tapering shaft, inscribed with the names of the grateful towns which he succored—Alicante, Alcoy, Montforte, Elche, and others—resting on a pedestal which bears a medallion head of Quijano and inscriptions in his honor. May it stand as long as the world.

I love and honor Spain for having produced such a man as Quijano. A pamphlet is before me, consisting of the addresses made and poems recited on laying the corner-stone of the monument under which he was again committed to the earth—florid prose and such verse as is easily produced in the harmonious language of Castile. I only wish that in some part of it a plain recital had been given of his numerous acts of beneficence, that I might have made this brief account more particular, and, of course, more interesting.

LETTER XVI.

A JOURNEY FROM ALICANTE TO MURCIA.

MALAGA, *December 2nd*, 1857.

I HAD become quite tired of waiting at Alicante for a steamer bound for the southern ports of Spain; yet the roads were so bad that none of our party but myself would venture to perform any part of the journey by land. I therefore determined to proceed by myself to the city of Murcia, taking Elche in my way, and thence to Carthagena, on the coast, where the others were to join me. At three o'clock in the morning of the 25th of November I was waked and conducted through the miry and silent streets to the office of the diligence. Here I was told that, on account of the badness of the roads, the passengers were not to be sent forward as usual in a *coche*, but in a *galera*, which means a sort of market-wagon without springs, running on a large pair of wheels behind, and a small, low pair next to the horses. In taking my passage, I had paid for a seat in the *berlina*, or *coupé*, as the French call it, and as the *galera* has no *berlina*, I was told that I was entitled to receive twelve reals back. I took the change, and soon found myself packed in the wagon with eight other passengers, who did not seem in the best humor;

possibly on account of the change in the mode of conveyance —nor did they quite recover their spirits during the whole journey. They consoled themselves with rolling up small quantities of finely-chopped tobacco in little bits of paper, to make *cigarritos*, and quietly smoking them out. For this purpose every true Spaniard carries with him a little unbound volume of half the size of a pocket almanac, composed of thin leaves of blank paper, one of which he tears off every time he has occasion to make a *cigarrito*, and drawing a quantity of chopped tobacco from a small bag, folds it with quick and dexterous fingers into a compact cylinder, and lighting a lucifer match with a smart explosion, raises a smoke in as little time as is needed to read these lines. There is one respect in which Spanish industry takes the lead of the world—the making of lucifer matches for smokers. A slender wick of two inches in length is dipped in wax of snowy whiteness, and tipped with a little black knob of explosive matter, looking like the delicate anther of some large flower. Struck against the gritty side of the little box which contains it, the Spanish match starts into a flame which requires more than a slight puff of wind to blow it out, and which lasts long enough for a very deliberate smoker to light any but the most refractory cigar.

Our *galera* was dragged out of town in the glare of two torches, by eight mules, going at a pretty smart trot; but when the light of morning became so strong that the snap of a lucifer match was no longer followed by an illumination of the inside of our wagon, we saw that we were travelling in what

could not be called a highway but by a gross misapplication of terms. It was from three to five rods in width, and worn considerably lower than the fields through which it passed, so that the rain-water flowed readily into it, and found no passage out, making it a long, narrow quagmire. Yet we were in the midst of a pleasant *huerta*, for here were groves of olive trees, full of fruit, and rows of the dark green lentisk, from which the fleshy pods had been gathered, and lines of mulberry trees, already bare, and sallow pomegranate bushes, and fig trees beginning to drop their foliage. Above these towered here and there a giant palm, and, finally, at a distance, appeared a great wood of palm trees, which seemed to fill half the horizon, like those which in Egypt overshadow the mounds that mark the site of Memphis, or those through which the traveller passes on his way from Cairo to Heliopolis. We were approaching Elche, the inhabitants of which have tended their groves of palm, refreshing the trees with rills of water guided to their roots in the dry season, and gathering their annual harvest of dates in the month of November, ever since the time of the Moors. I seemed to have been at once taken from Europe, and set down in the East. The work people whom I saw beginning their tasks in the fields, or going to them along the road, reminded me of the Orientals. The Majo cap which they wore, without being a turban, imitates its form in such a manner, that at a little distance it might be easily taken for one; and their gay-colored sashes worn around the waist, their wide white drawers reaching just below the knee, and their hempen sandals, the next thing

to slippers, heightened the resemblance. In our journey from Almansa to Alicante we had often, as we approached the sea-coast, met with cartmen and wagoners dressed in this half Oriental garb; but now we were on the spot where it was the household costume, and where the needles were plied by which it was shaped.

Passing by a large plantation of young palms, just beginning to rise from the ground, with trenches from one to another along the rows, leading the water to their roots, we entered the great wood. There were palms on both sides of the way, standing as near to each other as they could well grow; some of them tall, the growth of centuries, others short, though equal in breadth of stem and reared within the last fifty years. They hung out in the morning sunshine their clusters of dates, light green, yellow, or darkening into full ripeness; clusters large enough to fill a half bushel basket, while their rigid leaves rustled with a dry hissing sound in a light wind.

Our vehicle staggered on in the miry streets, between low stone walls, and amidst a crowd of men and women going forth to the labors of the day, entered the streets of Elche, embowered in this forest. I saw that all the houses had flat roofs—another resemblance to the towns in the East. I looked around me for similar resemblance in the people by whom the place is inhabited, and fancied that I found them. The people have dark complexions, bright, dark eyes, narrow faces, and for the most part high features and peaked chins, and slight and slender figures; such, at least, was the sum of observations made in the slight opportunity afforded

me. I did not see the wide white drawers so frequently in the streets as I had seen them in the fields. The knee-breeches and ample brown cloak of Castile were a more common sight.

Our mules were stopped at an inn, where they were to be changed, and where the passengers were told that they could have a cup of chocolate. It was now about half past seven in the morning. In a little room on the ground floor, near the stables, two or three persons sitting at a table were satisfying their early appetite with toasted bread or *biscochos*, a sort of sponge cake, which they first dipped in a little cup of very thick chocolate. I followed their example. All over the kingdom the Spaniard breaks his morning fast on chocolate; it is the universal household beverage; the manufactories of chocolate—chocolate mills I might call them—are more numerous than the windmills. Those who take coffee drink it at the *cafés*, as an occasional refreshment, just as they take an ice cream; and the use of tea, though on the increase, is by no means common. The only narcotic in which the Spaniards indulge to any extent is tobacco, in favor of which I have nothing to say; yet it should be remembered, in extenuation, that they are tempted to this habit by the want of something else to do; that they husband their *cigarritos* by smoking with great deliberation, making a little tobacco go a great way, and that they dilute its narcotic fumes with those of the paper in which it is folded. With regard to the use of wine, I can confirm all that has been said of Spanish sobriety and moderation, and

must add that I find the number of those who never drink it larger than I had supposed.

In walking about the streets of Elche, I found myself quite as much a curiosity to the people of the place as they were to me, and as they were several hundred to one, the advantage in this encounter of eyes was clearly on their side. So I beat a retreat, and got back to the inn, from which, at a little past eight, we again set out, and splashed out of Elche as we had entered it, among palms standing thick on each side, and overshadowing the muddy way with their scaly trunks, their plumy foliage, and their heavy clusters of fruit hanging down below the leaves, as if to tempt the gatherer. The road now became worse than ever, and, at the request of the conductor, we all got out and walked for a considerable distance. Here were hedges of the aloe plant beside the way, and thickets of that gigantic kind of cactus called the prickly pear were in sight, allowed to grow, I suppose, for the sake of their fruit. We were still in the region of palms, some groups of which were so lofty that it seemed to me easy to prove, by counting the circles in their bark, made by each annual growth of leaves, that they had been planted by the Moors. The village of La Granja, close by a range of bare, brown precipices, had a noble group, and was surrounded by young plantations of palms, which at some future day will screen it from the sight of the traveller till he enters it. At La Granja we passed an extensive orange grove, lying in the mild sunshine, with abundance of golden fruit spotting the dark green foliage, and guarded by

a high and thick hedge. We drove through a gap in that range of precipices to Callosa, and here were other orange groves; and now we came at length in sight of Orihuela, where on each side of the way were rows of young palms just springing from the ground, which will one day supply the markets of Madrid.

At this place the diligence stopped to bait, and I had the honor of a seat at the same table with the conductor. A mess of some undistinguishable materials, chopped up with an abundance of garlic, was placed before him, while I contented myself with eggs and bread, a bit of cheese and a dessert of fruit; and we both had the company of the landlady, a very stout and rosy woman, who sat by us and chatted and gossipped incessantly. She was curious to know of what country I was. "A Frenchman, certainly." "No." "Not French; then you must be English." "I am not English." "From Germany, then?" "Not a German, but an American." She looked at me narrowly, as if with a purpose to satisfy herself in what respect an American differed from a European. "And how do you like our country?" I could not but praise what I had seen of it that day. "And you understand all we say?" I would not admit my ignorance of the local dialect, and yet, I confess, I was obliged to pay the strictest attention to be always tolerably certain of what she was saying. In the south of Spain the Castilian loses its clear, open pronunciation, and all its majesty. Among other peculiarities, the natives, who like to do every thing in the easiest way, neglect to pronounce the letter *s* in many words,

and decline giving themselves the trouble of articulating the letter *d* between two vowels. Thus, you will hear *este* pronounced *ete; dado* in their mouths becomes *dao;* nay, *casa* is sometimes contracted to *caa.* It is just as if in English we were to say *chet* instead of chest, *louer* instead of louder, and *hou* instead of house.

Before setting out again, I walked about the town, which presented little worthy of notice; Orihuela being curious only in one sense, that is to say, in the disposition which the people in the streets manifest to scrutinize the appearance of those who seem to be foreigners. Beyond Orihuela the road was rough with stones, rammed into the clayey soil, making a kind of rude pavement, over which we were jolted without mercy; but we were compensated for this inconvenience by the pleasant sights which our journey showed us. Along the fertile *huerta,* through which we were travelling, lay here and there extensive olive groves, composed of as fine trees of their kind as I ever saw, stretching away to the right and left, sometimes as far as the ranges of desolate rock that overlook the country. They were loaded with fruit, which was dropping to the ground; and now that the olive harvest was come, the soil under the trees had been carefully levelled, and the peasants were shaking the boughs, picking up the olives, and carrying them away in panniers. Although so late in November, the sun was shining with a genial light, like that of our blandest October days. An hour or two before his setting, I saw where the proprietors had come out to superintend the tasks of the laborers, or to entertain their families and

friends with the spectacle of the olive harvest. Amidst groups of the peasantry, vigorously shaking the boughs and filling the panniers, chairs were placed, where, under the shelter of some broad tree, sat ladies, while children sported and shouted around them, or gave their help to the workpeople. At a later hour, as the air grew chilly, we saw several of these parties returning to their houses.

LETTER XVII.

MURCIA—CARTAGENA—ALMERIA.

MALAGA, *December 2d*, 1857.

IT was nightfall when our conveyance reached Murcia. "Where will you stop?" asked the conductor; "at the Fonda Francesa, I suppose." He was right; and a boy was called to carry my travelling bag and show me the place. I was led through crooked and narrow ways, where in many places the water lay in plashes, to the dreary inn, the best in Murcia, situated in a gloomy street, where a French waiter, who had not been long enough in the country to speak Spanish, showed me a room, and seemed glad to meet with a guest who understood his own language. I had a letter for a gentleman in the Murcian capital, furnished me by a Spanish acquaintance in Madrid, and leaving my luggage at the inn, I made my guide conduct me to his house in the *Calle de Contrasta*. Unfortunately, the gentleman was not in, and I went back to the inn to write up my journal.

The mosquitos interrupted and shortened the sleep of that November night, and at an early hour I was walking about the city and peeping into the churches. The streets

of Murcia are narrow and irregular, and some of them have only a narrow strip of pavement on the sides for foot passengers, like those of Damascus. The houses that overlook them are often painted yellow or pink. Of the churches, I found only the cathedral worthy of much attention. It has a tower built after some modification of classic architecture, so lofty and massive that it deserves to be noble and beautiful, but it has neither beauty nor majesty; and the foundation having settled on one side, it leans awkwardly away from the main building. An old Gothic portal forms the northern entrance of the Cathedral, and if the building had been finished according to the original plan, it would have been an excellent sample of the severer Gothic; but as one century went by after another, the later builders, proceeding from east to west, ran into the Roman style, and spoiled the work. One of the chapels at the east end is finished in a very singular and striking manner; the walls are wrought into a net-work of interwoven rods and twigs, here receding to leave niches, and there growing into canopies, pedestals, and other architectural appendages—freakish, but exceedingly ingenious and graceful. The principal front of the Cathedral is in that over-ornamented style into which the Spanish architects, two hundred years ago or thereabout, corrupted the classic orders. It is stocked with an army of statues—the martyrs, saints and confessors of the church—all in violent action, all with fluttering drapery, gesticulating, brandishing crosiers and scrolls, or wielding ponderous volumes. If one could suppose them living, they might seem a host of madmen at the windows

and balconies of an insane asylum, ready to fling themselves at the heads of the spectators below; and yet, with all this, there is a certain florid magnificence about this part of the Cathedral which detains the attention.

As I was looking at this array of the church militant, I found myself the object of very close observation from the people in the great square, and to avoid it, entered the Cathedral. In returning to my inn I was stared at, I think, more remorselessly than I had been anywhere else in Europe, except perhaps in North Holland. People would pass me in the street at a quick pace, and then turn to get a good look. Yet the number of odd costumes in the city of Murcia appeared to me greater than I had seen in any other part of Spain. Not to speak of the hats of all shapes—the sugar loaf, the cylindrical beaver, the priests' enormous brim, the cocked hat of the Civil Guard, and the wide-awake, black or brown—not to mention caps of every form, from the velvet one of the *Majo* to the broad-topped cap of the Basque, and of every color of the rainbow—here were knee-breeches by the side of pantaloons; here were short, wide, white drawers; worn by men in crimson sashes and white shirts, unjacketed; here were legs cased in embroidered leathern gaiters, and other legs covered with white or blue woollen hose, reaching from the knee to the ankle, and showing the bare chocolate-colored foot above the sandal; here where some who, over their short, white drawers, wore another garment looped at the sides, and jauntily left half open; and here were men who, in the chill of the morning, wore shawls with broad

stripes of brilliant scarlet or crimson, alternating with black and white—a Moorish inheritance—the very *bornous* of the Arabs, which is to be found at this moment in the French shops, where it is exposed as the last ladies' fashion, just from Algiers. Yet, with all this diversity of garb, the slightest new peculiarity attracts attention. You see mustachios on every third man at least, but let one come among them whose beard is not of some well-known familiar cut, and the whole town is electrified with wonder.

I did not wait to see the gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, though, if I had, I should have seen Murcia to much better advantage, for the Spaniard is the most obliging of men when you have such an occasion for his attentions; but fearing that the steamer from Alicante might reach Cartagena before me, I determined to proceed. There was a *galera* going out to Cartagena at eleven o'clock that morning; there was a diligence which would set out at nine in the evening. I chose the humbler mode of conveyance, because I preferred to travel in the daytime, though the favorite practice in Spain, I know not why, is to begin a journey in the public conveyances at night.

In a covered wagon, without springs, drawn by three horses, twelve other passengers were packed with me, and we left Murcia by a very passable road which led us through a rich plain, planted with mulberry, fig, pomegranate, lentisk, orange and lemon trees, a few palms towering above them all. My fellow-passengers were mostly mechanics, laboring men and tradespeople, good-humored, obliging, and

disposed to make the best of every thing. One of them was a decided wag, and entertained the rest with his jokes. Two wore the wide white drawers of the country, which, as they sat, showed their bare brown knees; they had on crimson sashes, white knit leggings and hempen sandals. The younger of these was as handsome a youth, I think, as I ever saw—his features would have been a study for the sculptor; in Rome he might make his fortune by sitting as a model to the artists.

We rose gradually out of the plain, till, on looking back, the Cathedral of Murcia appeared of a mountainous size beside the city dwellings, and its lofty tower seemed higher than ever. Beyond the city, to the north, stood the solitary rock of Monte Agudo, crowned with its old Moorish castle, under the shadow of which I had passed the day before in approaching Murcia. Still continuing to ascend, we threaded a pass between arid hills, spotted all over with green tufts of a little palmetto, somewhat smaller than the dwarf palmetto of South Carolina and Florida, and then descended into a plain as bare and dreary as those of Castile, bounded by desolate mountains. The country, sinking gradually towards the ocean side, began to clothe itself with olive groves; we passed through them; entered an avenue of elms, in a fertile *huerta*, and Cartagena was before us, overlooked by half a dozen mountain fortresses, which command her spacious harbor on three sides. We drove through a long street between dingy houses, almost blue with decay, and were set down at the entrance of a large stable. I procured a guide to the Hotel

of the Four Nations, *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones*, kept by a Frenchman, in a narrow, dark lane, leading out of the main street, and here I got a lofty room lighted by one great window, where, for half the year at least, the sun never entered. I remembered my experience at Murcia, and asked for a mosquito net to my bed, but none was to be had, and that night the mosquitos came humming about me.

The hotel, while I was its guest, was more than what its name imported—it was an hotel of six nations. At the *mesa redonda*, or ordinary, were assembled, besides myself, an Italian and his wife, three or four Spaniards, a chattering and sometimes smutty Frenchman, two Germans, one silent and the other excessively loquacious, and two English commercial travellers, one modest and quiet and the other noisy and impertinent. It is generally agreed, I believe, that where there is an innate propensity to loud and conceited talking, the profession of commercial travellers develops it to its fullest extent. Two tiresome days and three tiresome nights I passed at Cartagena, wondering when the steamer from the north would arrive. I employed myself in writing this letter, and for recreation walked about the city and its neighborhood. It was not till the afternoon of the day following my arrival that I discovered what a remarkably fine promenade surrounds the city, along the ramparts, erected when Cartagena was a place of much greater consequence than now.

It commanded a noble view of sea, mountain and val-

ley. To the north of the city, a marsh, in which the mosquitos that tormented me the night before were bred, and in which pools of water were lying, formed an ugly spot; but beyond it, the ground rose gradually into a rich champagne country. As I looked seaward, I thought of the time when the prows of the Carthaginians first broke these blue waters; I thought how they must have admired this noble bay, which they afterwards made the seat of a great commerce, and what a wonder they must themselves have been to the barbarian natives. The palms which I saw at a distance were perhaps the posterity of those which the Carthaginian colonists introduced from Africa. I thought again of the time when the conquering galleys of the Romans sailed in between these rocky promontories, and compelled the colony to submit, and of that still later period when the Moors, coming over from Africa, seized upon it and made it one of their strongholds and their favorite haven, until at length it fell into the hands of the Christians, and gradually declined from its ancient importance.

Cartagena is built on the sides of four rocky hills, enclosed within the circuit of its walls. I climbed to a ruined castle on the top of one of them, where I found part of a Roman wall of hewn stone, wholly undecayed, in which is fixed a tablet bearing a Roman inscription, with letters as sharp and distinct as if freshly cut. Other portions of the castle are said by the antiquaries to be the work of Phœnician hands. Against the Roman wall, spacious vaults, built by the Moors, with the form of arch peculiar to them, still

remain; and thus the ruin is a monument of three great dominions, which have successively flourished and passed away.

Cartagena is a dull, dreary town, but it has its spacious amphitheatre for bull-fights. In its markets I found the fruits of the country excellent, abundant, and cheap; its large clusters of grapes still fresh, and its pomegranates of the finest flavor and the amplest size. I was complimented, as I walked the streets, with the special notice of the inhabitants—sometimes rather amusingly manifested. A boy who had seen me approaching at some distance, got together his companions to look at me, and as I passed them, said in a voice which was not intended for my ear—*parece loco*—"he seems to be a crazy man."

You may imagine that I was well pleased, when, on the third morning, the *mozo* came to my room to announce that a steamer had arrived from the north, the *Tharsis*, which is French or Spanish, or both, for Tarshish, the Land of Gold. A short time afterwards appeared our courier with the news that my family were on board the Tharsis, and expecting me. I was not slow to leave my gloomy lodgings, but I had first to get the leave of the police to go on board the steamer as a passenger. The police officer, as he was about to countersign my passport, expressed his surprise at my surname, which he said was the same with that of a brigadier-general commanding at Cartagena, and he wrote out the name to show that it was composed of precisely the same letters. At last I was permitted to go on board the steamer, which,

about sunset, stood out of the bay, and early the next morning dropped anchor in the roadstead of Almeria.

Almeria has left a distinct image in my memory. I see yet its range of bare, white mountain ridges, looking as if calcined by an intense fire, herbless, treeless, reflecting the sun with a glare painful to the eye, and smoking with furnaces in which the lead ore drawn from their bowels is smelted. I see yet its white houses and fortresses at the foot of this range, and eastward of these, towards the sea, its cultivated plain, a sort of *huerta* overtopped by a few palms. The wind blew fresh all day, while our cargo was discharged and lumps of lead were brought to us in boat-loads from the shore. Our steamer rolled incessantly from side to side, which made the loading slow and laborious, and several of our Spanish passengers were so sickened by this motion that they left us. Among them was one who came on board at Alicante, taking passage for Malaga, and who now resolved to perform the rest of the journey by land. This peculiar liability to sea-sickness, I hear, is a general infirmity of the Spaniards, and from what has come under my observation, I should judge that the remark is true. In a mixed company of passengers, the natives of Spain seemed to suffer most.

We left Almeria a little before sunset, and keeping under the shelter of the shore, with a west wind, we got on pretty smoothly; but when we turned a cape and took a westerly course, the wind came sweeping down the Straits of Gibraltar, and tumbled against us billows that, for aught I

know, were formed in the Atlantic. Our steamer was a propeller, and easily affected by the motion of the sea. It was a great relief to find ourselves, towards morning, in smoother water; and when the sun rose upon us, it was the genial and golden sun of Malaga.

LETTER XVIII.

MALAGA.

ORAN, Algeria, *December* 17, 1857.

IT was a beautiful morning on which we landed from the steamer Tharsis, at Malaga. The red hills which rise back of the city, and the great Cathedral and the close huddled roofs around it, were lying in a golden sunshine, and the waters of the harbor were swept by airs as mild as those of our June. Nothing could be more bland or more grateful than the welcome which the climate of Malaga gave us—a promise of soft and serene weather, which was kept up to the time of our departure.

They have a way of making strangers who land at Malaga pay an exorbitant tax on their luggage; a fixed rate is exacted for every separate package, great or small, taken from the steamer to the wharf; another for its conveyance to the custom-house, and a certain tribute on every thing brought into the custom-house; and a separate charge on every object conveyed from the custom-house to the hotel. I heard of an American gentleman who, in this way, by some ingenious construction of the regulations in force, was made to pay twenty dollars; and then the rogue who had practised this

imposition, told him that if he would do him the honor of employing him when he should leave the port, he would put his baggage on board of any steamer for a fifth part of the money.

In the *Fonda de la Alameda*, one of the best hotels in Spain, we took rooms looking upon the principal public walk of the city—a broad space, planted with rows of trees, mostly elms, which had not yet, on the first of December, parted with their leaves. The sun shone pleasantly into our windows for nearly the whole day, and we felt no need of artificial warmth. The fine weather tempted us out to look at the town, which resembles others in the south of Spain in the narrowness and crookedness of its streets; the same labyrinth of ways, no doubt, which was trodden by the inhabitants ages since, when they wore turbans. It is proverbially said in Malaga, that a priest cannot turn round in them without knocking off his hat. Many of them have a short stone pillar placed at each end in the middle of the passage, to prevent carriages from attempting to enter. The little dark shops on each side are scarcely larger than the narrow and shallow recesses in which the traders of Cairo and other towns in the East sit squatted among their merchandise; but the dwelling-houses, when the open street doors allowed us a peep at the courts within, had a pleasanter aspect. Here was an open square paved with black and white pebbles, in a sort of mosaic, representing foliage and flowers, and surrounded by a gallery resting on light stone columns with round arches. In the midst, generally, flowed a little fountain, and the place

was made cheerful by orange trees and other ornamental evergreens, or by pots of flowers. Our walk took us by two or three fruit markets, in which lay piles of oranges on mats, with lemons scarcely turned yellow, and baskets of pomegranates and medlars, but no grapes. "At this season you must not look for fresh grapes in Malaga," said one to whom I expressed my surprise; "however abundant they may be in Cartagena or Alicante. The wines we send abroad bear so high a price at the present time, that all our grapes go to the wine-press, and after the vintage there is not one to be seen."

One of the earliest walks I took in Malaga conducted me to the Protestant burial-ground, in which lie several of our countrymen. The first grant of a piece of land for this purpose was made by the Spanish government to the late Mr. Mark, the British consul, who obtained it after long and persevering solicitation. Before this, the bodies of those who died at Malaga without professing the faith of the Latin Church, were buried on the sea-beach at low water mark. The funeral procession bore the bier to where the last receding wave left bare the bottom of the deep: a hasty grave was scooped in the wet sands, and the coffin laid in a spot over which the waters would immediately return, and over which no monument could be erected. The soil of Spain, it was held, should not be profaned by the carcasses of heretics, and they were therefore given to the ocean. It was with a good deal of difficulty that Mr. Mark effected a purchase which assured him and his Protestant brethren, that when they died

they should not have a more contemptuous burial than was allowed to asses and dogs. He now sleeps in the spot which he vindicated for his own last rest and theirs, and a stately monument is erected to the worthy man's memory.

It is said that after this cemetery was opened, and the bodies of Protestants allowed a last resting-place in Spanish earth, the funerals could not for some time take place without hootings and cries of derision from the populace, and that fears were sometimes entertained lest the funeral services should be riotously interrupted. At present there is nothing of all this, and the Protestant is as welcome to the hospitality of a quiet grave as his Catholic brother.

The burial-place lies on the side of a mount, rising from the sea to the citadel of Malaga, formerly a stronghold of the Moors, and surrendered by them to the conquering arms of Isabella the Catholic. The rains which fall on this declivity, ragged with scattered groups of the prickly pear, flow naturally into a ravine, which passes by the cemetery, and here they are gathered into a reservoir, from which, in the dry season, they are distributed to the plants growing among the graves. We entered the enclosure by a massive portal, just erected, before which scowled two lions in freestone, and behind which stood a porter's lodge, and went up to the monuments through two rows of geraniums, of the most luxuriant growth and spotted with flowers. "You should see them in January," said the friend who accompanied me, "when they are in a flush of bloom." The walks within were bordered with beautiful tropical plants, which,

in this genial atmosphere, seemed not to miss their native climate. The tree called *flores de pascua*, or paschal flower, held forth its clusters of yellow blossoms, around which broad circles of its leaves had parted with their natural green color and took that of blood; the pepper tree, as it is called, drooped its sheaves of delicate, fresh green leaves over the graves, shivering in the slightest breath of wind; nor were rows of cypresses wanting. Among the monuments were those of several of my countrymen; two of them from New York, Lieutenant Coddington and young Mr. Clerke, a son of Judge Clerke. Several graves had the space over them formed into the shape of a coffin, in a kind of shell-work imbedded in cement. At the foot of the declivity occupied by the burial-place, the ocean glimmered and flung his billows against the shore with an angry noise, as if he chafed at being deprived of the dues paid him for so many years—the corpses of the heretics, which used to be buried in the sands of his bed with the bones of sharks and sea-lions.

The original burial-ground has been greatly enlarged by the present Mr. Mark, the son and successor in office of him by whom it was first projected. To him are owing the various embellishments of which I have spoken, and others which I have not mentioned. At present, Americans are allowed a place in it by courtesy and sufferance, and it seems to me that it would be well if our government would, by a small appropriation, secure to its citizens, in perpetuity, the right of sepulture within its limits; which, I am told, might be done.

It was some days after this, that I went with the American Consul, Mr. J. Somers Smith, from whom and whose family we received many kindnesses during our stay in Malaga, to visit the city cemetery. A pleasant winding road conducted us to it from the city gates, between rows of olive trees, and little orange and lemon groves. I was surprised at the splendor of the monuments, as compared with those of the cemeteries of Madrid. The lords of commerce, in Malaga, sleep in far more sumptuous sepulchres than the Castilian nobility. Over the space enclosed by the thick walls of the cemetery are scattered tombs in the form of chapels, urns or massive pedestals, marble statues on columns of costly workmanship, and elaborate sculptures in relief. The walks, at the time I was there, were bordered with roses and other choice plants, in bloom, carefully tended.

As we stood in the centre of the grounds, admiring the prospect it showed us, the beautiful undulations of the surrounding country—its airy eminences and sunny nooks, and the great ocean to the south—the American Consul remarked that this would be a most desirable region for country residences, if the neighborhood were but safe. "We live within the city walls," he continued, "for the sake of security. If we have country seats, they are always in danger of the visits of robbers."

This is, in fact, the cause which prevents those who enrich themselves by the growing commerce of Malaga, and who build for their families these stately sepulchres among roses and geraniums, from covering the heights around the

city with beautiful country seats. The mildness of the winter climate allows the cultivation of almost any tropical plant to which one may take a fancy; indeed, the winter is the season of bloom and verdure. They might embower their dwellings with the palm and the orange, and twenty other beautiful trees, which require a climate where the frost never falls, and the vapors of the air never curdle into snow.

"It was but a little while since," said a resident of Malaga to me, "that we were really afraid to go into the country, except to travel on the great roads which are watched by the civil guard. At that time there was a bandit who, with a few accomplices, haunted the region back of the city, and used to waylay and carry off such persons as he thought likely to bring a large ransom. A poor devil was, of course, not worth the catching, but a rich man or a rich man's son was a prize which was sure to reward his trouble. He would send word to the family of his captive, that on an appointed day he must have a certain sum of money, or a forefinger of their friend would be sent them; or perhaps a harsher message came, that his head would be laid at their door. At last he was shot—it was three or four weeks ago—and his body was brought into town; I saw it; it was that of a man of middle size, but of great apparent hardihood and vigor. The wounds by which he died were given in such a manner, that he must have been shot while asleep. He had been a smuggler in his day; had been detected and imprisoned, and on getting his liberty, betook

himself to the profession of a robber. Since his death I have ventured into the country on a party of pleasure."

Some further particulars of this man's warfare upon society, I heard before I left Malaga. Not long before he was killed, he captured a boy just without the city gates, and caused his father to be informed that if within a certain time eleven thousand dollars were not deposited at a place named in the message, the boy's ears would be sent him. The money was deposited, and the boy restored to his family. He related that he was well cared for, and kindly treated; that he was taken blindfold from one place to another, among the solitary recesses of the mountains, and that only when they reached one of their lurking places, the robbers removed the bandage from his eyes. The name of the bandit whose story I have related—I believe I have it right—was Manuel Diaz; the family name Diaz is very common in Spain, and figures in the history of the wars with the Moors. When I heard these accounts of the Andalusian bandit, I could not help thinking of what I had heard and seen in the East, nearly five years ago—of the dreaded robber of Lebanon, who infested the neighborhood of Beyrout, and was brought into the city a prisoner, while I was there; and of the fear which the inhabitants of Smyrna had of the outlaws in its environs, who held the city in a state of siege on the land side, so that no man of substance could venture to occupy his country place in one of the villages pleasantly seated on the declivities of the mountains.

At Malaga they make with great cleverness little images

of baked earth, representing the different costumes seen in the south of Spain. The artist who at present enjoys the greatest reputation is José Cubero, though I believe he has his rivals. In his collection you see the *majo* and the *maja*, the Andalusian dandy and his mate; gipsey men and women; peasants of both sexes, on foot or on donkeys; young people dancing in holiday dresses, hidalgos on horseback wrapped in their ample cloaks; priests in their enormous hats; bandits of the mountains; soldiers; members of the civil guard, with their carbines, and I know not how many more. After the figures have been subjected to a strong heat, they come out of the oven with a clean, sharp outline and of a soft cream color; a workman then takes them, and with a pencil paints the hair, tints the eyes and face, stains the gaiters, tracing them with embroidery, and gives every part of the dress its proper hue. The spirit with which these little figures and groups are designed, and the skill and ingenuity with which they are executed, show a capacity for the plastic art which only needs due encouragement to raise it to something more noble.

LETTER XIX.

GRENADA—THE ALHAMBRA.

ORAN, Algeria, *December* 17, 1857.

WHILE at Malaga we went to pass a few days among the remains of Moorish splendor in the city of Grenada. A diligence goes out from Malaga on its way to that place at nine o'clock every night, in which we took places, accompanied by two persons of the family of the American consul, to whom we were indebted for much of the pleasure and interest of the journey. I have already said that the Spaniards like to begin their journeys in the night. A diligence was not long since established which set out for Grenada in the morning, but this departure from old usages met with little favor, and was soon given up.

I shall long remember the journey of that night. It was a soft mild evening, and the moon flooded the whole region with brightness. Our vehicle climbed the mountains north of Malaga, steep beyond steep, while the lights of the city and its harbor were seen for a long time gleaming up from the edge of the ocean far below us. Half way up we passed the

Queen's Fountain, *Fuente de la Reyna*, where Isabella the Catholic is said, in one of her triumphant passages through the south of Spain, to have stopped and quenched her thirst. It pours out its waters into a marble basin, murmuring now in the silence of night as it murmured four hundred years ago. Along the road grew a row of evergreen oaks, flinging their dark shadows into the path; below us lay ravines and gulfs, which deepened into indistinguishable darkness; around us stood bold headlands in the white moonlight; a solitary region, tilled but not inhabited; a vast tract covered with vines; vineyard beyond vineyard farther than the sight can reach, where a fierce sunshine beating upon the red soil exalts the juices of the fruit, and whence the vaults of a thousand wine merchants have been filled for century after century.

The village of Colmenar came in sight. "Here," said one of our companions, "live the smugglers of the coast, and here the robbers I told you of have their confederates, and are sometimes harbored." The diligence now descended into a valley, the moonlight faded in thickening clouds, and a little before sunrise we stopped at the town of Loja for our morning cup of chocolate. Loja is known as the birthplace of Narvaez, the late prime minister of Spain, who has acquired an infamous notoriety as author of the law against the liberty of the press. In leaving the place, a turn in the road gave us an opportunity of observing its beautiful situation, on the side of a hill covered with olive groves and other fruit trees, and sloping down to rich meadows, through which

wound a stream, the Genil of Grenada, bordered with an ample fringe of unpruned forest trees, nearly all in leaf, though it was now the fourth of December. We had so long been accustomed to seeing forest trees lopped and trimmed, that we gazed with delight on these unmutilated groves, sending forth their boughs in their native freedom, and wondered at their beauty. Out of this valley we passed into a dreary region of pasturage, where shepherds were tending their flocks of long-woolled sheep, mostly black, and then we descended upon the Vega of Grenada, a vast and rich plain studded with villages. At Santa Fé, where we stopped to change our horses, several miles south of Grenada, a mob of boys came about us, some of them quite comfortably clad, who clamored for alms, and several of whom, keeping pace with our vehicle, ran beside it for more than half the way to Grenada.

At length Grenada lay before our eyes, on a hill-side, with her ancient towers rising over her roofs and her woods, and towering far above all gleamed the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, in which her rivers have their source. We drove into the city through a wretched suburb, and were instantly surrounded by a mob of young beggars, who trotted and shouted beside the diligence, while the people gazed and grinned at us from the doors and windows. Every city in Spain has its particular custom-house, and our baggage had, of course, to undergo an inspection, after which we had it sent to the *Fonda de Minerva*, on the Darro, a tolerable hotel, but miserably sunless and chilly at this season of the

year. After having dined in an uncomfortably airy saloon, we went out into the pleasant evening sunshine and walked upon the Alameda, planted with majestic elms that overhang a broad space with their long spreading branches, and form one of the finest public walks in all Spain. The extent and beauty of its public walks is one of the most remarkable characteristics of Grenada. They surround the hill on which stands the Alhambra, and intersect its thick woods; they accompany the Genil a considerable way on its course; they follow the stream of the Darro; they border the town at its different extremites and issues.

I am not about to describe Grenada. After what Irving has written of it, I should as soon think of attempting a poem on the wrath of Achilles in competition with Homer. Let me say of it, however, that its site is as beautiful and striking as its antiquities. There is but one Alhambra; there is but one Grenada. Could it have been the taste of the Moorish sovereigns; could it have been their sense of the beauty of nature, which led them to fix their residence in a spot presenting such glorious combinations of mountain and valley, forest and stream; a spot where you hear on all sides the sound of falling waters and the murmur of rivers; where the hill-sides and water-courses clothe themselves with dense woods; where majestic mountains stand in sight, capped with snow; while at their foot, stretching away from the town, lies one of the fairest and most fertile valleys that the sun ever shone upon? However this may be, the place was the fitting seat of a great and splendid dominion.

If in any respect the Alhambra did not correspond with the idea I had previously formed of it, it was in the minuteness of its ornamentation. I did not expect that the figures into which the surface of its walls is wrought, and which yet, in most places, preserve the sharp outline of a stereotype plate, would prove to be no larger than some engravings in which they are represented. Yet this very minuteness, I must admit, harmonizes perfectly with the general character of the architecture, which is that of the utmost lightness and delicacy possible in buildings of stone. The architecture of the Alhambra is that of the harem; it is the architecture of a race who delighted in voluptuous ease, who wrapped themselves in soft apparel, and lolled upon divans. The Alhambra was the summer palace of the Moorish monarchs—a place of luxurious retreat from the relaxing heats of the season—a place of shade and running waters, courting the entrance of the winds under its arches and between its slender pillars, yet spreading a screen against the sunshine. To this end the stones of the quarry were shaped into a bower, with columns as light as the stems of the orange trees planted in its courts, and walls incrusted with scroll-work and foliage as delicate as the leaves of the myrtle growing by its fountains. Yet, the most remarkable parts of the Alhambra are those lofty rooms with circular vaults from which hang innumerable little points like icicles, with rounded recesses between them. These are as strangely beautiful as a dream, and translate into a visible reality the poetic idea of a sparry cavern formed by genii in the chambers of the rock.

I was glad to see workmen employed in restoring the defaced parts of this palace. The work goes on sluggishly, it is true, but it is a comfort to perceive that the ingenuity of man renews faster than time destroys. I was still more pleased to learn that the clumsy additions with which the Spanish monarchs disfigured the beautiful work of the Moors are to be taken down. On the original flat roofs they built another story, on the sides of which they ostentatiously displayed the arms of Castile, by way of publishing their own bad taste, and this superstructure they covered with a pointed roof of heavy tiles.

"All that," said the keeper of the place, when I expressed my disgust at its deformity, "is to come down; every thing that you see above the Moorish cornice; and the building is to be left as it was at first."

Besides miserably spoiling the general effect, these roofs load the columns below with too great a weight. An earthquake which happened two or three years since made them reel under their burden; it moved several of them from their upright position, and rendered it necessary to prop others with a framework of wooden posts and braces. When the barbarian additions made by the Spaniards shall be removed, it will be easy, I suppose, to restore the columns to their upright state, and the wooden supports will become unnecessary. At some future time we may hope that the visitor will see this palace, if not in its original splendor, yet cleared at least of what now prevents him from perceiving much of its original beauty and grace.

I was told that visitors are no longer allowed admission to the garden under the walls of the citadel, called the Garden of the Moorish Kings; but a letter to the Governor of the Alhambra, with which I had been furnished at Madrid, opened it to our party. Here an enormous vine, said to be of the time of the Moors, twists its half-decayed trunk around a stone pillar. It looks old enough, certainly, to have yielded its clusters to Arab hands, and perhaps will yet yield them to their descendants, when, in the next century, the Arab race, imbued with the civilization of Western Europe, and becoming fond of travel and curious in matters of antiquity, shall visit hospitable Spain to contemplate the vestiges of power and splendor left in that land by their fathers. Two lofty cypresses, planted by the Moors on this part of the hill of the Alhambra, yet stand in their full vigor and freshness —a sight scarcely less interesting than the Alhambra itself. These trees have survived wars and sieges, droughts and earthquakes, and flourish in perpetual greenness, while generations, and dynasties, and empires have passed away, and while even the massive fortresses built by those who planted them are beginning to crumble. Thus they may outlast not only empires, but the monuments of empires.

A general letter of introduction from Archbishop Hughes, of New York, obtained for us access to the relics of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral, and to the vaults below, in which their remains are laid. The mausoleum of these sovereigns before the altar is one of the most superb things of its kind in the world; their colos-

sal effigies lie crowned and sceptred in their robes of state, and on the sides of their marble couch is sculptured the story of their conquests. I was amused by an odd fancy of one of our companions: "Do you perceive," said he, "that the head of Ferdinand makes scarcely any impression on his pillow, while the head of Isabella sinks deep into hers? The artist no doubt intended to signify that the Queen's head was much better furnished than that of her consort."

An ecclesiastic sent to accompany us, by the Archbishop of Grenada, called to an attendant, who brought a light, and removing a carpet on the floor between the mausoleum and the altar, pulled up a trap-door, below which, leading down to a vault, was a flight of steps. We descended, and here we were introduced to the coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, immediately under the monument which we had just been admiring. They are large, shapeless leaden boxes, in which the bodies of the royal pair were enclosed at their death, and deposited near to the spot where the priests chant their litanies and offer the sacrifice. The contrast between the outside of this sepulchre and what we now saw, was striking; above, in the beautiful chapel, every thing was pompous and splendid, but here lay the dead within a bare dungeon of hewn stone, in dust, darkness and silence. When we again ascended to the chapel, the ecclesiastic caused the crown and sceptre of Isabella, and the sword of Ferdinand, to be brought forth and shown us, along with one or two other relics, among which was a *dalmatico*, or ecclesiastical mantle, heavily

embroidered with thread of gold by the pious hands of Isabella, to be worn by the priests in the ceremonies of the church. The crown, I must say, appeared to me to be rather a rude bauble of its kind, but it had been worn by a great sovereign.

We could not help regretting, every moment of our stay at Grenada, that we had not visited it earlier in the season; for now the air, after the first day, was keen and sharp, and the braziers brought into our room were quite insufficient to remove the perpetual comfortless feeling of chilliness. Still more fortunate should we have been if we could have visited Grenada in the spring. That is the time to see Grenada, and not to see it merely, but to enjoy it with the other senses —to inhale the fragrance of its blossomed orange trees, and of other flowers just opened; to hear the music of the nightingales, with which its woods are populous; to listen at open windows to the murmur of its mountains and streams, and to feel the soft winds that blow over its luxuriant Vega, and all this in the midst of scenes associated with a thousand romantic memories.

As a town, Grenada forms a perfect contrast with the beauty that surrounds it; it is ugly; the houses for the most part mean, and the streets narrow, winding, and gloomy, in some places without a pavement, and generally, owing to certain habits of the people, nasty. There is a group of beggars for every sunny corner, at this season, and I suppose for every shady one in summer. The people of the place are said to have the general character of the Andalusians; that

is to say, to be fond of pleasure, mirth, and holidays, and averse to labor; improvident, lively, eloquent, given to exaggeration, and acutely sensible to external impressions. Every afternoon during our stay, a swarm of well-dressed people gathered upon the public walk on the other side of the Darro, before our windows, where we saw them slowly pacing the ground, and then turning to pace it over again. A few seated themselves occasionally on the stone benches, in spite of the keen air, which they bore bravely. I had a letter to a gentleman, a native of Grenada, an intelligent man, who, under one of the previous administrations, had held a judicial post in Valencia. At his first visit, I spoke of calling to pay my respects to him at his house. "Why give yourself that trouble?" he asked; "I will come to see you every evening." And come he did, with the most exact punctuality, and informed me of many things which I desired to know, and manifested much more curiosity in regard to the institutions and condition of our country than is usual among Spaniards.

In looking across from the Alhambra to the Albaicin, which is the old Moorish part of the town, we saw the hillside above the houses hollowed into caverns. "There live the gipseys," said our guide; "they burrow in the earth like rabbits, and live swinishly enough together; but in some respects they set a good example; the women are faithful to their marriage vow, and the gipsey race is kept unmingled." A practised eye easily discerns the gipsey, not merely by the darker complexion and by the silken hair of the women, but

by the peculiar cast of countenance, which is more than I have been able to do. "There," said our guide one day, pointing to a man who stood by himself in the street, "there is the captain of the gipseys." For my part, I could not have distinguished him from the common race of Andalusians. He was a small, thin man, of sallow complexion, wearing the *majo* dress—a colored handkerchief tied round his head, and over that a black cap; a short, black jacket, an embroidered waistcoat, a bright crimson sash wrapped tightly round his waist, black knee-breeches, and embroidered leathern gaiters.

The women of Grenada appeared to me uncommonly handsome, and this beauty I often saw in persons of the humblest condition, employed in the rudest labors. The mixture of races has had a favorable effect in raising the standard of female beauty—casting the features in a more symmetrical mould, and giving them a more prepossessing expression. I had frequent occasion to make this remark since I left the province of New Castile. The physiognomy changes, as you pass to the softer climate of the country lying on the sea-coast, where the blending of the different branches of the Caucasian stock has been most miscellaneous and most complete.

On the eighth of December, at ten o'clock in the evening, we took passage in the diligence from Grenada to Malaga, and passing through the extensive olive groves of Loja, in the early dawn of the next morning, we came, about sunrise, to where the road winds with a steep ascent up

among bare, bleak mountains. I got out to walk, and was joined by a passenger from another compartment of the diligence. He was a Castilian, who had lived thirty years in Grenada, engaged in trade, and, as I inferred, successfully. "Grenada," he said, "is declining, but it is the fault of the inhabitants. These Andalusians like only to be amused, and there is no contempt like the contempt they have for money. All that they earn they must get rid of; a workman who has a dollar in his pocket will do nothing till it is fooled away. It is therefore that the Grenadans are poor, and their city in decay."

"But what will you say of Malaga?" I asked. "Malaga, you must admit, is thriving."

"It is the Castilians," he replied, "who have made it the prosperous city it is. It was a poor place enough till the Castilian merchants saw the advantages of its situation and settled there." And then he went on to enumerate the eminent Castilian merchants who had built up, as he said, the prosperity of Malaga, until the diligence, overtaking us on a piece of level road, put an end to his eulogy of Castilian enterprise, by an intimation that it was time to take his seat within.

At Colmenar, where we stopped to breakfast, the beggars came about us in such numbers that we could with difficulty get in and out of the carriage, and were obliged to poke them out of our way. Here a passenger joined us, who spoke of the distemper which of late years destroys the grape. This year, he said, the fruit had suffered more from

the mildew than in any previous season; and if no remedy was found, the culture of the vine must be abandoned. I looked round on the almost boundless mountain side, planted with low vines almost trailing on the earth, and thought what a change would occur in the pursuits of the people when these should be uprooted. "That vineyard," pursued he, pointing to a field by the wayside, "is mine; in good years it has yielded twelve hundred arrobas of wine; last year I had but a hundred. It is true, I am in part compensated by the higher price; for the same quantity of must, that formerly brought me three reals, now brings me twenty-four. You see, however, that on the whole, I lose seriously."

We were now descending the mountains towards Malaga, and began to be sensible of its more genial climate. A bright sunshine lay on the red hills, and though the wind blew with great strength, there was in it no harshness or chilliness. We reached Malaga, submitted to an examination of the shirts, night-gowns and slippers we carried with us, and were allowed to take them to an hotel.

Our visit to Malaga was ended. Cadiz and Seville, and the rock of Gibraltar, we had not seen, as we had hoped to do, including a possible excursion to Cordova; but travelling in Spain, even by passing in steamers from port to port on the coast, is slow, and we found that if we proceeded further, it would take more time than we could spare from our intended visit to Italy. A steamer from Rouen, bound to Marseilles by way of Oran and Algiers, made its appearance

at Malaga. After some comparison of the advantages of coming this way instead of proceeding to Marseilles by any of the lines which touch at Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona, we decided in favor of the African route, and took passage in the steamer *Normandie*, which brought us hither.

LETTER XX.

A VOYAGE TO THE AFRICAN COAST—ORAN.

ALGIERS, *December* 20, 1857.

IT was a beautiful evening when we went on board of the steamer Normandie, anchored in the port of Malaga; the sea as smooth as a mirror, and the sky in the west flushed with an amber light, which gave its own tinge to every object lying below it. It was not without regret that we found ourselves about to leave the agreeable climate of Malaga, without the hope of finding any thing like it in the countries to which we were going. "This is our winter weather," the residents of the place would say to us, when we spoke of the serenity and genial softness of the season. In fact, winter in Malaga has nothing of that dreary dampness or of those keen winds which make so many days unpleasant in other parts of the south of Europe. From the bleak north wind it is shielded by mountains; and it welcomes rather than dreads the sirocco or south wind. In Africa the hot and dry breath of the sirocco parches the soil and withers its vegetation; in passing over to Italy it loads itself with all the vapors of the Mediterranean; it drenches Naples with rain and involves

Leghorn in clouds; but on Malaga it blows genially, bringing in gentle showers. There is just enough of sea between the Spanish coast and Africa to take off its fatal dryness, and to make it a temperate sea wind, instead of the burning wind of the desert. "In fact, we have hardly cold enough in winter," said a gentleman who had lived at Malaga for several years, "to brace us for the heats of summer; and one of the maladies of the country, occasioned by this softness of the climate, is an enlargement of the blood-vessels of the skin—the appearance of varicose veins on the limbs, which often make it necessary to wear an elastic bandage or stocking." I have no doubt, for my part, that the winter climate in Malaga is one of the most equable in every respect, and most friendly to the health of invalids, in the world.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we went on board of the steamer Normandie, which had the reputation of being an excellent sea-boat, commanded by an obliging and experienced captain; but it was not till a little past nine that we raised anchor and ploughed our way out of the port. At eleven o'clock the sky was bright with stars, and the ocean sleeping in a perfect calm, and I had betaken myself to my berth for the night, when a shock was felt which jarred the vessel from stem to stern, followed by a hurried trampling of feet on the deck above me, a stormy rattling of ropes, and loud shouts. Of course everybody was immediately on deck, and it was found that by some gross stupidity, on one side or the other, we had struck a steamer coming into port, amidships, opening a breach in her side which let in the sea,

and caused her to settle fearfully in the water. The first inquiry was, whether we were going down; the next, what had become of the steamer we had struck. The Normandie had sustained no serious injury, and boats were instantly lowered to go to the help of the other steamer; but after the search of an hour or two they returned, not having been able to find her. A violent east wind arose soon after midnight, which tumbled us about most uncomfortably; and the Normandie was kept passing backwards and forwards near the spot where the collision took place, until day broke, when we stood for the port. As we entered, there lay the vessel we had struck, aground, with her prow in the air and her stern in the water. Immediately after the accident, her commander caused the pumps to be worked by the engine, in order to keep her afloat, and made all speed for the port, where he ran her ashore. Lighters were now at work taking out her cargo. She proved to be a Dutch steamer, bound from Marseilles to Rotterdam.

This accident obliged us to remain two days longer at Malaga, which we only regretted as it was so much to be deducted from our contemplated visit to Italy; but these days were to be passed in a finer climate than Italy can boast. On the evening of the 15th of December we were again summoned on board, but we did not go out of the harbor till the next morning. While we were waiting our departure, I happened to stand near a slatternly woman, who had established herself with a brood of children on a part of the deck among carpets and shawls somewhat after the Oriental fashion. She

asked me in Spanish if I was going to Oran. "I am." Are you a Christian?" The question surprised me a little, but I answered, "Certainly; what are you?" "I am an Israelite." "Born in Oran?" I inquired. "No, I was born in Tangier." "And do the Jews in Tangier and Oran speak Spanish?" "Certainly; they all speak Spanish."

What she said of Tangier and Oran is true of the Jews of all the coast of Northern Africa. When the Hebrew race were so cruelly expelled from Spain, they carried with them, wherever they went in considerable numbers, the language of that country, as spoken and written in their day, and they preserve it yet as their household speech. The Jews of Morocco read the Hebrew scriptures in old Spanish; and I remember to have seen a copy of a folio edition of this translation, printed in Amsterdam for their use. The Jews in Cairo speak Spanish; in the Jews' quarter at Smyrna you will hear the children prattling Spanish; the Jews in Constantinople speak the same language, and an intelligent Greek once told me that Spanish is the language of the Jews of Thessalonica, in Macedonia—so widely did the exile and dispersion of the Spanish Jews diffuse the language of Castile.

As we stood out from Malaga to the southeast, the mountainous coast of Spain, which we were leaving, seemed to rise higher the farther we receded from it. The bare, steep ridges, cloven with hollows deepening from the summit downward, seemed to bathe their feet in the sea, and lost not their dark red hue in the distance. At their base along the shore was seen here and there a town or village, but the buildings on

their sides were few, and, I was told, were only those containing the wine presses, to which the grapes are brought in the time of the vintage. We could now understand how, in that extensive region of ravines and precipices, far from the habitations of men, robbers could lurk and elude pursuit.

Next morning we found ourselves gliding along on a smooth sea, opposite to the African coast; a coast of dark mountain ranges, projecting in capes; the shores of Algeria stretching along our right, and behind us. To the west, rose dimly the heights of Fez. We were now in waters still haunted by pirates. It is generally imagined, I believe, that, since the conquest of Algiers, the inhabitants of the Barbary coast have ceased to plunder the commerce which passes through the Straits of Gibraltar; but this is a mistake. All along that part of the Mediterranean, where the coast recedes between Ceuta on the west and the Habibas Islands to the east, they levy their old tribute on the vessels of Christendom, though in a somewhat different manner. They have their lurking-places among the tall reeds of the shore; and when they descry a vessel becalmed, they put forth in their boats, armed to the teeth, and climbing on board, take what they find worth carrying away. They are a little careful of shedding blood, except in cases of resistance; and carry off no prisoners, contenting themselves with simple pillage. Some attempts, I was told at Malaga, have been made to pursue and punish them, but without success. Their boats were not to be found; it is supposed they had contrived to hide them

in the sand, and the sea-robbers who navigated them were safe in their mountains and deserts.

I asked the commander of the Normandie if these robberies were frequent.

"Most certainly," he replied. "In calm weather these waters are unsafe for merchant vessels. It was only about eight months ago that a Bavarian prince, who was in his yacht, amusing himself in this part of the Mediterranean, was robbed by them. You must have seen the account in the newspapers. He did not yield with a good grace, and there was a little encounter, in which he was wounded by a ball in the arm."

We approached the Habibas Islands—dark rocks, rising out of the water, between us and the shore—we passed them, and steered south for the bay of Oran. As we drew near the coast, we were struck with the contrast it presented to the bare, herbless region we left the day before. Its rocky steeps were tinged and brightened with patches and stripes of verdure. About twelve o'clock we reached a landing in the bay at the distance of some five miles from the town of Oran, called by the Spaniards Marsalquivir—but the French write it, probably with more attention to its Arabic etymology, Merz el-Kebir. Here, on a precipice that rises over the landing, stands a fortress; and at its foot, a French settlement extends for some distance along the road to Oran. A mingled crowd of Franks and Orientals stood on the wharves, and among the latter I observed two or three whose flowing

garments of white and blue illustrated, very strikingly, the superior grace and dignity of the Oriental costume.

The moment we dropped anchor, our steamer was surrounded with boats manned by Arabs and Spaniards, who came to take us to land. A dozen Arabs sprang instantly on board, barelegged and barefooted, with smooth-shaven heads and little close red caps, leaping like so many African monkeys over the boxes and barrels on deck, accosting the passengers one after another in a sort of Arab-French, and seizing on the baggage of those who were about to go on shore. We made choice of a Spanish boatman, as one with whom it was most easy to communicate—a man of enormous breadth of back and shoulders, who took us in his boat to the shore. With him was one of his countrymen, a lively chattering fellow, who was a candidate for the job of taking us in his carriage to the town. I inquired of him how long he had been in Oran. "Eight years," he answered; "I emigrated in the time of the great drought." I had heard of this drought in Alicante; in a considerable part of that province and the adjacent region, there was no rain, they told me, for nine years. "The country," they said, "became almost a desert; the vegetation was utterly dried up; the inhabitants abandoned it; thousands of them went to Oran, on the African coast; and if you were now to go to Oran you might fancy yourself in a province of Spain." Here then, we were at Oran, and found this description true —the common people speaking a less provincial and more intelligible Spanish than those in the country we had just

left. I inquired what was the number of Spanish emigrants in the department of Oran. "There are twenty-eight thousand of them," I was answered, "mostly settled on the coast; the number of French is at most fourteen thousand."

We had with us, on landing, a few things which we brought on shore with the design of passing a night or two at Oran; these were carried into the Custom-house, where they were rigorously searched by a stupid fellow in uniform, who would scarcely be satisfied without unfolding every pocket-handkerchief, and turning every stocking inside-out. At length, it fully appearing that we were no smugglers, we were allowed to proceed. The road leading to Oran from the landing is a broad, hard, winding, parapeted highway, cut in the living rock which skirts the sea. One of the first cares of the French government has been to make macadamized roads along the coast, and from village to village, in a region where there had been no roads since the time of the Romans. We passed through the French neighborhood, where women were screeching at their children in the shrillest French, and military veterans in white mustaches were sitting before the doors. Half a mile beyond, we left, on our right, in a little recess of the mountains, the populous village of St. André, entirely peopled by Spanish emigrants. "That village," said our loquacious driver, "is only six years old." I was struck with the verdurous appearance of the shore along which we were passing. The crags that overhung the road sprouted with many different shrubs and herbs of the freshest green; here were beds of blue violets, patches of

young grass, white tufts of the sweet alyssum in the clefts of the rocks, and the face of the perpendicular precipices was often draped with pendant strings of a prostrate plant, having thick fleshy leaves, like the air-plant; a sight refreshing to eyes wearied with the glimmer of the sea.

We turned a projecting rock, and found ourselves at Oran, a city of forty thousand inhabitants, partly lying on the strand and rising up from the water through a ravine to the sides of the hills where stand its forts, old and new. Two lofty minarets overlook its dwellings, with the humbler towers of its two or three churches, and two broad, white, macadamized roads lead from the lower to the upper town. I shall long remember the sights that met our eyes on entering Oran; Arabs in their loose attire of dirty white, sitting in the sun, or walking by loaded donkeys; Zouaves strolling about in their Oriental garb of red and white turbans; soldiers in the ordinary French uniform, marching in companies; Jews in black caps or turbans, and black tunics, talking with Franks, and probably driving bargains; Spaniards in their ample cloaks, with one corner drawn over the mouth, to keep out their great dread, the *pulmonia;* masons and carpenters at work on buildings by the way-side; Franciscan monks in brown gowns; Dominican monks in white; Catholic priests in broad-brimmed Quaker hats, with long beards —for though they must be clean-shaved in Europe, they have permission to wear their beards in Algeria; French ladies in bonnets; French servant women in caps; Arab women toddling about, wrapped in white woollen from head to foot,

with but one eye uncovered; other Arab women in calico gowns and coarse crimson shawls on their heads, drawn over the lower part of the face; horsemen reining spirited steeds of Barbary—sometimes a French officer, sometimes a brown Arab, the better rider of the two, and proud of his horsemanship; camels with their drivers resting at an angle of the way; little drays drawn by a single horse or mule, briskly trotting along with an Arab driver; files of mules dragging loaded wagons, and tinkling their little bells, and rattling Droshkas rapidly driven past all these, on their way to the landing or some neighboring villages. Through this miscellaneous crowd we made our way up the hill, and alighted at the *Hotel de France*, where we found rooms looking upon a great public square, in which figures like those we had just seen were constantly passing to and fro, as in a phantasmagoria.

This letter is already so long, that it will not be possible for me to include in it all I have to say of my visit to Algeria; I therefore stop here for the present. Several of my letters from America congratulate me on having wandered beyond the limits of the commercial panic, which has so convulsed our own country. This may be true of Algeria, in which I now write, but it was not quite true of Spain. I had occasion, while at Malaga, to negotiate a draft on my banker at Paris; and being told that there would be no difficulty in doing it, I deferred taking any step in the matter till my return from Grenada. But the panic made its appearance in Malaga during my absence, like the sudden

breaking-out of an epidemic. News of the great failures in Hamburg had been received, and several houses which were powerful and prosperous on Monday evening were bankrupt on Tuesday morning. Money seemed to have disappeared in the course of a night; to hear people talk, one would have supposed that there were not five hundred dollars in all Malaga. So I reduced my draft to half the sum I thought of at first, and even this amount would not have been obtained but for the special good offices of the Consul. I am happy to learn that in America the cloud is passing over, and that, one by one, the broken links of commercial intercourse are rejoined.

LETTER XXI.

ORAN—ALGIERS.

STEAMER NORMANDIE, Off Majorca.
MALAGA, *December* 22*d*, 1857.

THE city of Oran was held for three centuries by Spain. In 1791 a terrible earthquake shook down a part of the town, and soon afterwards the Spaniards, thinking it not worth while to defend the remainder against the Algerines, who harassed them with continual hostilities, finally abandoned it. I was not surprised, therefore, to find in parts of the town a strong resemblance to those I had lately visited in Spain. Before our hotel, on the other side of the square, was a street of shops, and through this we walked. At its entrance sat half a dozen native vendors of small wares, with their legs tucked under them, on little platforms, in the open air. Of the shops, some were mere niches in the walls, where sat the Oriental traders among their goods; others occupied by the Franks were but little larger, and reminded me of the shops of Grenada and Malaga.

Taking another direction, we entered a street leading to the lower part of the city, and passed through a Moorish portal, rough with arabesque ornaments, into the court of the

principal mosque of Oran. Here we found several workmen occupied in making repairs, for the French government charges itself with the support of the Mohammedan worship in Algeria, as it does with that of the Christian and the Jewish worship in France. It repairs and rebuilds the mosques, gives salaries to the Imaums, and makes the Muezzins its dependants and stipendiaries. "You may enter freely," said the workmen, "but if you step on the mats you must first take off your shoes." We entered, and found ourselves in a forest of square and round pillars, supporting Moorish arches and the domes above them, the square pillars standing in a circle under the central dome. The arches were quaintly and superlatively Moorish, the two ends of the horse-shoe approaching very near each other, but in other respects the architecture was exceedingly plain; the capitals were of the rudest workmanship, and the whole interior as white as simple whitewash could make it. "This is a very copy of the great Cathedral of Cordova, which was formerly a mosque," said one who attended us; "in all but the ornamentation and the dimensions, the two buildings are precisely alike." We walked about on the stucco floor, among the numerous pillars, taking care not to pollute with our shoes the mats with which nearly half the floor was covered. In the eastern part of the building were two worshippers on their knees, with beads in their hands, one of whom took no notice of us, but continued to murmur his orisons and to strike his forehead against the floor, but the other fixed a steady gaze upon us till we withdrew.

From one of the city gates several parallel foot-paths over the green led to an Arab village, which we visited, passing by the Civil Hospital on the right, a modern structure in the Moorish style, and an old fortress on the left, now used as a prison. On each side of the way the grass was long enough to wave in a gentle wind. The village is a collection of low flat-roofed houses, whitewashed, with a broad street running north and south through the middle, and narrow lanes diverging to the right and left among the houses. As we were approaching it, an Arab overtook us, a thin-bearded little man, with a face slightly tattooed in two or three places, and wearing a blue outer garment. He greeted us with *bon jour*, and added, "*vous bromenie?*" I shook my head as not comprehending his question, and he, after repeating it two or three times, substituted the word *basear*. I then perceived that he was explaining the French word *promener* by the Spanish *pasear*, for the Arabs of these parts confound the *p* with the *b*. "Certainly," said I, "we are walking out." "Will you walk to my house?" he asked. I declined, but he immediately repeated the question to one of the ladies, who, not aware of my refusal, accepted the invitation, and on we went under his guidance, until we entered an enclosure surrounded by a wall freshly whitewashed, in one corner of which stood his house, of the same bright color with the wall. Within it, and facing the open door, was a glittering display of small dishes and plates of blue and white porcelain on several rows of shelves; a pallid woman, apparently ill, lay on a mat at one end of the room, and at the other

there sat on the floor, with a bright-eyed little girl beside her, a young woman of rather pleasing aspect, extremely fat, with well-formed lips and chin, and large black eyes, wearing a gay-colored handkerchief tied round her head, and another tied under her chin, and a loose blue muslin robe, from under the skirt of which appeared one of her naked feet. On each cheek was a little blue mark, and her jetty eyebrows were joined by a streak of black paint. In her little plump hands, tattooed and stained with henna, she held a bellows, with which she was coaxing a flame in a little furnace filled with charcoal, on which stood a small dish of potatoes. Our host, whose name, as he afterwards told me, was Gannah, found a bench for the ladies and a chair for me, seating himself on the floor; and at a word from him, the little girl took the potatoes from the fire, and put in their place an open tin coffee-pot, full of powdered coffee and water, and the plump round hands of the fat lady again plied the bellows to raise a flame. "You must drink coffee with me," said Gannah. We sought to decline his hospitality, but Gannah was resolute, and a contest arose, to which I was fortunately enabled to put an end by pointing to the clouds, apparently big with rain, and making the approach of a shower a reason for our hasty departure. While we were excusing ourselves from the importunities of our host, a negro woman in a loose white dress, with bare arms and uncovered legs, as fleshless and almost as slender as the crooked black staff on which she leaned, a bracelet of beads on her bony wrists, a long string of brown beads hanging from each ear, and another round

her neck, presented herself at the door, looking in with an aspect of curiosity and a good-natured smile; but a word from Gannah sent her away. Two lively-looking little girls entered and squatted down by the fat lady, but Gannah growled at them till they took their leave also. The young woman, in the mean time, had reached out her plump hands, and taking hold of the dresses of the ladies, one after another, examined them attentively, making some brief remark to Gannah at the close of each inspection. As I rose to take my leave, I put my right hand into my waistcoat pocket, and immediately her open palm was held out to me; I placed a piece of money into it, over which the plump fingers closed eagerly. "It is not well," said Gannah; "it is not well;" but I could perceive he was not displeased.

We returned to the hotel, and amused ourselves with watching the motley crowd constantly moving in the large square under our windows. Among those who contributed most to our entertainment was a group of native youths, from fifteen years old upwards, dressed in the scantiest attire, a red cap and a white woollen shirt, some of them belonging to the pure negro race, and the rest of different degrees of Arab intermixture, who chattered, laughed, shouted, sang, capered, chased each other about the square, and teased each other in a hundred different ways, as long as the sunshine, which had now returned, lasted, and through the brilliant twilight that followed.

The next morning I wandered into a village lying east of the city gates, and inhabited principally by emigrants

from Spain, but the signs over the shop windows were all in the French language, which seemed to imply that the gift of reading and writing was possessed in a much greater degree by the French population than by the Spanish. I followed the highway onwards to a gentle eminence, where stood half a dozen windmills, greeting those whom I met in Spanish, and receiving an answer in the same language. From the summit I had a view of the broad plain extending southward to the mountains, a fertile region, where great tracts of springing wheat were separated by intervals of luxuriant grass, which a few cattle were eagerly cropping. A cross-road brought me to the Arab village which I had visited the day before. As I entered it, two youths passed me dressed in the Oriental garb; they were talking to each other in Spanish. Here and there stood a gray-bearded Arab, motionless, in his white head-gear and white underdress, with a dark-colored outer garment reaching nearly to the feet—thin, spare men, to whom their costume gave a certain air of majesty. Children were playing about, laughing, shouting, and crying, just as children laugh, shout, and cry in the most civilized countries. Women, looking like bolsters placed on end and endowed with locomotion, were stealing along the streets from house to house.

Returning to town from the village, I was surprised by the salutation of *bon jour* from somebody at my elbow, and turning, saw my Arab acquaintance of the day before. "I was going to your hotel to see you," said Gannah. "Come then," I answered, and we proceeded to the hotel together.

As soon as he was fairly seated, he drew from under his cloak a fowl, freshly killed, with the feathers on, and placed it on the table. "What have you there, my friend?" I asked. "I have brought you a fowl," answered Gannah, "you will buy it to eat." I explained to him that this would be extremely inconvenient; that we were supplied with every thing at the hotel, and on board of our steamer; that we could not cook his fowl if we had it; and that he would do well to dispose of it in the market. To each branch of my explanation, Gannah returned a resolute "No;" and sat waiting the time when I should enter into a negotiation for the fowl. I lost patience, and leaving the room, sent our courier to get rid of him. Our landlady afterwards told me that this man was very fond of making the acquaintance of strangers arriving at Oran, and was sometimes rather troublesome with his attentions.

In walking that morning about the town, we came to a minaret, and asked to see the mosque. A tall Alsatian soldier presented himself with a bunch of keys, and we discovered that the mosque had been converted into quarters for the troops. He, however, took us to the top of the minaret, commanding a view of the city and its neighborhood. The hills around us were covered with the strongholds of war, rising one over another. I pointed to an old castle, which had a ruinous look. "It is strong enough within;" said he; "it is the prison for the natives." Another old fortress near us, he added, was the prison for the colonists. "There," he said, "is the new fort built by the French; yonder is a for-

tification erected by the Spaniards when they possessed Oran; on that hill-side is the storehouse for munitions; those white tents further up are occupied by the soldiery." I looked down into the streets where people were coming and going, and it seemed to me that at least every fifth man was a soldier. It is thus that the colony is held; the government requires soldiers to keep the colonists submissive, and the colonists require soldiers to overawe and restrain the natives. It is a military colony, subsisting by force and fear; and while my eyes rested on the spectacle before me, I could not help thinking how slow would be the growth of a settlement in our own country, which held its existence on such calamitous conditions.

The Alsatian told me, that in the Arab village which we had visited the day before, only the poorer part of the native population lived; the more opulent have their dwellings within the gates of the town, and some of them, he added, are as rich as noblemen in France. I directed his attention to several dark mouths of caverns, and doors fitted into the rock, on the hill-side rising to the west of the town. "These," said he, "are underground habitations, where Spaniards live. Last year we had so much rain that the earth and stones over some of these caverns were loosened by the water, and came down upon the poor creatures, crushing them to death."

Another pleasant drive under the rocks, with the dashing sea on one side and the flowery cliffs on the other, brought us back to the fort and landing of Merz-el-Kébir, and at

four o'clock in the afternoon we stood out of the bay of Oran, on our way to Algiers. We had a beautiful evening, with the African coast always in sight, and the morning found us gliding over a smooth sea, with the shore on our right rising into dark mountains. It was past noon when we turned to approach the land, and began to distinguish the white houses among the deep green of the shrubs and other vegetation which made the rocky declivities beautiful. "These are the country seats," said a passenger whom we took up at Oran, "not only of the French colonists, but of the rich Jews and of the Moors engaged in commerce. Some of the richest of the Mussulman inhabitants, however, went away when the French came in; went to Tunis, to Morocco, and to Alexandria, and other places where the Mussulmans are the masters."

Now came in sight the city of Algiers, rising from the water up the hill-side, a vast cone of flat-roofed houses, as white as snow, so compact as to look like a gigantic beehive, with not a streak, or patch, or shade of any other color between them; not a red roof nor a shrub to break the uniform whiteness. We passed the pleasant-looking village of St. Eugene, and coming before the town saw where the bay swept deeper inland to the south-east, bordered with a bright green shore and scattered country seats. On expressing my surprise at the number of these, a passenger answered that there was no occasion for surprise, for the police system was as perfect here as in France, and a country residence as safe.

An Arab boatman took us to the land with our baggage,

at which the custom-house officers declined to look. We could not obtain rooms at the *Hotel de l'Orient*, where we meant to stop, but obtained them at the *Hotel de la Regence*, a house to which I cannot conscientiously advise others to go. Yet it is well situated on the Place Royale, a broad esplanade, built, it is said, over the cells in which the Christian slaves were formerly confined, and at all hours of the day thronged with men of the various races of the East and West, making it look like a perpetual masquerade. Before the door of our hotel a copious fountain threw up its waters with a perpetual dashing; four rows of orange-trees, protected by a massive iron chain, glittered with golden fruit, and I never looked out that I did not see Arabs or native Jews sitting on the stone benches under them.

The lower part of Algiers, near the water, is a mere French town; it has its broad streets for carriages, its shops with plate-glass doors, its cafés, its restaurants, its theatre, its library, its museum, its statues in the squares, its barracks, its guard-houses, its arcades on each side of the way, like those of the Rue Rivoli in Paris. All that was characteristic, or that recalled the memory of the Moslem dominion, has been demolished. The palace of the Deys, which looked upon the Place Royale, has been pulled down; the ancient cemetery which contained the mausoleum of the six Deys, all elected and murdered within twenty-four hours, has been ploughed up and levelled, to form a square for military exercises. I was soon satisfied with the view of this part of Algiers, and struck into the streets that ascend the hill, of

which the town is principally composed. Here I found myself in an Oriental city at once, and soon met with nobody but Orientals. I walked in a sort of twilight, in narrow winding lanes, into which the sun never shone, where the wind never blew, and where the projecting walls of the houses often met overhead. No windows look from the dwellings into those shadowy lanes; nobody was standing at the quaint Moorish doors. Arab men, in their dresses of dull white, were creeping about; I did not hear their voices. I met little companies of native women, swaddled in white, from the crown of their head to where the pantaloons were gathered about the bare ankles, above the slippered feet; they passed me in silence; only the younger looked at me; I could see that they were younger by a glance; for age plants its marks as distinctly about the eyes as on any other part of the face. In a spot where the streets opened a little, I passed a row of Mussulmans sitting on the pavement, with their backs against the wall; they turned their great Oriental eyes upon me, and if I heard their voices at all, it was only a low, indistinct murmur. I could almost fancy myself in a city of the dead, walking among the spectres that haunted it. My own footsteps sounded disagreeably loud in this stillness, and it was a relief to hear the click of a donkey's small hoofs against the pavement, and the voice of his driver urging him along passages where no carriage can pass, and not even a hand-cart was ever trundled. It was a relief, also, to come, as I sometimes did, to a little row of shops where the Moorish traders sat among their goods.

Occasionally I saw where houses had been thrown down by the earthquake which happened two years since, and where others had been shaken from their upright position and made to lean against each other. It was clear to me that if the shock had been a little more violent, those narrow streets would have offered the inhabitants no means of escape, and that they would have been hopelessly entombed in their dwellings.

It was some time before I could find my way out of this maze of twilight lanes into the broad streets along the shore, full of light and of activity, and when I did so, it was like a return from the abodes of death to the upper world.

The melancholy impression which this ramble in the streets of Algiers left upon me was not without good reason. "They are dying very fast on the hills, poor creatures," said a resident of Algiers to me the next morning; "their bodies are going to fill their cemeteries. Within two years past, we have had the cholera here, which swept them off by thousands; now they are perishing by famine, and the fevers of the country and other disorders occasioned by unwholesome nourishment. While Algiers was under the rule of the Deys, a native could subsist on a few sous a day, and this was a liberal allowance; now all the necessaries of life are dear, and they are starving; the trade with France has brought in French prices. While the prickly pear was in season, they lived upon that, the cheapest fruit of the country; what they live on now, I am sure I do not know. The

French government has lately taken some measures for their relief."

That day closed as the most beautiful days of Italy close, with a glorious amber light at sunset, tinging the whole atmosphere, and streaming in everywhere at the windows, even those which looked north and east. We had dates that day for our dessert at the *Hotel de la Regence*, dates from the palms of the neighborhood, but they were not so fine as the dates of Elche, which we found at Alicante.

LETTER XXII.

ALGIERS—ALGERIA.

MARSEILLES, *December* 29, 1857.

THE day after our arrival in Algiers was like one of the balmiest days of spring. We all went to see the great Mosque near the *Place Royale.* Before it, a portico of massive Saracenic columns encloses a court in which flows an abundant fountain for the ablutions of the worshippers. Within, the appearance is striking; the massive horseshoe arches, which are crossed by broad horizontal flutings, descend to low, heavy pillars, which have the effect of a grove of vast trunks, spreading upwards into lofty canopies. I cast my eyes beyond them, and there, looking no larger than insects beside these great columns, were half a dozen natives at their morning devotions. A strange-looking man, with an air of abstraction, was wandering about. "He is crazy," said a gentleman who had kindly conducted us to the mosque; "and being crazy, is regarded as a saint and called a marabout." Some of the columns of the mosque had been broken and a part of the wall damaged by the late earthquake, and workmen employed by the government were busy in repairing it.

On our return from this building, we peeped into the hall of an Arab tribunal, where the muftis and cadis still dispense justice. It was a room of very moderate dimensions, on the lower floor, and at that time open to the street, but the magistrates were not in session, though their cushions were ready to receive them. At a little distance from this is the New Mosque, remarkable only for being built in the form of a church, under the direction of a Christian slave, and for the fate of the architect, whose head was struck off, by order of the Dey, for his audacity in making a temple of the faithful resemble the temples of the infidel.

We followed the main street northward till we issued from the city by the northern gate, the *Bab-el-Wad*, or River Gate; for here a ravine, called by the Arabs the river, descends to the sea, and overlooking it rise the northern walls and battlements of Algiers. From these battlements, they tell you, the Deys caused prisoners of state to be thrown alive, and their bodies being caught on the ends of iron spikes below, they were left to perish by slow tortures. Those who had the means bribed the executioner to strangle them before throwing them down. From the gate, a broad Macadamized road led us up to a public garden, laid out by the French, within which a winding walk, where a species of oxalis, new to me, made a beautiful deep green border, spotted with showy crimson flowers, separated beds filled with the fairest plants of the tropics. Among these was the India-rubber tree; and by the wayside were rows of young palms, of which those that were already ten or twelve years old had stems

scarcely a foot in height, for the date-palm is of slow growth, and when it once germinates begins a life of many centuries.

In a nook of the garden stood a group of paper-mulberry trees, the leaves of which were withered and rolled up, as if scorched by fire or seared by frost. I inquired what might be the cause of this phenomenon. "It is the sirocco," answered the gentleman who was with us; "a sirocco which blew here three weeks since. No one, who has not felt the sirocco, can form any idea of its effects; it withers up vegetation in a few hours; it dries up the springs; it bakes the soil, and makes it open in long and deep clefts. Men and animals suffer as much as the plants and trees." The leaves of the paper-mulberry, which is a native of a moister climate, were, it seems, scorched beyond remedy by this wind of the desert, while the leaves of the native trees had recovered their freshness.

About this time the muezzin was proclaiming the noontide hour of prayer from the minaret of a mosque further up the hill, and towards this we proceeded, leaving the garden. We came first to a Moslem cemetery, and here we were in a sacred neighborhood; for here was not only a mosque, but two marabouts, or little Moslem chapels, each containing the remains of some holy man of the religion of Islam; and low arched passages led from one enclosure of the cemetery to another, and from mosque to marabout, and in these passages fountains were gushing for the ablutions of the faithful. Women in white, their faces covered with white veils, showing only the eyes, hovered about the graves, which looked quaintly,

with their little borders of thin stone, set edgewise in the ground, and the Arabic inscriptions on the stones at the head. Wherever I turned my eyes, veiled women, dressed in white, were softly coming up the streets from below, or down the paths that led from the top of the hill. Women are the same tender, affectionate, religious creatures in Algiers as in more civilized countries; they cherish as warmly the memory of the dead, and their hearts open as readily to the feeling of an intimate relation with an omnipresent and benevolent Power.

We entered the mosque, which contained nothing remarkable, and the marabouts, which did. In each of them was the sarcophagus of a saint, and one of them was furnished with two or three, covered with a silken cloth of a dark yellow color, heavy with gold embroidery, and hanging down like a pall. About them women were kneeling, most of them apparently absorbed in their silent devotions, occasionally kissing the drapery of the tomb, but not a word was uttered. The young girls gazed at us with their black, almond-shaped eyes, and one or two of the elder ones looked at us, I thought, as if they wondered what business we had there. The women in Mohammedan countries are excluded from the mosques, but there are other holy places open to them, and they throng to the burial-places and the marabouts. We saw only one or two men, who came in and soon went out again. In one of the marabouts, a man in a large turban, walking with a fantastic gait, approached the tomb of the saint, smiling a silly smile, pressed the embroidered cloth to his lips, and went out with the same smile on his face, touching me gently with his hand

as he passed. "Poor fellow," said the gentleman who was with us, "he has lost his wits: his wife died, and he became crazy in consequence."

As we descended the hill, we passed several little companies of women, and some who sat by the wayside and asked alms. One of these was a little thin woman in a clean white dress, whose eyes, which were all of her face that could be seen, gave token of the middle age of life. She silently held out a small hand, with nails sharpened to a point like the nib of a pen, and the ends of the slender fingers were reddened with henna. I see that delicate, thin hand now as I write, and as I always see it when I recollect our walk of that day, and my heart smites me when I think that I put nothing into it.

We afterwards went up to the Casbah, a former residence of the Deys, serving both as a fortress and a palace, but now turned into barracks for the troops. A great deal that was characteristic in this building has been altered or defaced, but the court of the harem, with its slender columns carved in Italy, and the tiles brought from Holland, with which its walls were inlaid, are there yet, though the rooms are occupied by the French officers and their families. There also were the openings in the parapets of the roof, through which the ladies of the seraglio looked upon the town below, themselves unseen. I wondered that the whole was not preserved as nearly as possible in its original state, if not as a curiosity, yet at least as a memento of the conquest of a city which had so long defied all Christendom and compelled it to pay tribute.

The view of the surrounding country from the height of the Casbah is very striking—its fertile valleys in their winter verdure; the dark range of the Atlas to the southeast, and beyond the Atlas, the snowy range of the Djudjura. A scarcely less interesting sight was before us in the housetops of the natives, where were sometimes seen the women in their light gauze dresses, without their veils, occupied in their domestic tasks. "These housetops," remarked our companion, "were fatal to some of the French, when they first occupied Algiers, and had not learned the necessity of caution. They were naturally curious to get a peep at the Moorish women, and carrying their investigations too far, were shot through the head, without its being ever known from what hand the ball came."

In going down from the Casbah through the dreary maze of dim lanes, that made me think of the passages in an ant-hill, we came to an Arab school, the door of which was open to the street. In the midst of a crowd of boys, seated without any particular order on the floor, sat the long-bearded and turbaned master, in a white Arab dress, with his back against the wall, and a stick in his hand, like that with which the New England farmers drive their oxen, long enough to reach the most distant corner of the room. The boys were all shouting their lessons together, and woe to the wight who was silent.

Just before we entered upon the broader streets of the city, we stopped at a building, once a Moorish dwelling of the first order, in which a French school for young ladies

was now kept. A polite young woman showed us over the rooms. Here at the entrance was the spacious ante-room, where the guests of the Moorish owner were lodged, and beyond which no person of the male sex was allowed to penetrate; here was the inner court, with its columns sculptured in Italy, and its fountain in the midst; here were walls gay with Dutch tiles; here was the staircase leading to the secret apartments, and here on the third floor, was the marabout, or little chapel, in which the family offered their prayers. It is now dedicated to the Virgin, a little image of whom, crowned with a chaplet of artificial roses, in miniature, stood on a pedestal. I inquired the number of pupils in this school. "There are one hundred and twenty-nine of them," said the young lady. "Any natives?" "Many; the daughters of Israelites, who here receive a European education."

At an early hour on the following day, we went to visit the markets of Algiers. We followed a street cut through the graves of an old cemetery, where the cells of the dead in the ground could be distinguished in the bank on either side. A large building, too spacious for so slender a commerce, for the present at least, serves as an oil market. Here goat-skins, filled with oil, and shining and slippery with the fluid they contained, lay in heaps on the ground, and around stood groups of people from the interior. "They are Kabyles, the ancient Berbers," said our companion; "they inhabit the Atlas and the Djudjura mountains; observe them closely, and you will perceive in what respects they differ from the

Arabs." I took a good look at them, and before I left Algiers, I thought I could generally distinguish a Kabyle from an Arab. They have a clearer complexion, and features moulded, if not with more regularity, certainly with more delicacy. They are like the Basques, a primitive race, inhabiting like them the mountains which their fathers inhabited in the time of the Roman empire. They seemed to me an intelligent-looking race; and if put into the European costume, they would attract no particular notice in our country, by any peculiarity of physiognomy or color, though immemorially an African branch of the human family.

We entered next the great country market, heaped with all those vegetables which are the summer growth of our own gardens. Here, too, were piles of oranges from Blidah, the finest of their kind, already sweet, while the oranges of Malaga are almost as sour as lemons. Here were men sitting by huge panniers of olives; they were Kabyles, the sides of whose mountains are shaded by olive groves. In an adjoining enclosure, donkeys were tied, and camels were resting on the ground. After eight o'clock this market is closed, the Arab cultivators get upon their donkeys and depart for the villages of the plain; the Kabyles mount their camels, and are on their way to the mountains.

In returning to our hotel, we passed several negro women sitting by the way, with baskets of bread or of fruit for sale, and met others carrying burdens on their heads or in their arms. "These persons," said our friend, "were slaves some years since, and the French conquest set them free. Their

conduct since shows what good creatures they are; their former owners have fallen into extreme poverty, and these women support them by their industry." Of course, those who were slaves before the French conquest, which took place in 1830, could not be very young now, yet I was astonished to see how some of them had been dried to skeletons by time and the climate; they seemed the very personification of famine.

This morning, the 20th of December, we received a summons to return to our steamer, which was about to leave the port. We should have thought ourselves fortunate if at this agreeable season—for such we found it on the African coast—we could have found a little time to make excursions into the surrounding country; to visit Blidah, pleasantly embowered in its orange groves; the picturesque village of Ste. Amalie, famous for its Roman ruins; the no less remarkable region of Koleah, celebrated for its magnificent mosque, erected close to the tomb of a benevolent Arab, venerated as a saint; or to penetrate into one or two of the fresh valleys of the Atlas; but we had taken our passage for Marseilles, and otherwise so arranged the plan of our tour that we had no time to spare for Africa. At noon we went on board, and our steamer left the bay. As we receded from the shore, the site of Algiers looked more imposing than ever, with its lofty cone of white houses rising from the edge of the sea, and crowned with the great fortress of the Casbah, and on each side its declivities of vivid green, spotted with country houses.

Those parts of the colony of Algeria which came under my observation, gave me an impression of activity and prosperity. The French seem to take great pride in this offshoot of their power, and apply to the rule of their new provinces all the energy and precision of their peculiar political and social organization. The possession of Algeria, a larger territory than France, though part of it extends over deserts, gratifies their love of dominion, and justifies the claim of their government to be entitled an empire. Yet, the growth of the European settlements is really slow. In the three different provinces of Algeria, the European population, in the year 1852, amounted to 124,000; in 1856 it was 160,000. An increase of thirty-six thousand in four years certainly does not imply that emigrants are very powerfully attracted to that quarter. There may be various reasons for this: they may prefer a country with freer institutions than Algeria offers them; they may prefer a colony maintained at less expense; or they may doubt the healthiness of its climate. I do not refer to the plague, which has several times desolated Algiers, or to the cholera, which two years since made frightful ravages among the native population, but to permanent local causes of disease. Oran, since it came into possession of the French, has several times been visited by fatal epidemics; the year 1850 is memorable for the havoc they made. Yet they will tell you at Oran that the place is healthy and the air pure; and that the only cause of disease is the filthy manner in which the Spanish population live. In the province of Algiers there are numer-

ous places chosen as the site of colonies which are proverbially unhealthy. At Foudouk, twenty-four miles from the capital, the population has been swept off and renewed several times. Of La Chiffa the same thing is said. Bouffarik, on the rich plain of Mitidja, has been called a cemetery, so surely did the colonists who went thither go to their graves. Various other stations of the European population have a reputation which is little better than that of Bouffarik. Yet there are answers ready, when this objection is brought against Algeria as a place of settlement for the superfluous population of Europe. There have been marshes, it is said, which made a pestiferous atmosphere; but the marshes have been drained and the causes of insalubrity carefully removed. No doubt something has been done in this way, but the fact remains, that the country is subject to fevers, and that these are of a peculiarly obstinate character. One who had resided several years in the city of Algiers, said to me: "You would be much interested by an excursion into the country, but you would have to be on your guard against our fevers, even in the winter."

Earthquakes also are frequent and terrible in Algeria, overturning the towns and burying the inhabitants under their walls. Several times has Algiers been shaken by earthquakes into a mass of ruins; the last earthquake, two years since, destroyed several houses and made others unsafe. The whole plain of Mitidja, so late as 1825, was desolated by an earthquake, which laid waste several villages,

and extending to Blidah, one of the pleasantest towns in the province, threw down all the dwellings.

Of the hundred and sixty thousand emigrants from Europe, not quite two-thirds are French. The Spaniards amount to nearly forty-two thousand, and they come from the south-eastern coast of Spain, and from the Balearic Islands. The hot island of Malta, which sends such numbers to every part of the East, has furnished seven thousand to Algeria. There is about the same number of Germans and Swiss, and of Italians there are nine thousand. The number of Protestants in all this population is a little less than five thousand; but they have brought with them their worship and their religious teachers. The rest of the European emigration is Catholic, and the Gallican Church has its bishops in each of the three provinces of Algeria.

The time must shortly arrive when Algiers will be altogether a French city, and all the ports on the coast will be inhabited by families of European origin or descent. At present, Algiers is supposed to contain in its walls and suburbs a hundred thousand persons, chiefly of the original Moslem population, but of these the number is rapidly diminishing. They have but few arts or occupations which they can successfully pursue in competition with the artisans and workmen from Europe; and while this is the case it will be their fate to waste away from year to year. As they drop off, their places will be supplied by emigrants from Europe. A vast mass of Moslem population will remain in

the interior, which for a long time to come will be but slowly affected by the influences of European civilization.

In the mean time, it may be instructive to hear what the French themselves say of the colony of Algeria. They complain that the great proportion of those who migrate thither from France, do not go to cultivate the soil, but to make their fortune by some speculation—by the commerce in wines and liquors, by opening hotels, cafés, and restaurants, by purchasing lands to be sold at a higher price, and a thousand other ways which involve no necessity of labor. The proportion of the town to the country population shows this complaint to be well founded. The rural population of Algeria derived from Europe is but sixty thousand, and of these not quite fifty thousand are engaged in agriculture. The colony is still too much a military and commercial colony to increase rapidly.

It was a delightful afternoon when we left Algiers, but before we lost sight of it, a black cloud gathered above its hills, and, apparently, broke over it in a deluge of rain. The rain reached us also, a little after sunset, and then a strong head wind sprung up, roughening the hitherto sleeping sea, and making the night most uncomfortable. At every high wave, the rudder of the Normandie had a trick of thumping the timbers on each side, with a succession of quick and violent blows, which shook the vessel fearfully, and made sleep impossible. We labored on in this manner until the second night after our departure, when, as we were passing between Majorca and the neighboring island of Minorca, an accident

happened to an air-pump of the steam engine, which obliged us to stop in the middle of our course. For fourteen hours we lay idly rolling on the water, with the mountainous coast of Majorca beside us. The air-pump was at length mended, and we proceeded, gaining next day a view of the snowy summits of the Pyrenees, which sent towards us a keen, sharp wind from the north-west. On the fourth morning we arrived at Marseilles, which gave but a chilly welcome to those who had just left a region glowing with sunshine, and fanned by airs that make the winter only a longer spring. Marseilles is a stately and prosperous city, nobly situated on a harbor, which I wonder not that the Greeks should have chosen as the seat of their commerce with Gaul; but its damp and frosty winds, and its sunless streets, make it just now a gloomy and dreary abode. The *grippe* is a prevalent malady here, and we are only waiting for one of our party to recover a little from an attack of it, to flit to a warmer coast.

LETTER XXIII.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES AT ROME—RECENT CHANGES.

ROME, *May* 21, 1858.

I HAVE one or two things to say of Rome which may furnish matter for a short letter.

Rome has its rich collections of ancient art in the Vatican, but there is a still richer museum in the earth below. The spade can scarcely be thrust into the ground without turning up some work of art or striking upon some monument of the olden time. Most of the fine statues in the public galleries have, I believe, been discovered in digging to lay the foundations of buildings; and who can tell what masterpieces of Greek sculpture are yet concealed under that thick layer of rubbish which overlies the ancient level of the city—what representations of

"The fair humanities of old religion"

are waiting the hour when they shall be restored to daylight and the admiration of the world—prostrate Jupiters, nymphs with their placid features and taper limbs imbedded in the mould, and merry fauns that have smiled for a thousand years in the darkness of the ground!

The present government of Rome is turning its attention to the excavation of those spots which promise most. As I was passing, the other day, in a street leading towards the Colosseum, in company with an American artist residing here, he said, pointing to certain ancient columns, the lower part of which stood deep in the earth: "The Pope wants to dig about these columns, but the spot is leased, and he cannot. If it were but in the possession of those who own the fee he might take it, but he cannot interfere with a lease. At the foot of those fine old columns he would probably find something worth his trouble."

This passion for excavation has been fortunately gratified elsewhere. If you look at Sir William Gell's Map of the Environs of Rome, you will see traced, from near the gate of St. John towards Monte Cavo, beyond the Alban lake, an ancient road bearing the name of *Via Latina.* If you look for it on the Campagna, you will find it covered with grass, and cattle grazing over it. On the line of this buried street, and not far from the city walls, workmen employed by the Pope are breaking the green turf and trenching the ground to a considerable depth. They have laid bare several solid masses of Roman masonry, and the foundations of an ancient Christian church, a basilica, over which were scattered, in the soil, many marble columns with Corinthian capitals and bases on which is carved the figure of the cross, indicating beyond a question the purpose of the building. But the most remarkable of these discoveries are two places of sepulture, consisting of vaulted rooms in the earth, to which you

descend by staircases of stone. The earth had fallen into the entrances and closed them, but had not filled the space within, so that the stucco medallions and paintings overhead were found in as perfect preservation as when they came from the hands of the artist. In one of these tombs, which consisted of a single vaulted chamber with a pure white surface, I found an artist perched upon a high seat over two huge stone coffins, copying the spirited and fanciful figures of men and animals, in stucco, with which the arched ceiling was studded. The other tomb is larger and deeper in the ground, and consists of two vaulted chambers, communicating with each other, against the walls of which stood marble sarcophagi, rough with figures in high relief. On the ceiling of one of the rooms, among the stucco medallions, were arabesques in vivid colors, and landscapes in fresco, which show a far more advanced stage of this branch of the art than any thing which has been found at Pompeii. They are painted in what seemed to me a kind of neutral tint. Here are trees with gnarled branches, and foliage drawn with a free and graceful touch, and buildings rising among the trees, and figures of people engaged in rural employments; and all is given with a decided and skilful aerial perspective, the objects becoming less distinct and sharp in outline as they are supposed to recede from the eye. "Ten years hence," said the artist who accompanied us on this excursion, "you may see all these figures engraved and published in a book. Here at Rome we never do any thing in a hurry."

It is not unlikely that the admission of the external air

will cause the stucco to peel from these vaults, or at least will cause the paintings to fade. "I think," said our friend, the artist, "that the landscapes are less distinct now than they were ten days since." In the mean time, all Rome is talking of this discovery; it is the great topic of the time. Numbers of people are constantly passing out of Rome to visit the excavations on the *Via Latina*. As we approached the city the other day, by the magnificent paved road called the New Appian Way, we wondered why all Rome should be rushing into the Campagna; so many people did we meet walking, and so many carriages rattling out of the gate of San Giovanni. When at length we visited the excavations, this was all explained. There was quite a throng about the principal tomb, where a man in uniform stood at the entrance, admitting only a certain number of visitors at a time, in order that they might not be in each others' way. A few strangers were among them, but the greater number were Romans of different classes—portly men of a slightly bluish complexion, who came in carriages accompanied by well-dressed ladies—and persons of an humbler condition who came on foot, the women sometimes bringing with them their infants—quiet creatures, asleep on their mothers' shoulders. There was a great deal of animated and eager discussion under the stucco figures and arabesques, for in Rome art is one of the few subjects on which people are allowed to speak freely.

As we left the spot and entered the New Appian Way to return to the city, we met two portly ecclesiastics, whose

plump legs were encased in purple stockings, while a little way behind them marched three servants in livery, and at a still further distance, followed two carriages with purple cushions and trimmings. "They are cardinals, poor fellows," said our friend; "they are not allowed to walk in the streets of Rome; the dignity of their office forbids it. So, whenever they are inclined to fetch a walk, they are obliged to order their carriages and drive out to this solitary Campagna, where they can alight and stretch their legs without reprehension. A cardinal, who lives near the church of Trinita del Monte, was desirous to walk to the church, and asked to be so far indulged, but his application was denied." Their Eminences, I suppose, were going to take a look at the newly-discovered sepulchres.

Besides what he is doing on the *Via Latina*, the Pope is digging away vigorously at Ostia on the sea-shore. Here the foundations of several villas of vast dimensions, with the lower part of their walls, have been uncovered, and a large number of statues have been found.

It has been an infinite relief to us to come away from the noisy and dirty city of Naples, swarming with blackguards and beggars, and pass a few days in this quiet place. I remember when Rome was as dirty as Naples; it has now become a city of clean, well-swept streets—a city from which New York might, in this respect, take example. There is here no ostentatious display of rags and disgusting deformities by those who ask alms, such as you encounter at every step that you take in Naples. There are beggars here, it is

true—quite enough of them—but not so many as formerly. Every time I come to Rome I see some external change for the better; I perceive that something has been done for the embellishment of the city or for the public convenience. Since I was here last, five years since, the New Appian Way, a broad, well-paved road, with causeys over the hollows, leading from Rome to Gensano, has been completed, crossing the beautiful woody glen of Lariccia and the deep ravine of Gensano with stupendous bridges, which, if they make the road less pretty, shorten it greatly and keep it at a convenient level. Within a few years past the small round stones with which the streets of Rome were formerly paved, and which were the torture and the terror of all tender-footed people, have been taken up, and the city is now paved throughout with small cubic blocks of stone, which present a much smoother and more even surface. The streets in the night were, not very long ago, bewilderingly dark; they are now well lighted with gas. New houses have been built, and those who have employed their money in this way, I am told, find their advantage in it. Studios for painters are erected on the tops of old houses, the lower rooms of which are let to sculptors; yet I hear that last winter, notwithstanding the number of new studios which have been built, there was not a vacant one to be had at any price.

The increase in the number of houses implies an increase in the population. There is certainly an increase in the number of artists residing here, and Rome is now more the

great general school of art than ever. When I first came to this place, in 1835, there was not an American artist at Rome, that I could hear of; now the painters and sculptors from our country are numerous enough to form a little community; they amount, every winter, to thirty or more. The veterans of art from different parts of the European continent sometimes come, in a quiet way, to pass a winter at Rome. Cornelius, whose frescoes are seen on the walls and ceilings of the finest public buildings of Munich, was here last winter, and occupied the same rooms which formed his studio when, more than thirty years since, he was here to study the grand frescoes of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Guido. I perceive that in the New York journals very full accounts have been given of what the American artists here are doing, so that with regard to them I have nothing to tell which would be news. It is remarkable that they find Rome a better place for obtaining orders from their own countrymen than any of the American cities. Men who would never have thought of buying a picture or a statue at home, are infected by the contagion of the place the moment they arrive. No talk of the money market here; no discussion of any public measure; no conversation respecting new enterprises, and the ebb and flow of trade; no price current, except of marble and canvas; all the talk is of art and artists. The rich man who, at home, is contented with mirrors and rosewood, is here initiated into a new set of ideas, gets a taste, and orders a bust, a little statue of Eve, a Ruth, or a Rebecca,

and half a dozen pictures, for his luxurious rooms in the United States.

You have heard of the death of poor Bartholomew, the sculptor. He came to the hotel at Naples, where I was, the evening before I went with my family to Castellamare; I was absent a week, and when I came back he was dead and in his grave. He had fought a hard battle with poverty, and had just won it; orders were beginning to come in upon him from all quarters, and his great grief, when he breathed his last, was, that he could not place his mother in that state of comfort which he would easily have secured to her if a brief respite from death had been allowed him. I have been to his studio since my arrival in Rome, and there I saw the last work of his hand—a fine statue, justifying the reputation he has lately acquired—Eve, after the Fall, in an attitude of dejection, and wearing an expression of profound sorrow. I could scarcely help fancying that the marble figure mourned the death of the artist to whom it owed its being.

The French hold Rome yet—for the Pope. Every morning the streets resound with the tramp of Gallic cavalry. Troops of heavy Norman horses drink from troughs filled by the waters of the Claudian aqueduct, and in the massive Baths of Diocletian are locked up the thunders which at a moment's notice may batter down the city. The stranger who strolls near them with a segar is warned away by the French guards. There is a French police here, to which the Italian police is subsidiary, and it is said to be much the better of the two.

LETTER XXIV.

THE CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY.

AIX LES BAINS, Savoy, *July* 1, 1858.

WHILE we are stopping for a day at the ancient watering-place of Aix les Bains, I employ an hour or two in writing of some things I have observed in the journey through Italy, northward.

This place has the reputation of a remarkably healthy air, and it is certainly the abode of a healthy-looking, fresh-colored population. They boast that its harsh, saline springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur, attract to it in summer a crowd of strangers, who, at that season, swell its population of four thousand to twice the number. Yet it is a very unattractive watering-place, compared with the German ones near the Rhine, and the French ones among the Pyrenees. Its hotels are well kept, but no pains have been taken in opening and embellishing grounds and laying out walks for those who frequent Aix for the benefit of its waters and its air. Its only walks are along dusty carriage-roads, and mostly in the glare of the sun; and in this respect it is disadvantageously contrasted with the places I have mentioned. A spacious and massive building for the baths is now, however, going up, the cost of which is partly defrayed out of

the Sardinian treasury, and it is very likely that commodious paths will be planned along the shady border of the clear stream that winds through the valley, and out to where the blue waters of Lake Bourget, near at hand, sleep at the foot of overhanging precipices.

In the city of Florence, which we saw in the early part of June, I found that some changes had taken place. The street called Lung' Arno, so pleasant in winter, formerly ended in the west at the bridge which bears the name of Carraia, and beyond, the foundations of the houses stood in the waters of the river. These buildings have now been pulled down, and the whole bank of the Arno, as far as that spacious public promenade, the *Cascine*, has been opened to the winter sunshine, and is overlooked on the north side by a stately row of new houses. Troops of stonecutters and masons are busy in repairing and restoring the public buildings; the fine old church of Santa Croce, which has stood for centuries, with a ghastly and ragged mass of dark brickwork forming its front wall above the portal, is to be finished according to the magnificent original design, and other churches in the same state, I was told, are to be finished in their turn.

At Bologna we found workmen employed by the papal government in finishing the ancient church of San Petronio, in which Charles V. received the crown of the Roman empire. Those were the prosperous days of Bologna, now in decay, and held in a sullen quiet by rulers whom it hates. The only other symptom of enterprise I observed, was the late enlargement and adornment of their public burial-place.

I thought of the silk-worm spinning its own beautiful shroud just before it goes into its winter sleep. The Campo Santo of Bologna provides the most sumptuous repository for the bodies of the dead which I ever saw. We drove out to it on a hot June day over a dusty road, on each side of which the blue-flowered clematis twined over a row of young locust trees—for this tree of our North American forests, introduced into Europe under the name of acacia, has within the last twenty years taken possession of the continent from the latitude of Paris, and even further north, to the extremity of the Italian peninsula. As we entered the cemetery, we found ourselves among the beautiful cloisters of an old Carthusian convent, built some four hundred years since, the church of which is now the chapel of the burial-place. Here, under the long galleries, are several tombs of the middle ages, dark with time, which had stood for centuries in the open air, and had been removed hither for shelter; and hither also had been brought from the churches many monuments of distinguished men—mural tablets, sculptures in relief, busts and statues, among which I observed several from the chisels of Canova and Tenerani. In the open space within the cloisters, where once the Carthusians had their nameless graves, are buried those whose fortunes do not allow a more costly sepulture. As the cemetery has grown populous, new ranges of cloisters have been built around other enclosures, the patrician dead sleeping under the arches in the thick walls, and the poor finding a humbler resting-place in the enclosed squares. At one time a fashion of painting

fresco monuments on the walls prevailed, but this has been interdicted; the painter has been thrust out, and no memorial is allowed to be put up except it be of metal or stone. Besides these far-stretching galleries, open on one side, several sepulchral halls have been built opening into them—long vaulted passages of massive masonry, which made me think of the tomb of Apis, in Egypt, but not like that, lying in darkness, for here the light of day shines in through a lofty iron grate at each extremity. I looked along these apartments of the dead, and saw the white statues on either hand keeping watch in the silence, while at the end where the light came in, the branches of trees and shrubs, touched by the sunshine, were seen swaying in the wind. In one or two of them stood monumental figures at the intersection of the passages, like mute sentinels of the place. A gigantic Bolognese, one of the keepers, who was dignified by the title of *dimostratore*, opened and shut the iron-grated doors with a clash, which sounded strangely in that stillness.

"You will go back, of course, by the arcades," said our coachman; and accordingly we were taken by the side of a new arcade for foot passengers, of nearly a mile in length, joining the cemetery to the row of ancient arcades which, beginning at the city gate, extend for the distance of three miles to the church of Madonna di San Luca, on the hill, where they show you an ancient picture of the Virgin from the pencil of St. Luke. "This new row of arcades," said our guide," has been built by free contributions—wholly by free contributions. There, on the wall, between the columns,

you see the names of the givers—wealthy families of Bologna, charitable women, rich men, who remembered the cemetery in their wills—the company of cordwainers have built one of the arches, the workers in brass another, the company of grocers have given several, and so have the tailors. A funeral procession can now walk dry-shod in rainy weather, from the city to the burial-place."

So sleep the dead at Bologna. Their city is built with arcades on the streets; they walk all their lives under arcades; they are carried under arcades to their graves, and are laid under arcades in death.

At Ferrara, I found the living engaged in beating down the old houses of the city to make room for gardens, and several people were busy in the street before the house of Ariosto and in other places, picking out the grass that grew between the paving stones. In Venice I was told of one new house going up, but it was on an old foundation. But though the buildings of Venice remain the same, in other respects its aspect has strangely altered within a few years past. A new northern invasion has descended upon these islets of the lagoons from the banks of the Danube, bringing with it Vienna beer, sausages, and sourcrout. You meet, at every other step, people with flaxen hair and white eyebrows; listen, and you perceive that they are talking German; they are an importation from Austria. German beer-gardens are opened; German restaurants abound where a few years since it was not easy to find an eating-house; men in military uniform, speaking the harsh dialect of Southern

Germany, are strolling about everywhere. At the principal hotels you are served by German waiters and chambermaids; at the Hotel Danielli, which I would advise all travellers to avoid, there is an Austrian director. All travellers who come to Venice visit the Arsenal, which has been regarded as one of the great curiosities of the place; but since the revolution of 1848, it has been placed under regulations which deprive it of much of its interest. You are no longer allowed to see the ancient arches under which the fleets of Venice, in the days of her power, were built, the old Navy Yard of the Republic. The hall containing ancient weapons and armor you are permitted to enter, but your Venetian guide is obliged to wait without, and you find the collection newly arranged. The massive helmet of Attila, which you were formerly allowed to take in your hands, and put on your head if you pleased, is hung up against the wall; and every object particularly worthy of note is now provided with its long German inscription, as if to intimate that they are Italian no longer, but are to be numbered among the tokens of Austrian dominion, like the cannon in the fortresses, and the muskets borne by the soldiery.

Milan is not Germanized to the same degree as Venice, but I doubt whether the people are better satisfied with the rule under which they live. "The revolution," said one of them to me, "took place ten years ago, and yet they treat us as if it were an event of yesterday. At every hour of the day we are made to feel that we are a conquered race. The military chief under the Austrian government, General Giu-

lay, the successor of Radetzky, is the harsher master of the two."

It was saddening to remain among a people submitting gloomily to their condition of slavery, and it was with a sense of relief that I entered the Sardinian dominions, and passing first through a tract of yellow-green rice-fields, and then through a region of fertile meadows between the grim, rocky steeps of the Alps on one side, and a range of cultivated hills on the other, reached the city of Turin. I seemed to breathe more freely in a freer country. In Turin you are surrounded with the tokens of cheerful activity, and see marks of prosperity for which you look vainly in any of the Italian cities under the governments to the east and south of it. A representative government, freedom of the press, and freedom of trade, have brought back to this part of Italy the impulses to enterprise, the energy and steadiness of action, which centuries ago made the Italian republics so great and powerful.

While at Turin I had the satisfaction of seeing another remarkable example of the success with which human ingenuity exerts itself when not encumbered with either the restraints or the patronage of the government. It happened that an exhibition of the products of Sardinian industry was open in the palace called the "Valentino," built two hundred years ago, by Catherine of France, in the pleasant environs of the city. These exhibitions are held once in five years, and they bring together samples of whatever is pro-

duced in the workshops, the looms, the furnaces, and the alembics of all the provinces and isles of Sardinia.

I was taken to see the exhibition by a very enlightened and agreeable member of the Sardinian Parliament, Signor Lorenzo Valerio, to whom I was fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction. As we passed through the crowded streets, I could not help remarking that the people seemed well formed for active pursuits—thin, spare men, but with well-knit frames and a healthy look. The first thing I observed, on entering the lower galleries of the Valentino, was a long case of shelves, filled with models of the different varieties of cultivated fruits, executed with such skill as fairly to deceive the eye. I took them for real fruit, till I was told better. Here were the finest varieties of the pear, the Bon Chretien, the Duchesse d'Angouleme, the Chaumontel, and a hundred others; here glistened the green gage, the magnum bonum, and tribe after tribe of the plum family; here were apples and quinces of all sorts, so well imitated that you almost seemed to inhale their fragrance; here were the different varieties of the fig, the pomegranate, and the grape, with every tint and stain and peculiarity of shape, so perfectly copied, that any variety of fruit might at once be referred to its true appellation by comparing it with the model in the case. In this lower part of the palace, were rows of ploughs, corn-shellers, fanning-machines, and other agricultural implements, making it look like one of the departments of an agricultural fair in the United States. A machine for feeding silk-worms and keeping them clean, was among

them. Here also were steam-engines, which the people of Sardinia have now learned to make for themselves, and iron stoves, and church-bells cast in the foundries of Savoy. I do not recollect whether it was in these lower galleries that my Italian friend showed me an ingenious improvement of the electric telegraph, by which a message is delivered in the very handwriting of the person sending it—a perfect *fac simile* being produced. I could perceive, at first, no practical use of this invention, except to put a new weapon into the hands of those who persecute distinguished persons for their autographs, but it might serve in certain cases to authenticate a message.

The display of silks in the upper galleries of the Valentino was absolutely dazzling. The silk-worm of Piedmont spins a beautiful fibre, regular, firm and glossy, and samples of raw silk in the exhibition were strikingly fine; some of the most so were from the mulberry orchards of Ferigliano. Of this material, quantities amounting in value to four millions of francs are annually sent to foreign countries. The silk fabrics were no less remarkable for excellence. From the vaulted roofs of the chambers, rough with figures in relief, and blazing with gold, the walls were tapestried with silk tissues of the greatest beauty, rivalling the products of the French looms. "This branch of industry," said Signor Valerio, "has grown up amidst complete liberty of trade, and within a few years past has made rapid progress." I looked round upon the long stripes of brocade descending from the ceiling to the floor; on the silk velvets, blue, red, and green,

wrought by the work-people of Genoa; on the brilliant scarfs woven at Chambery; on the beautiful *moires* and *foulards*, the damasks and ribbons, and the glittering cloths of gold and silver from the looms of Turin—and felt a certain pleasure in reflecting that all this was the fruit of the simplest and earliest method of dealing with the industry of a nation—the policy of leaving it to itself.

The woollens of Sardinia are superior to those of Switzerland, though by no means of the first class. I saw samples of delicate flannels woven on the streams of the Valle Mosso, in the province of Biella. "The cotton goods of our country," said my Turinese companion, showing me several samples, "are equal in quality to those of France, and considerably cheaper." In another part of the exhibition I saw several cases filled with watches and time-pieces. "These before you," said he, "are from Cluses in Savoy; these others are from Bonneville, and these, again, are made at Sallenches. The manufacture of watches has at length crossed our frontier from Geneva, and, of late years, we make chronometers which rival those of Switzerland." Some light and graceful articles of porcelain attracted my attention. The porcelain of Sardinia is superior to that of Switzerland; but the glass from the furnaces of Savoy is hardly as good—it bears a tinge of smoke.

I shall be tedious—perhaps I am so already—if I go on to speak of the various other objects which attracted my attention—the musical instruments of wood and metal, which made one department of the exhibition look like a huge or-

chestra abandoned by the musicians; the massive slate of the country chiselled into tables and other articles of furniture; the tiles of a delicate grain, like marble, yet resisting heat like our fire-bricks; the products of the laboratory, piles of blue vitriol, pyramids of alum, stacks of sal-ammoniac, and the like; the delicate filigree work in silver; the gloves of Turin, just inferior to those of Paris, and as cheap again; and a hundred other things, all testifying to the vast variety of ways in which the industry of the country, under a system of freedom, voluntarily unfolds and extends itself.

I was struck with the beauty of some lithographic engravings in the exhibition. "They are line engravings, surely," said I to the gentleman who was with me. "By no means," was his answer, "they are lithographs; they are placed in that department, and cannot be any thing else." I examined them again, and such was the fineness and sharpness of the lines that I could hardly avoid shaking my head in sign of doubt. Some specimens of cabinet work, with inlaid pictorial designs, were scarcely less remarkable. They were executed with a kind of wood full of dark veins and spots, and with a skill and effect which were really astonishing. In several instances the designs were borrowed from the works of eminent masters, and in one instance the artisan had been daring enough to put the Transfiguration of Raphael on the doors of a writing-desk.

One of the days which I passed in Turin was Sunday, and I looked in upon the Waldenses, who, under the new system of religious freedom in Sardinia, are allowed to wor-

ship openly in the cities. Their church in Turin is a handsome building, in the Romanesque style, with an ample semicircular recess for the communion at one end, and a pulpit built against one of the graceful pillars on the left side of the nave, as you enter. In the morning an elderly minister gave a sensible discourse in French, in which he did not spare either Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night, nor his timorous imitators of the present day. He insisted on a frank, fearless, and sincere expression of opinion on religious subjects, with the admonition that it be uttered in all kindness and gentleness. The afternoon service was for the Italian part of the congregation, and was conducted by a young man, who gave a common-place sermon, but who had the merit of a very distinct elocution, so that I lost not a word. The prayers were mostly read by the minister from a book, but otherwise there was nothing in the services to distinguish them from those of a Presbyterian church in New York, if I except the language—and really it seemed strange to hear religious services of this sort in the tongue of Catholic Italy. Neither in the morning nor the afternoon was the congregation large, but its manner was attentive and devout. It was composed of persons manifestly of different conditions in life, the opulent and the laboring; the women sitting apart from the men; and scattered among the men were several persons in the uniform of the Sardinian army, both officers and soldiers.

LETTER XXV.

A DEATH AT NAPLES—CLIMATE OF THAT CITY.

EVESHAM, England, *August* 9, 1858.

I HAD not thought of writing again to the EVENING POST before leaving Europe, but I am prompted to it by a letter containing the following sad announcement, which I beg may also be placed among the deaths in the EVENING POST:

"At Naples, Sunday, July 25, departed this life, after an illness of three months, Helen Ruthven Waterston, aged 17 years, the beloved and only daughter of Robert and Anna Waterston, of Boston, U. S. A."

Some of the pleasantest as well as some of the saddest recollections of my present visit to Europe, relate to this charming young person and her premature death. I must say a word of her, and of the dangers which, in some cases at least, attend a residence in Naples.

It was at Heidelberg, a little more than a year since, that I met the Reverend R. C. Waterston, of Boston, with his wife and their daughter, an only child. I confess that I felt a certain pride in so magnificent a specimen of my countrywomen as this young lady presented—uncommonly

beautiful in person, with a dignity of presence and manner much beyond her years, and a sweetness no less remarkable than the dignity. Wherever she went, it was easy to see that she was followed by looks of admiration. A further acquaintance with her showed that her intellectual and moral qualities were equal to her personal graces. Her mind was surprisingly mature for her time of life. She was kind, true, sympathetic, religious, and overflowing with filial affection—the most dutiful as well as most beloved of daughters. After we left Heidelberg, we saw no more of her, until her parents, in April last, after a winter's residence in Rome, brought her, apparently in full health, to Naples, where we then were, and took lodgings at the Vittoria Hotel, in the street of that name, looking out on the beautiful bay.

The streets of Chiatamone, Vittoria and the Chiaja contain the best hotels in Naples, and their situation is highly attractive to the stranger. The public garden called the Villa Reale, extends in front of them, the only promenade for pedestrians in Naples; and a pleasant one it is; the grand peninsula of Posilipo, studded with stately country seats, and overhanging the sea with its tall gray precipices, bounds the sight to the west; to the east you have in view Castellamare and Sorrento with their background of airy mountain summits; in front rises the rocky isle of Capri, and close at hand the waters of the Mediterranean dash and murmur all day and all night on the shingly beach in front of the houses. The glorious prospect, the broad open streets, full of Neapolitan bustle, and the warm winter sunshine, allure travel-

lers to fix themselves in this part of Naples in preference to any other. Yet this beautiful quarter has a bad reputation for health among the Neapolitans. A friend of mine, who had resided for some years at Naples, said to me; "I know a lady who has a palace on the Chiatamone, and who declares that as soon as she makes trial of living in it, she suffers with disordered nerves. So she is obliged to let it, and to live a little way back from the shore; a short distance will answer. The same thing happens to many others. They abandon their desirable mansions to those who are willing to live in them." From other quarters I heard, not long after my arrival, that people living in this spot were subject to low nervous fevers. What may be the cause I do not pretend to say. The sewers of the city have their mouths here in the edge of the bay, and under the very windows of the houses there runs one of these foul conduits, with frequent small openings, which send up offensive exhalations. Possibly this is the main occasion of the mischief.

It was in an hotel in this part of Naples that Mr. Waterston took rooms for his family. They had scarcely occupied them three days, when Miss Waterston was seized with the malady which ended her life. It was attended from the first with great weakness—so great, that before it became clear to her parents that it was desirable to remove her, a removal was impossible. Once or twice the disorder put on a favorable appearance, and they were flattered with the hope of her recovery; but at length it became manifest that it was a disease of the heart, and must prove fatal. Whether

she might have escaped the attack in a more healthful atmosphere, I will not presume to conjecture, nor whether in a different climate the medical remedies applied would have had a better chance of success; but it is at least highly probable that she would have escaped the deplorable weakness, which almost at once made her removal to a more friendly atmosphere, impossible.

When I mentioned to my banker at Florence that we had left Miss Waterston very ill at Naples, he exclaimed with great energy, "Her father must get her away as soon as he can; it is certain death for her to stay; the climate of Naples is the most relaxing in the world." But whether a removal would have been beneficial or not, it had long been an impossibility. She grew weaker and weaker, bearing her sufferings with a patience and resignation so sweet and saint-like, that even the physicians, familiar as they were with the experiences of the sick-room and the death-bed, were melted to tears. At length, a little before her end, her mind began to wander, but in such a manner that it seemed as if she was admitted to a glimpse of the brighter world to which she was going, and she passed away in what might almost be taken for a beatific vision—a happy life closed by a happy death—leaving her parents broken-hearted, but for the strong religious trust which supported them.

I heard many persons, while I was in Italy, speak of the unfavorable influences of a residence in Naples on persons subject to nervous complaints, and many instances of it were related to me. Perhaps the cases were confined to this quar-

ter so much dreaded by the Neapolitans themselves. So convinced was I of the prejudicial effect of its atmosphere in such cases, that I caused the one of our party whose illness —a nervous fever—detained us so long at Naples, to be removed from the street called Vittoria to the *Pension d' Europe*, away from the shore, on higher ground, and among the gardens; and the removal, I thought, was attended with immediate and manifest advantage. The profound sorrow in which I pen these lines would be without its proper fruit, did I neglect to caution those who are liable to nervous complaints, and who fear to be reduced by them to a state of extreme bodily weakness, against the climate of Naples, and particularly against a residence in that quarter which I have described.

THE END.

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